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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. With Jill Clayburgh, Frank Langella, and Raul Julia. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Found a Peanut—Among the adult actors who portray small children at play behind a Brooklyn apartment house are Peter MacNicol, Robert Joy, Kevin Geer, and Evan Handler. Donald Margulies' script is clever enough for all practical purposes. Incidental music by Allen Shawn; scenery and lighting by Thomas Lynch and Beverly Emmons. Claudia Weill directed. (6/25/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Christopher Walken, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Alan Rosenberg, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 15: Gilbert and Sullivan's **The Pirates of Penzance.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—John Patrick's **The Hasty Heart** is the current production in a season of revivals. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 223-6440. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Nest of the Wood Grouse—Eli Wallach plays a fraudulent Soviet bureaucrat in Victor Rozov's domestic comedy, which aims at satire but settles for entertainment. Mary Beth Hurt, Rosemary De Angelis, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Anne Jackson are among the supporting actors. The play is a long-running hit in Russia. (6/25/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St.

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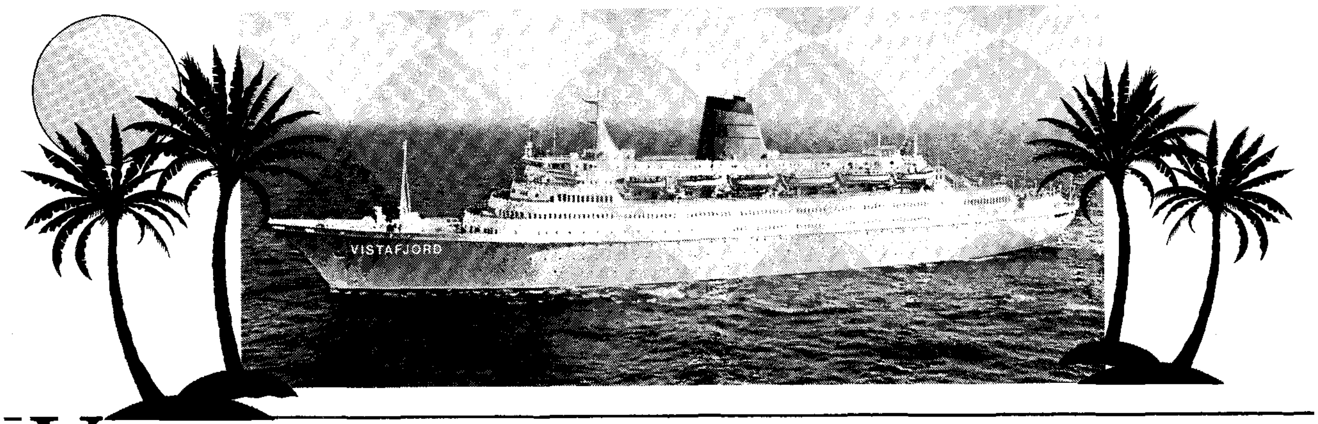

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594-0326. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Extra performance Friday, July 13, at 11.)

Noises Off—Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—Terrence McNally, in a dark mood, has written the book of this curious musical about family squabbles over money, infidelity, death, and differing life styles. The stars are Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and superb scenery by Peter Larkin. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Robert Frost: Fire and Ice—A one-man play, written by Arthur Peterson and June August, in which Mr. Peterson portrays the poet. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork Boogie—A revised version of a comedy-with-music by Melvin Van Peebles, starring Harold Nicholas and the Brewery Puppets. Opens Thursday, July 5, and will run through Sunday, July 29. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—Closed for three weeks; scheduled to reopen on Monday, July 23, at the Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St.

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Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical, starring George Hearn and Gene Barry. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,064 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Erik Estrada and Peder Melhuse. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Kyogen—The first of six performances by a company of nine, presenting a program of classic Japanese plays. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. 759-0588. Saturday, July 14, at 8.)

DANCE

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 21—Monday, July 9, at 7:30: "Night Creature," "Pas de Duke," "The Stack Up," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 10, at 8: "Concerto in F," "Cry," "Precipice" (New York première), and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11, at 8: "Night Creature," "Love Songs," "Precipice," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8: "Concerto in F," "Cry," "Isba," "Treading," and "Blueshift." . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 8: "Fontessa and Friends," "Pas de Duke," "Concerto in F," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 2: "Night Creature," "Cry," "The Stack Up," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8: "Concerto in F," "Treading," "Precipice," and "Revelations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Twyla Tharp Dance—Presenting "Nine Sinatra Songs" and "Fait Accompli" in a two-week engagement that will open Wednesday, July 11, and run through Sunday, July 22. (Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Dancers and Musicians from Indonesia—A company of eighteen from Sumatra, performing here for the first time. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Sunday and Monday, July 8-9, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER** will lead a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club

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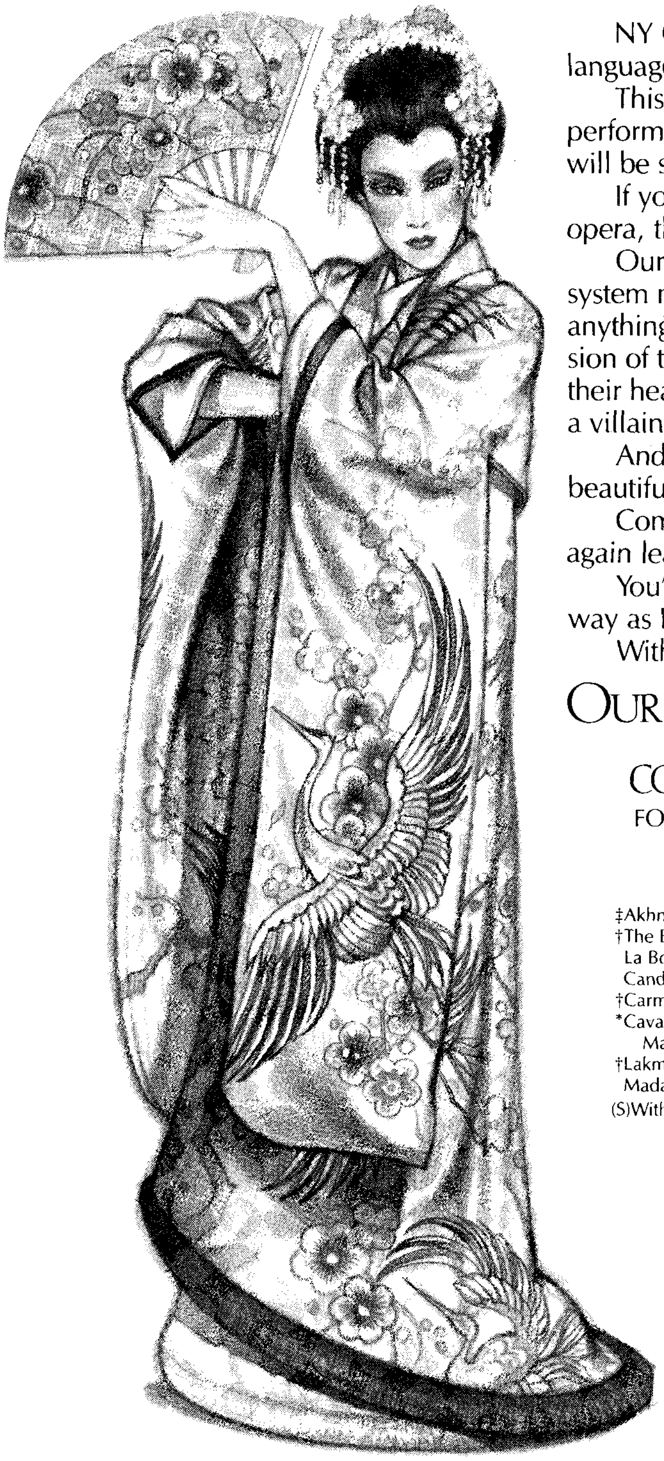

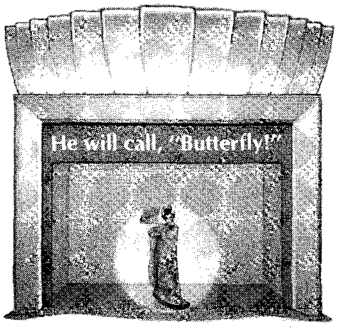
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*Cavalleria Rusticana/Pagliacci-Mascagni/Leoncavallo (Italian) (S)
†Lakmé-Delibes (French) (S)
Madama Butterfly-Puccini (Italian) (S)
The Magic Flute-Mozart (English)
Mefistofele-Boito (Italian) (S)
†The Mikado-Gilbert & Sullivan (English)
†The Rake's Progress-Stravinsky (English)
*Rigoletto-Verdi (Italian) (S)
†La Rondine-Puccini (Italian) (S)
†Sweeney Todd-Sondheim (English)
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where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, July 4, Kim Parent, the Secret Lovers, and Bill Block & the Big Bang; Thursday, July 5, Kid Stuff, Dawnn Lewis, and Plexibus; Friday, July 6, How 'Bout It, Spellbound, and Billy & the Buttons; Saturday, July 7, Five Guys Named Moe, Psychic Pet, and the Shades; Wednesday, July 11, End to End, Bricks Mortar, and I.C.B.M.; Thursday, July 12, the Intruders, Viva Larue, and Mama Tried; Friday, July 13, Expresso Tango, the Adults, and Life in a Blender; and Saturday, July 14, J. G. & the Initials, Faz, and Bop Apocalypse. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Wonka Tonka Mondays feature a mixed bag of music from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Electric bassist **JACO PASTORIUS** and his band perform through Sunday, July 8; Monday, July 9, will be claimed by the Frank Noviello quintet and the Karen McPherson Ensemble; and on Tuesday, July 10, the elusive singer-pianist **NINA SIMONE** will begin a six-night visit. Sets begin after ten. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Thursday, July 5, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** and bassist **VIC JURIS;** Friday, July 6, soul singers **SAM & DAVE** and Darlene Love; Saturday, July 7, **DOC & MERLE WATSON,** those stunning flatpickers and singers from Appalachia; Wednesday, July 11, Sandra Bernhard; Thursday, July 12, Roomful of Blues; Friday, July 13, the Waitresses; and Saturday, July 14, a benefit concert with **TOM PAXTON,** Buskin & Batteau, Lucie Arnaz, and Steve and Tom Chapin participating. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. The very good musicians: pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, July 7; pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and flutist Ali Ryerson on Sunday, July 8; and pianist **HUGH LAWSON** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** starting Monday, July 9. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON** performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT,** who looks anything but world weary when he sings Noël Coward's "World Weary" or when, in fact, he sings anything, is at the piano, aided by **ROBBIE SCOTT** on drums and bassist **BEVERLY PEER,** until Saturday, July 7. Shows begin at ten and midnight. Dining.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** the Polish jazz pianist who was influenced by Chopin and Tatum, holds forth nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, July 4, beginning in midafternoon, Heart Attack, H.R., Zion Train, the Psychos, the High & the Mighty, Outrage, the Cro-Mags, Chappaquiddic Plus Five, Porcelain God, and Dog; Thursday, July 5, Radical Elite, the Nightmares, and Movement Creme; Friday, July 6, Helen Wheels and New Toys; Saturday, July 7, the Schemers, Paleface, Soul Attack, and the Tapes; and Tuesday, July 10, I.A.F., Woofing Cookies, Tragic Dance, and Suze Cozmo. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Non-designer jeans and T-shirts, and bluegrass, old-time, and Irish music predominate in this rustic corner of the city. Saturday, July 7, the Arnie Solomon band; Wednesday, July 11, John Whelan and Elleen Ivers; and Saturday, July 14, the Lewis Brothers. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays, except July 4, and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, July 8, the **DARYL SHERMAN–DICK SUDHALTER** quintet will hold forth. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Ed Polcer's band has the floor. Music from eight-thirty. On Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room: Friday through Sunday, July 6-8, the **LES PAUL** trio, and starting Tuesday, July 10, the **AL HIRT** quartet. Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, July 4-5.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Wednesday, July 4, at nine and eleven, the Trypes; Friday, July 6, at eight and eleven, **DAVE VAN RONK,** the wonderful, raspy-voiced folkie; Tuesday, July 10, Debra Jean Templin; Wednesday, July 11, at nine and eleven, Hoy Boy & the Doys and the Toasters; and Saturday, July 14, at eight and eleven, the Washington Squares. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space that presents music to dine to. The roster: Wednesday through Saturday, July 4-7, pianist Kenny Brawner; Sunday and Monday, July 8-9, pianist **RAHN BURTON** with singer Daniella; Tuesday through Thursday, July 10-12, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS;** and Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, singer **CARMEN LUNDY.** Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio Wednesdays through Sundays; Mondays singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson is present, and the same hours on Sundays belong to Mr. Kerr.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) The pianists are stride specialists: **JUDY CARMICHAEL** through Saturday, July 7, and **DICK WELLSTOOD** beginning Tuesday, July 10. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. The piano-bass duo of **ROGER KELLAWAY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** is the current musical attraction. Music from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, July 4, **STEVE FORBERT;** Thursday, July 5, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band; Monday, July 9, singer Shelly West and the Wyatt Brothers; Tuesday, July 10, Delbert McClinton; Wednesday, July 11, Bobby Bare; and Thursday, July 12, Paul Barrere and Catfish Hodge. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

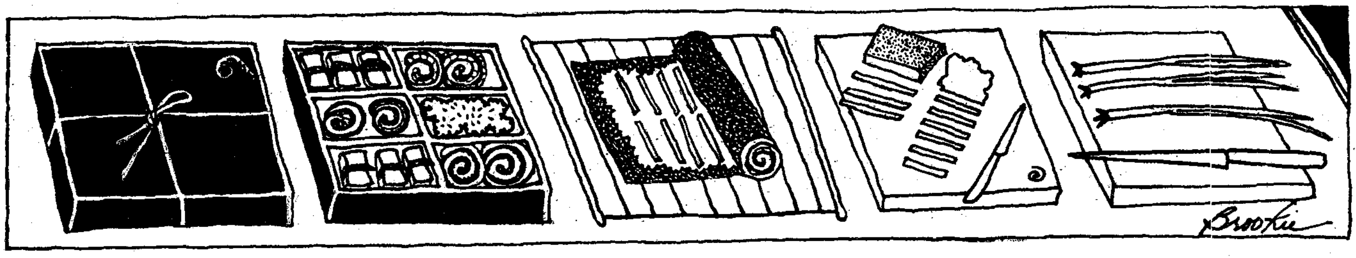
Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON,** who still plays hard-swinging, bluesy music in a strong, full tone and with bebop rapidity, heads up a quartet through Sunday, July 8; on Tuesday, July 10, hard-bopping tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will arrive with his quartet. Monday's feature is the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St (758-2272)—Claudine Cassan, Leilani Mickey, Anthony Mucci, and Richard Roemer sing in an original-song revue, "Bittersuite," through Saturday, July 7. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten until two. Dining.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Saturday, July 7, Tim Scott and the Egyptians; Friday, July 13, Urban Blight; and Saturday, July 14, the Vipers and Floor Kiss. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his lively ensemble pay tribute to Chick Webb through Sunday, July 8; on Tuesday, July 10, trumpeter and arranger **SY OLIVER** will return with his bounce orchestra. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one;



Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Rubber Rodeo on Friday, July 6; Aku-Aku on Saturday, July 7; and Rank & File on Monday, July 9. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, July 4, flutist DAVE VALENTIN; Thursday, July 5, Mikata; Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 10-11, percussionist NANA VASCONCELOS and guitarist-composer EGBERTO GISMONTI; Thursday, July 12, the AFRICAN CONNECTION; and Friday and Saturday, July 13-14, PÉ-DE-BOI. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Trumpeter HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON leads the SUNRISE ORCHESTRA through Sunday, July 8; on Tuesday, July 10, the NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET—FRANK WESS, ROLAND HANNA, GEORGE MRAZ and MARVIN SMITH—will move in. Interplanetary Mondays can be spent with SUN RA & THE OMNIVERSE JET SET ARKESTRA. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. The DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND, from New Orleans, works from a repertoire of Ellington, Monk, Brown (James), and Jackson (Michael) through Saturday, July 7. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights. On July 9, LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ, DANIEL PONCE & JAZZBATA, and guest jazz soloist, trumpeter JON FADDIS, will all be here. On Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, headmaster-drummer ART BLAKEY and his Class of '84 JAZZ MESSENGERS will be in session from ten-thirty. . . . ¶ And meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, JUNIOR MANCE and MARTY RIVERA engage in lively piano-bass duets every night but Monday. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Pianist JOHN HICKS and his quintet perform in it through Sunday, July 8; on Tuesday, July 10, the HEATH BROTHERS band will descend the stairs. Mondays are MEL LEWIS big-band nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Pianist Joe Ruddick works with Frank Jolliffe on the Chapman Stick Mondays through Wednesdays; Thursday through Sunday, July 5-8, pianist Charles Blenzig and bassist Jim Brogan will be present; and Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15, has been set aside for pianist Richard Shulman. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. LEE KONITZ and DICK KATZ perform alto-sax-and-piano duets through Sunday, July 8, and on Tuesday, July 10, tenor saxophonist GEORGE KELLY will arrive with his Jazz Sultans. Mondays belong to saxophonist Percy France. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: Monday, July 9,

BEAUTY REPORT

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HAIR CARE

WHY YOUR FAVORITE SHAMPOO WILL WORK BETTER IF YOU STOP USING IT FOR 14 DAYS.

It's exasperating. The very shampoo that has left your hair so silky and clean, the shampoo you depend on—subtly, then noticeably stops working. That fresh softness you prize so much in clean hair is gone. Your hair looks limp . . . dull . . . blah.

Why why why? "Shampoo build-up" is the reason. Each washing, even by fine shampoos, leaves a shampoo "residue." Sadly, certain cleansing mixtures, and conditioning agents, if they are effective, leave a telltale residue that has been measured precisely in laboratory studies.

Recent tests on 15 quality shampoos show that residues keep accumulating each time you shampoo. It's a fact of hair life!

Getting rid of the build-up. Make no mistake. You must, temporarily, switch to a shampoo with super rinsability. One that has gently proven its power to revitalize the hair. And don't put it off. Shampoo build-up is more than unattractive: it can impair the soft feel of your hair . . . its manageability . . . and it can eventually harm your hair.

Which shampoo rinses the best? According to laboratory tests of 15 quality shampoos, Neutrogena® Shampoo ranked No. 1, and "demonstrated consistently superior rinsability with almost no build-up itself."

A single wash reduces residue by 70% to 90%. "Test results indicate a single wash with Neutrogena Shampoo was adequate to remove in excess of 90% of the residue. Even with conditioners, which are far more substantive to the hair, a single wash with Neutrogena removes 70% of the residue." Shampoo Rinsability Study, Neutrogena Skin Care Institute. (Excerpt from lab report).

The clincher: in addition to freeing you from most build-up in a single washing, Neutrogena leaves a scant residue, a negligible trace compared to the other shampoos tested.

If you feel you want to revitalize your hair, try Neutrogena Shampoo for 14 days. Think of it as a freshening "vacation" . . . and afterwards, your hair will respond again happily to your favorite shampoo. If you use your Neutrogena as often as needed, your favorite shampoo will keep on being your favorite!

Neutrogena Shampoo is sold with a satisfaction-or-your-money-back guarantee. It is available at better drug stores and cosmetic counters. Look for it—in the white box with the brown band.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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bassist **BRIAN TORFF** and pianist **JIM ROBERTS**, and starting Tuesday, July 10, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY.** Music from eight. Closed Wednesday through Sunday, July 4-8.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Billy Joel—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, July 5, at 8.

Fiddle Fever—With Jay Ungar, Matt Glaser, Evan Stover, Russ Barenberg, and Molly Mason. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, July 6, at 8.)

Clarinet Summit—With John Carter, Jimmy Hamilton, Hamiet Bluiett, and Alvin Batiste. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Saturday, July 7, at 8.)

Jazz Center of New York—Friday and Saturday, July 6-7, at 9 and 10:30: Houston Person and Etta Jones. . . . ¶ Monday, July 9, at 9: Tom Pierson's big band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 9 and 10:30: Randy Weston. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 9: Jam session. (380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed on Wednesday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

Mark Adams—Disciplined, sharp-edged watercolors of still-lifes, boats, individual flowers. Through Friday, July 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Rainer Fetting / James Rosati—Neo-Expressionist paintings, mostly very large, in which a found strip of timber is laid across the picture plane and sometimes incorporated into the action—a painted figure, for instance, is shown using a saw on the collaged wood. / Recent sculptures, monumental in size and abstract in design. Through Friday, July 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

David Finn—Three dozen paintings based on two Yeats poems (*"Sailing to Byzantium"* and "Byzantium") by an artist known primarily as a photographer. Through Friday, July 13. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Freed (1902-84)—Still-life paintings by an artist widely known in Provincetown, who died a month before this show opened. Through Saturday, July 7. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Futura 2000—Energetic new works by this spray-paint virtuoso, who is one of the graffiti artists in the Shafrazi gallery stable. His real name is Lenny McGurr. Through Saturday, July 14. (163 Mercer St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Al Hirschfeld—More than a thousand original drawings. Through Aug. 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St., between University Pl. and Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Oliver Johnson—Accomplished oils and pastels of jazz people, notably Louis Armstrong in his shirtsleeves, and a concert at Preservation Hall. Through Friday, July 13. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St.)

Jeff Mendoza and Stephen Whisler—Sculptured landscape forms—mesas and plateaus in abstract wall pieces by the former, and rugged freestanding characterizations of canyons and geysers by the latter. Also drawings by both men. Through July 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Gerry Nichols—Relief constructions made of wood and Plexiglas and based on other art work—Winslow Homer's painting "Fox Hunt," for instance. Through Saturday, July 7. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Bill Noland—Abstract welded-aluminum wall sculptures. Through Friday, July 13. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Yhuda Porbochrai—Paintings of New Image figures seen in environments where conventional fish and flowers abound. Through Friday, July 13. (Concord, 451 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—Paintings and drawings (landscapes, seascapes, interiors, portraits) in a show that coincides with the Porter retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through July 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Richard Ryan—Figures and medieval-looking architecture painted in exceptionally low-keyed reds and browns. The artist teaches at Vassar. Through Friday, July 13. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Alison Saar / Rod Rhodes—Sculptural works, including wall reliefs, made of tin, bits of cloth, plaster, and so on, depicting conjure men and other street-life figures. / Miniature architectural settings with windows through which erotic dramas are visible. Through Friday, July 13. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St. Closed Mondays.)

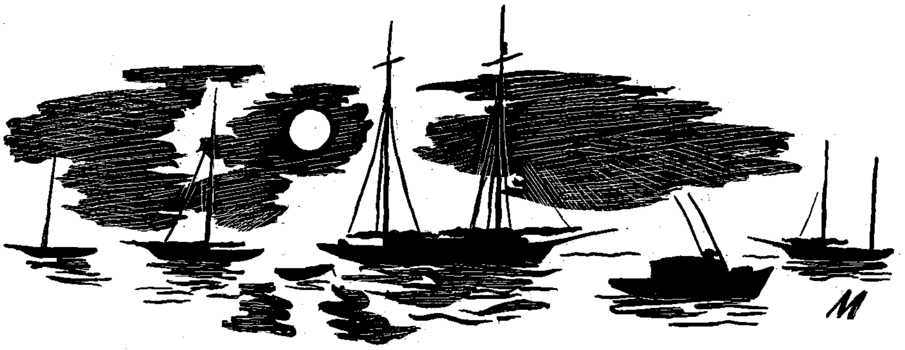
Vieri Vagnetti—Shimmery paintings with Cubist overtones, among them a large triptych of the Arno riverside, by an artist who lives in his native Florence. Through Friday, July 13. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

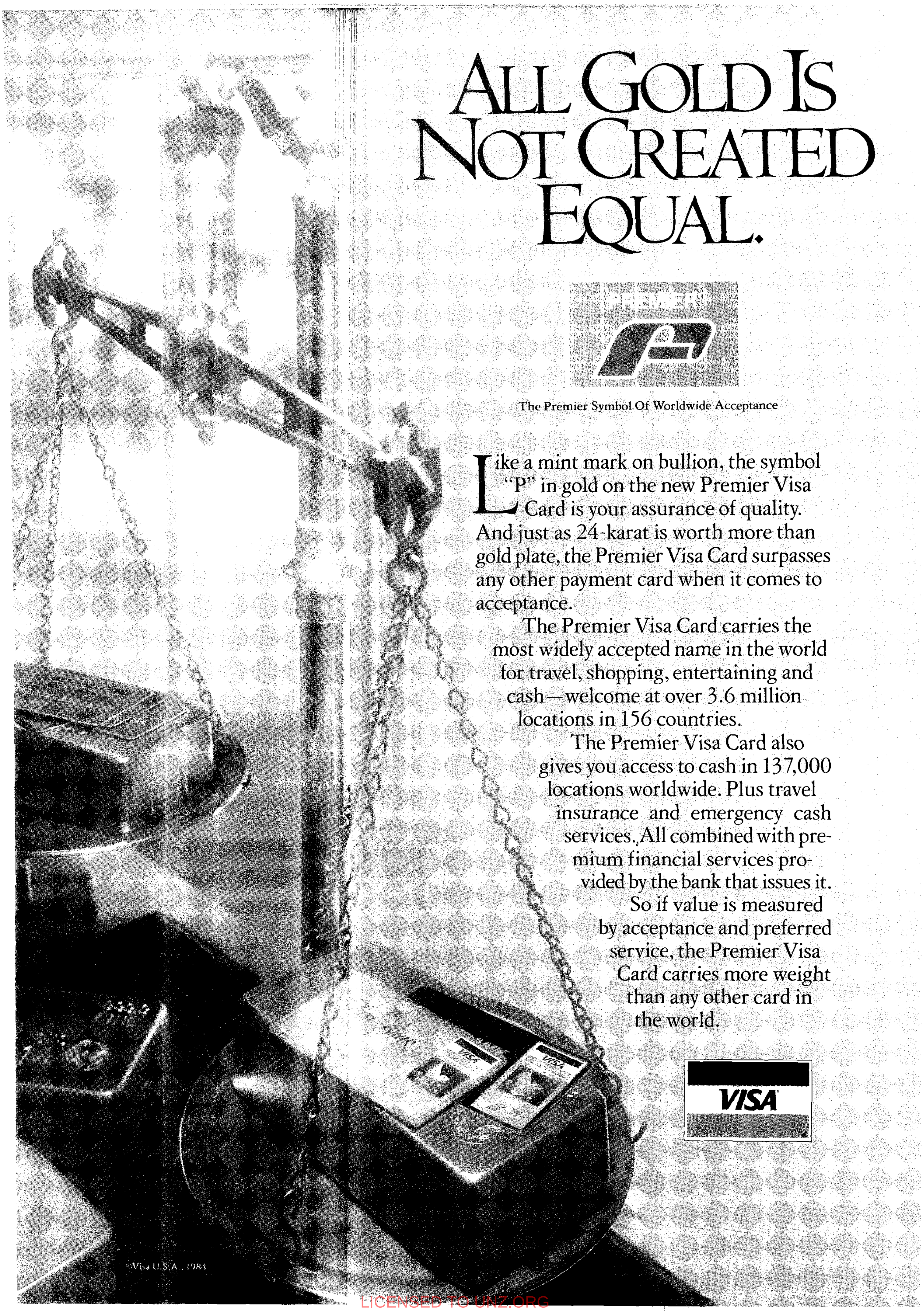
Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—A retrospective of paintings in oil and watercolor. Through Saturday, July 14. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: What these paintings and sculptures by about twenty artists have in common is the compositional device of a centered image. Martha Diamond, Suzan Pitt, Troels Worsel, others. Through Aug. 17. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by David Salle, pastels by Francesco Clemente, and sculptures by Bryan Hunt. Through July 27. . . . **CASTELLI,** 142 Greene St.: The chefs d'oeuvre of the current show are Frank Stella's twelve-foot-nine-inch mixed-medium construction; Richard Serra's twenty-ton Corten-steel sculpture; and Robert Rauschenberg's high-fire ceramic painting, just under nine feet tall, incorporating David's portrait of Napoleon on a rearing charger. Through July 27. . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM,** 417 E. 75th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and collages by gallery artists Howard Newman, Robert Ohnigian, Romare Bearden, and others. Through Friday, July 13. . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings executed primarily in the first half of the twentieth century by American abstractionists, among them O'Keeffe, Bolotowsky, Diller, and Gorky. Through July 18. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings on loan from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a selection that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ESMAN,** 121 Spring St.: Paintings and sculptures by seven young artists. Through July 20. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St.: A changing exhibit of representational landscape, figure, and still-life paintings by Robert Birmelin, William L. Haney, Ida Kohlmeyer, and others. There are also a couple of abstract wall pieces thrown in for contrast. Through Aug. 31. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Frederic Amat, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley are some of the artists represented in a rotating show offering paintings and works on paper that deal with the theme of the artist's studio. Through July 27. . . . **GETLER-PALL-SAPER,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HEIDENBERG,** 50 W. 57th St.: Another changing exhibit, this one of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans and Europeans—Vuillard, Pissarro, Botero, Moore, Meadmore, Nevelson, and so on. Through Aug. 31. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Mother Nature was the common denominator in this selection of paintings by a half-dozen artists, among them Michael Mazur and Ree Morton, whose treatments range from the representational to the abstract. Through July 25. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, dated 1945 to 1984, by American artists whose compositional themes centered on color and geometry. Ad Reinhardt, Joseph Albers, Sol LeWitt, Charmion von Wiegand, and others. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PINDAR,** 127 Greene St.: A smorgasbord of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Philip Corey, Mimi Korach Lesser, Carol Unger, and numerous others, inspired by the artists' feelings about their kitchens. Through July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: An all-watercolor exhibit, including landscapes by Sally Vagliano, Simon Harling, and others, and abstractions by Dorothy Dehner and John Ferren. Through July 27. . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: Paintings by Mark Kostabi, Bruce Wall, Joel Handorff, and Rick Prol. Through July 21. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **THORP,** 103 Prince St.: Large abstractions by Marjorie Welish and David Hannah, showing at the gallery for the first time, plus works by Alfred Jensen, Joan Snyder, Edward Finnegan, and Henri Michaux. Through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by twelve contemporary artists, among them Heide Fasnacht, Bill Spira, and Alvin Tada. Through July 31. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Edgar Buonagurio, Harry Bartnick, Mark Hadjipateras, and others. Through Friday, July 13. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—At the **MARIAN GOODMAN,** 24 W. 57th St.: A show that emphasizes the wide variety of first-rate contemporary sculpture. The artists include Richard Artschwager, Claes Oldenburg, Tony Cragg, and Sol LeWitt. Through Friday, July 6. . . . **MANHATTAN ART,** 81 Greene St.: Wall pieces done in various carved woods and in slate by Jeffrey Plate; trim marble posts standing in a bed of glass shards by Arden Scott; and Jim Raglione's group of skeletal chairs and chaises made of pipe and meant to be hooked up to the water supply. Through Friday, July 13. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **STAEMPFLI,** 47 E. 77th St.: Works in stone by Max Bill, Anna and Wolfgang Kubach-Wilmsen, and Masayuki Nagare. Through Friday, July 13. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Peter Agostini, Lee Bontecou, Raoul Hague, Reuben Nakian, Richard Stankiewicz, and George Sugarman in a show of works and related drawings, all executed in the nineteen-sixties. Through July 20.

Note—Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, usually with changing





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VISA

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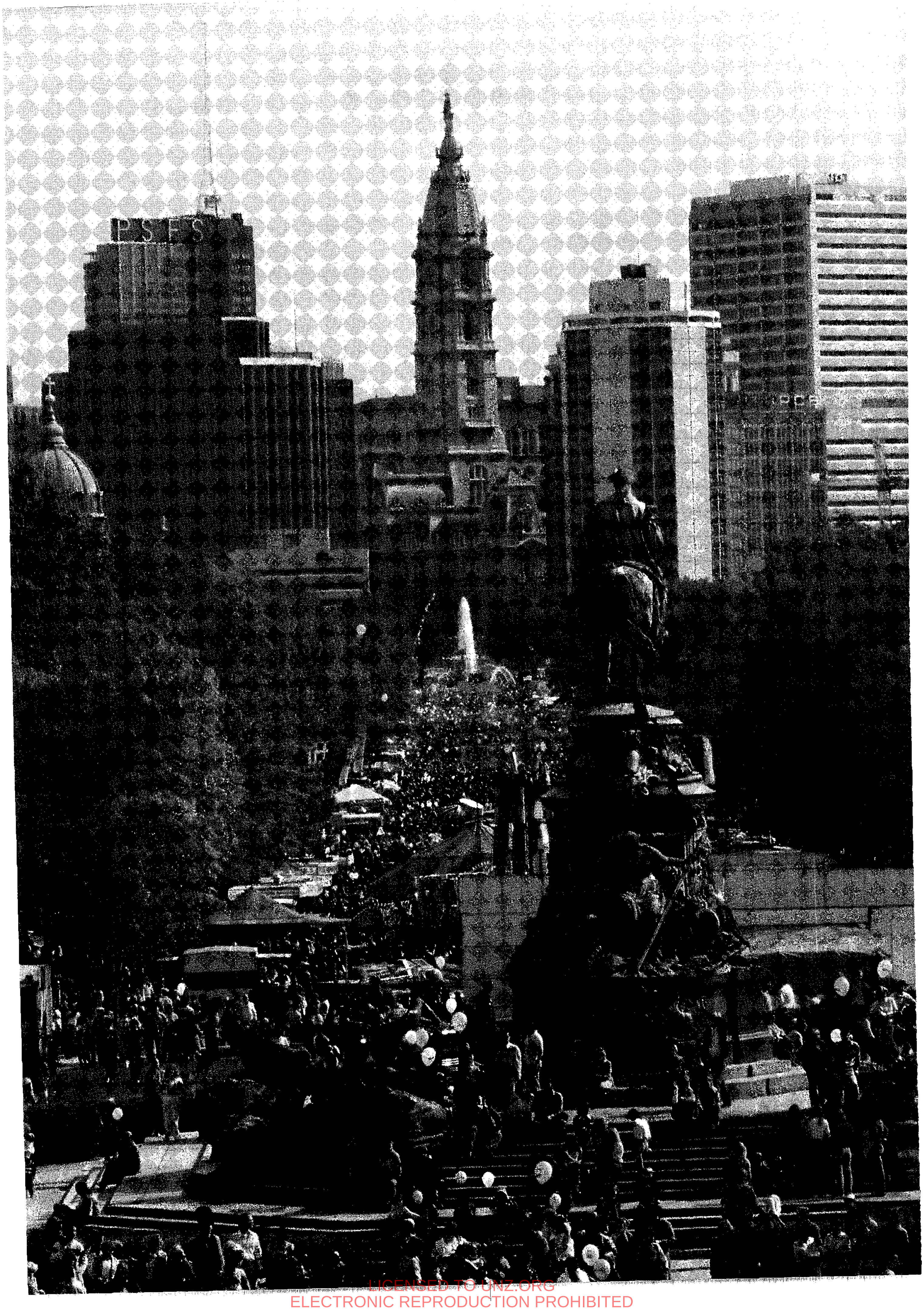
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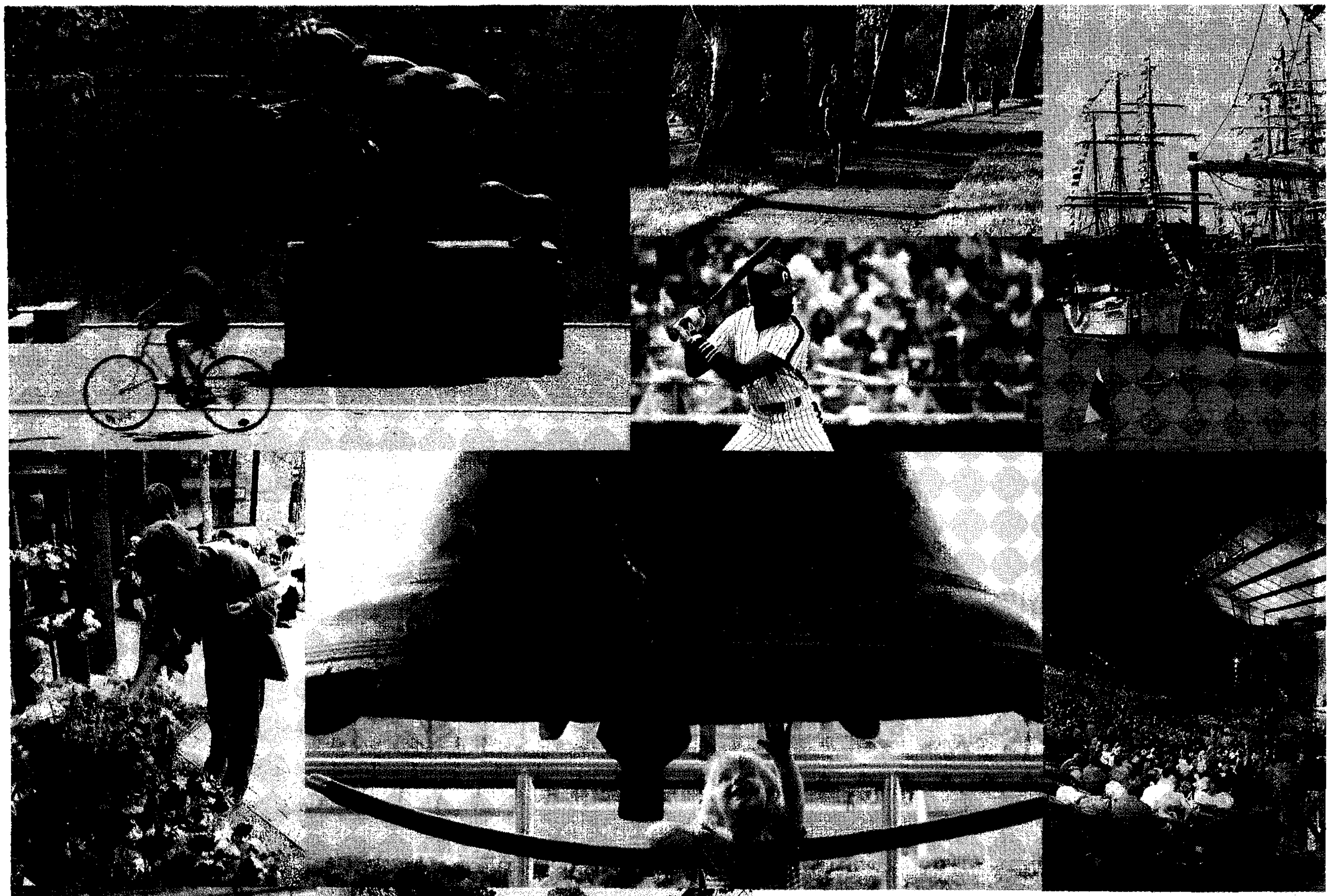

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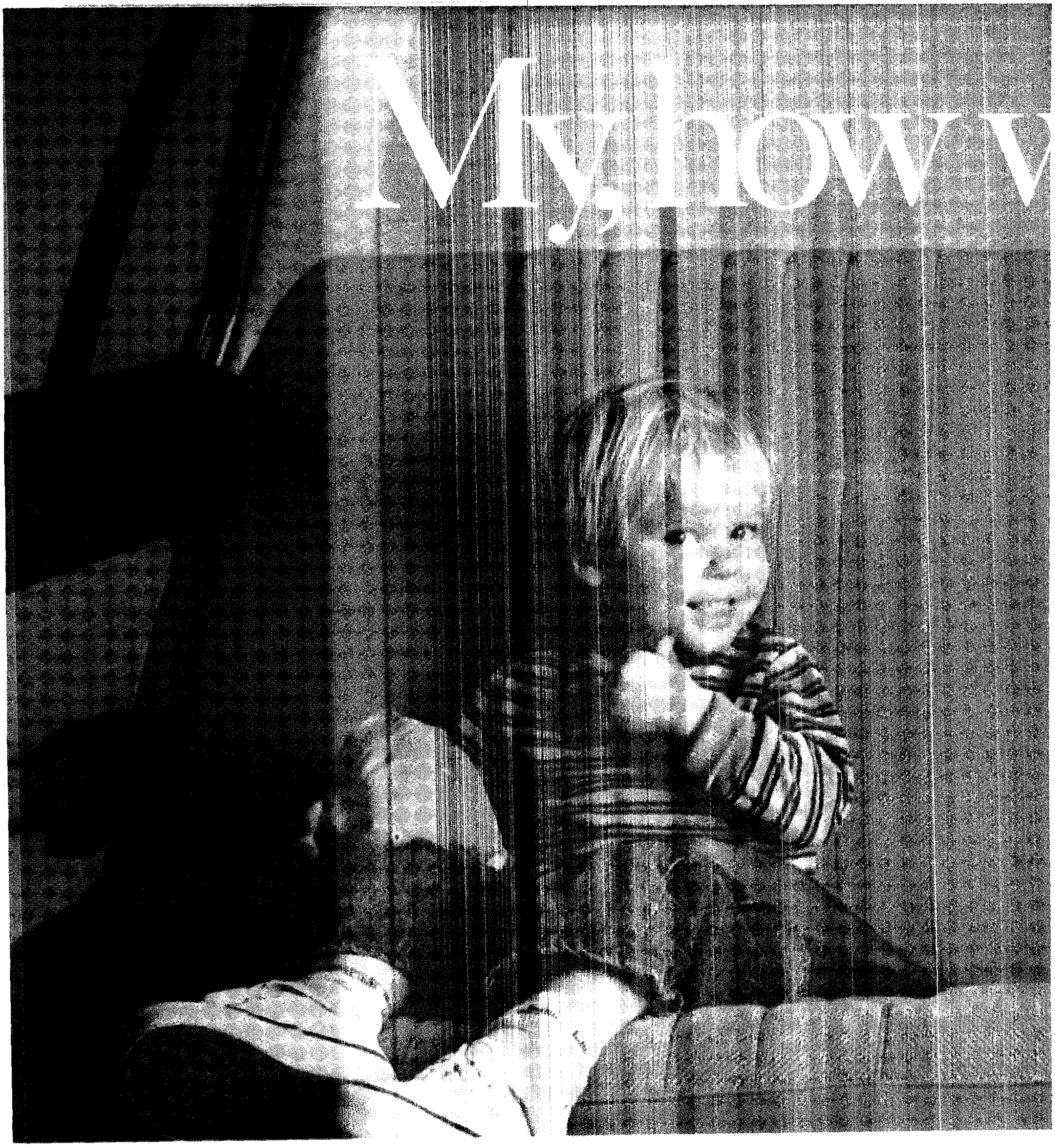

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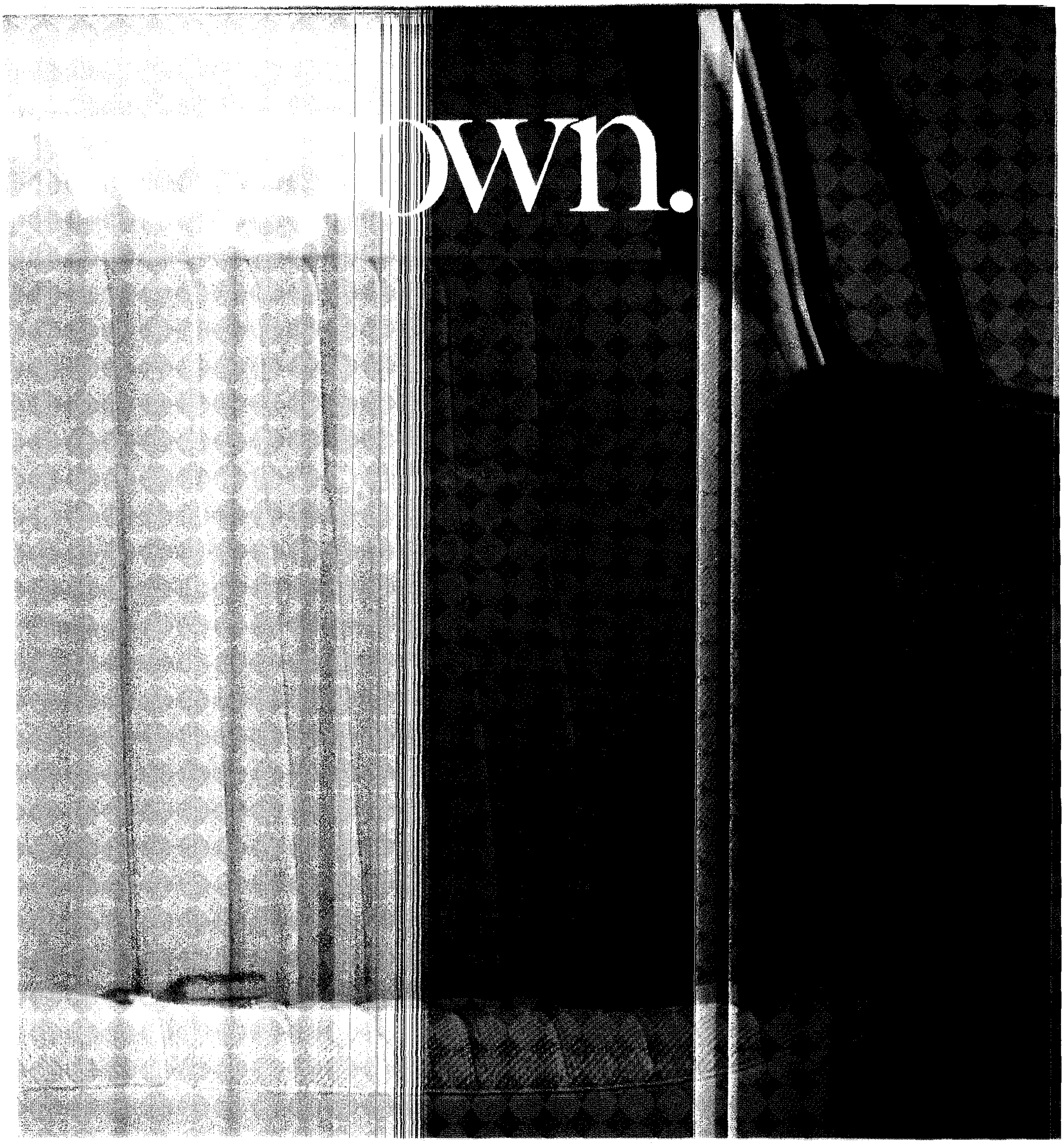
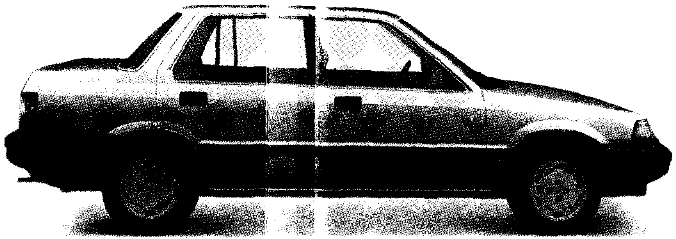
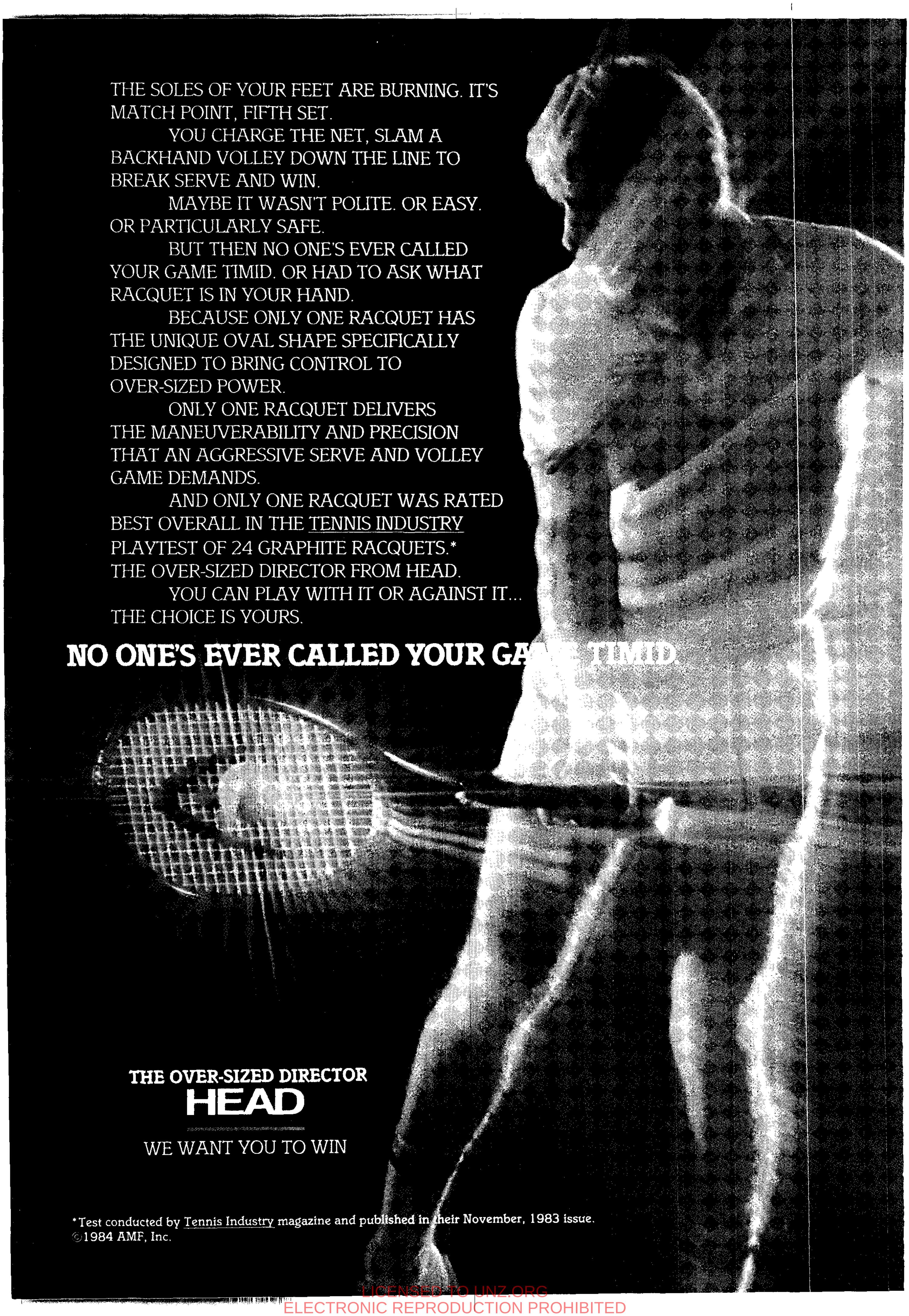


But w[illegible] we were doing all
is growing, we didn't forget
keep the sticker price small.
hat's why this car is for families
ho want one to grow on.



HONDA

The Civic 4-Door Sedan

THE SOLES OF YOUR FEET ARE BURNING. IT'S MATCH POINT, FIFTH SET.

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WE WANT YOU TO WIN

*Test conducted by Tennis Industry magazine and published in their November, 1983 issue.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

exhibitions of works by gallery members: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ARMSTRONG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St. . . . **METRO PICTURES,** 150 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 50 W. 57th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

György Kepes / Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—A full-scale retrospective. / Photographs from a 1936-37 W.P.A. project. Through Sunday, July 8. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays, except July 4, through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Lucia Moholy—Photographs of Gropius's Bauhaus buildings in Dessau and a portrait of Florence Henri are among forty works. Through July 20. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Fridays, and open Tuesday evenings until 7.)

Ted Victoria—Eye-level frames enclosing various objects that are reflected by a lens, light, and mirror system; also, a darkened-room installation on the same principle, only here viewers can walk around the objects. Through Saturday, July 7. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Painted Photographs—*Holly Roberts, Russell* Drisch, Susan Chang, and others. Through July 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Jack and Belle Linsky galleries, the new and permanent home for the Linskys' vast collection of European art and decorative objects (among them Old Master paintings, eighteenth-century French furniture, Russian porcelains, Baroque bronzes, and Renaissance jewelry), are now open to the public. . . . ¶ "African Ivories," seventy-odd carved objects spanning the past four hundred years of sub-Saharan culture, including figures, masks, ornaments, musical instruments, and two huge ivory tusks that are engraved with the images of African rulers and deities. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent with a capital "R": the nearly two hundred works are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. Through Aug. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Spanish Cubist Juan Gris has more than eighty paintings, drawings, and collages. Through Sunday, July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

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Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter. Through Aug. 19. (A complementary show is at the Tibor De Nagy Gallery, 29 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures in America covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works, by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Fifteen illuminated sculptures by R. M. Fischer, constructed from found objects and industrial materials, are aglow in the lobby gallery and lower gallery. Through July 22. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ "Spanish Colonial Arts of the Andes," paintings, textiles (a seventeenth-century Peruvian tapestry, for instance), furniture, and such objects as a bishop's silver hat decorated with ribbon and velvet. Assembled from the museum's collections. (Open Wednesdays, except July 4, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Wednesday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one. . . . ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Fridays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 "setback" zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. Through Sept. 23. . . . ¶ A show, organized by the Denver Art Museum, that examines the predominance of the circle as a motif in the designs of the Plains Indians for their tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, and other social and domestic necessities. Through July 15. . . . ¶ Silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through Sunday, July 8. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, except Wednesday, July 4, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Two anniversary exhibits (it's the library's sixtieth) from the collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade. Scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts.—In this show the emphasis is on contemporary artists from all over the country who have had little exposure in New York until now. Each of the painters and sculptors (there is also one photographer) is represented by a number of works, and there are fourteen artists all told. Through July 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—An exhibit of European and American playing cards dating from the sixteenth century to the twentieth, and illustrated with patriotic emblems, advertisements, folk art, and other designs. Card-game accessories and early board games are also on display. . . . ¶ The Statue of Liberty is the basis of a loan show of seventy-five photographs, many of which have not been seen in public before. A third of them document var-

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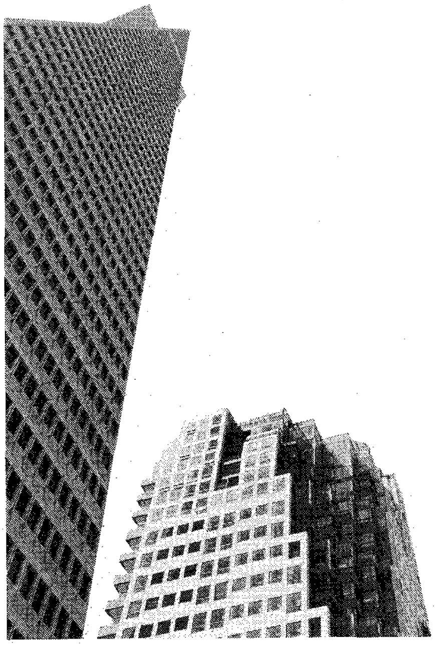

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ious stages of the statue's construction; another twenty show immigrants at Ellis Island, photographed between 1892-1925 by an employee there; and the rest present more recent so-called portrait views of the statue, by Berenice Abbott, Kenneth Snelson, and others. (Open daily except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Gottesman Exhibition Hall has opened with "Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an inquiry whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open daily, except Sundays and Wednesday, July 4, from 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 2. (Open Wednesdays, except July 4, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 18—Friday, July 6, at 7: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Judith Forst, Frederick Burchinal, and Bruce Reed; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Walter MacNeil, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8: "La Bohème," with Judith Haddon, Maryanne Telese, Richard Leech, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Jane Shaulis, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 7: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Judith Forst, Frederick Burchinal, and Bruce Reed; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Maria Spacagna, Jon Fredric West, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 2: "La Traviata," with Marianna Christos, Robert Grayson, and William Stone; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Catherine Lamy, Jane Shaulis, Riccardo Calleo, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Opening performances of a seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 25. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Monday, July 9, and Wednesday, July 11: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 10: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Philippe Entremont, piano, and Carol Wincenc, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12: Vittorio Negri conducting the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 13-14: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Misha Dichter, piano, and Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 5, at 8:30: Bella Davidovich, piano, in an all-Chopin program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 7: Jules Eskin, cello, and Leonard Slatkin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Dvořák-Beethoven program, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Brahms-Haydn-Ravel program, with Leon Fleisher, piano; Joseph Silverstein, violin; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Sherman Walt, bassoon; and Mr. Eskin. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 2:30: Leonard Slatkin conducting a Rachmaninoff-Shostakovich program, with Miss Davidovich. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach and Justus Frantz, duo piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 7: Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 9: Kurt Masur conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Christoph Eschenbach conducting a J. C. Bach–Beethoven–Schubert program, with Mr. Frantz. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 2:30: Kurt Masur directing a varied program, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Susanne Mentzer, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; and the Tanglewood Choir. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Wednesday, July 4, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Gershwin-Copland-Bernstein program, with William Blount, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Ruth Laredo, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:30: John Nelson conducting the orchestra in a varied program, with Jean-Philippe Collard, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort in a program of Elizabethan and early-Stuart music. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 4:15: The ensemble in a chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 9: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble in a Telemann-Vivaldi program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 8:30: Jerzy Semkow conducting the orchestra in a Rossini-Mendelssohn-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 15, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 26. On Saturdays, buses leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center—on Wednesday, July 4, a special bus will leave at 1:30; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 21. Wednesday, July 4, at 8:15: "Mozartiana," "Concerto Barocco," "Sonatine," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 2: "Mozartiana," "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Concerto Barocco," "Sonatine," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 8:15: "Harlequinade" and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 2: "Harlequinade" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:15: "Mozartiana," "Concerto Barocco," "Sonatine," and "Glass Pieces." . . . [**NOTE:** A special concert will be given by the Moody Blues on Sunday, July 8, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 10, at 8:15: "Jewels." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11, at 8:15: "Allegro Brillante," "Antique Epigraphs," "Réjouissance," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Harlequinade." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Réjouissance," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 8:15 (a benefit performance): "Theme and Variations," "Concerto Barocco," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14, at 2 and 8:15: "Jewels." (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 7: The Bucket Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 10-14: Daniel Stein, mime, and dancer-choreographers Timothy Buckley, Maria Cheng, and Wendy Perron. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Wednesday, July 4, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Thursday, July 5, at 7:35; Friday, July 6, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader); Saturday, July 7, at 7:35; and Sunday, July 8, at 1:35. . . . **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Thursday, July 12, at 8; Friday, July 13, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader); and Saturday, July 14, at 8.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Women's Open Championship.

(Salem Country Club, Peabody, Mass. Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Suburban Handicap, Wednesday, July 4; the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, July 7; and the Tremont, Sunday, July 8. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays, except July 4, through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, July 4, between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Molly Pitcher Handicap, Wednesday, July 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Wednesday, July 4, at 11:30.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, July 14. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, July 24.

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Tampa Bay. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Wednesday, July 11, at 9. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights, except Wednesday, July 4, at 8, and Wednesday, July 4, at 1:30; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 14.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **henry v,** with Kevin Kline and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays and Wednesday, July 4, at 8. Through Sunday, July 22. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

Kyogen—Programs of classic Japanese plays. (Lincoln Center North Plaza. Tuesday through Friday, July 10-13, at 8:30.)

South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Wednesday, July 4, at 6: Alberta Hunter. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 5, at 8: The Kit McClure Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 8: Valery Ponomarev and the Universal Language. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12, at 8: The Sonny Fortune quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13, at 8: The Harold Ousley quintet. (East River at Fulton St.)

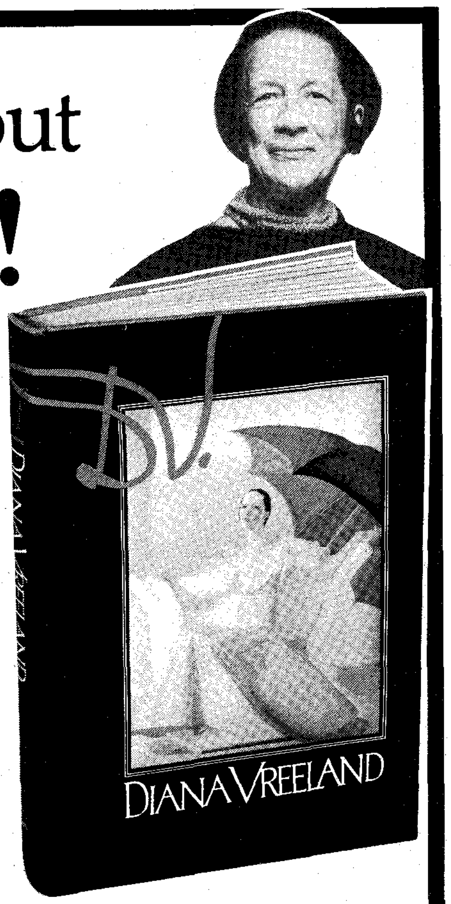
Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Dino Anagnost directing the Metropolitan Singers/The Greek Choral Society and Orchestra in a program of music from Broadway shows. (Wednesday, July 4, at 4.) . . . ¶ Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

Central Park Mall—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in a performance of "La Fanciulla del West." The first in a series of three productions of Puccini operas. (Thursday, July 12, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Monday, July 9: Leon Russell, the Blues Project, and John Mayall & the Bluesbreakers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11: The Marshall Tucker Band and Betts, Hall, Leavell & Trucks. . . . ¶ Friday, July 13: Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Bruce & Friends. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Walking Tours—A conducted tour of the SoHo area, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, July 8, starting at the corner of Spring and Lafayette Sts., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.) . . . ¶ Henry Hope Reed will conduct a tour of northern Central Park. Saturday, July 14, starting at Central Park W. and 100th St., at 2. (For information, call 473-6283.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine hundred varieties. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30; Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, July 4, from 10:30 to 4:30.)



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It's the book in which Diana Vreeland talks about everything from nostalgia

"I loathe nostalgia"

to her own reasons for being *absolutely* certain that Chanel and the Duke of Windsor once had "the romance of the world" . . . From her schooldays

"Well, Brearley kept me for three months, and then they told my mother, 'Mrs. Dalziel, she's not . . . *us*!' And I certainly wasn't."

to her husband's excellent advice before her meeting with an ether-sniffing baron:

"Just remember—when he breathes *in*, you breathe *out*."

Reading *D. V.* is like being at the party of the year!

The guest list

She invites us in among the century's chic, rich, and gifted, into circles that encompass

Josephine Baker (to say nothing of her cheetah) and

Queen Mary (whose masseur D. V. shared) and

Clark Gable ("He had the most beautiful eyelashes I've ever seen on a man—on a *human being*. They were exactly like a Shetland pony's.") and

Everybody from Buffalo Bill (he taught her to ride) to Isak Dinesen, Mona Bismark, Christine Jorgensen, the King of Spain ("Alfonso—that gorgeous, glorious, marvelous Bourbon!"), and Swifty Lazar.

Tête à tête with D. V.

She talks about her search for the perfect red . . . about the art of Balenciaga . . . about the genius of great servants . . . about feet ("Children, naturally, are terribly aware of feet. They're closer to them") . . . about WORK! (at *Harper's Bazaar*, at *Vogue*, at the Museum) . . .

Whatever her subject, you want her never to stop. Hers is a memoir like no other: pure pleasure. In the words of **The International Herald-Tribune:**

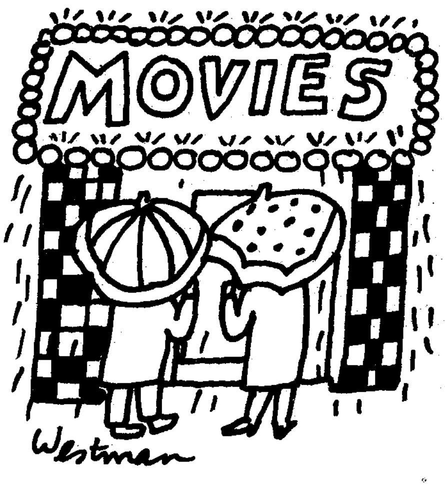
"It's like spending two hours with one of 'the very few great original women' in the United States."

Photo © Bill King

D.V. by DIANA VREELAND • Edited by George Plimpton and Christopher Hemphill • Just published by Knopf

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

A festival of Charlie Chaplin films:

Through July 5: To be announced.

July 6-8: A program of six short films—"Making a Living" (1914), "Behind the Screen" (1916), "The Tramp" (1915), "The Masquerader" (1914), "The Immigrant" (1917), and "The Pawnshop" (1916).

July 10-12: "The Kid" (†); "The Circus" (†); and "Laughing Gas" (1914; a short film).

From July 13: "City Lights" (†); and "The Jitney Elopement" (1915; a short film).

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Cannonball Run II" (directed by Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through July 5: "Splash" (†) and "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (†).

July 6-12 (tentative): "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†) and "Risky Business" (†).

From July 13: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through July 12: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

From July 13: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Gremlins" (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Brady's Escape" (Pal Gabor), with John Savage and Kelly Reno.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Natural" (†).

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The 4th Man" (†).

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Gremlins" (†). From July 13: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 2: "Rhinestone" (Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through July 5: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

From July 6: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Under the Volcano" (†).

Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.

Theatre 2: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

Through July 8: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

From July 9: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through July 5: "Splash" (†).

From July 6: To be announced.

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Theatre 2: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through July 12: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

From July 13: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "The Last Sea" (1979; directed by Haim Gouri, Jacquot Ehrlich, and David Bergman; in Hebrew, Yiddish, French, and English, with English subtitles).

Theatre 2: "My Night at Maud's" (†).

VANDAM, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 5: "Tibet: A Buddhist Trilogy" (1980; Graham Coleman), a four-hour film.

July 6-12: "The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyöngyössy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).

From July 13: "Class Enemy."

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1 AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

Theatre 2: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Theatre 2: Through July 5: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley. From July 6 (tentative): "The Natural" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 5: "Diva" (†). From July 6: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

Theatre 4: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
A program of Donald Duck cartoons.

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through July 5: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

From July 6: "The Guest" (1977; Ross Devenish), with Athol Fugard; and "Marigolds in August" (1979; Ross Devenish), with Winston Ntshona, John Kani, and Athol Fugard.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through July 8: "Edith and Marcel" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Evelyne Bouix and Marcel Cerdan, Jr.

From July 9: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

LINCOLN PLAZA 1, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin.

Theatre 2: Through July 10: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French). From July 11: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan.

Theatre 3: "Eréndira" (†).

CINEMA STUDIO 1 AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 10: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger. From July 11: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary.

EMBASSY 72ND ST. 1 AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Theatre 2: "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.

Theatre 3: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts and Mickey Rourke.

Theatre 4: "Ghostbusters" (†).

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard

Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "Zelig" (†) and "Broadway Danny Rose" (†). From July 13: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
Theatre 2: Through July 5: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan). From July 6: "They're Playing with Fire."
Theatre 3: Through July 5: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†) and "Against All Odds" (†). From July 6: "The Natural" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 5: "Diva" (†). July 6-12: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni. From July 13: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Rhinestone" (directed by Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 2: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise.
Theatre 3: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 5: "Escape from Women's Prison." From July 6: "The Natural" (†).
Theatre 5: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 6: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 4: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Splash" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "Conan the Destroyer." From July 13: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
Theatre 2: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; directed by Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 5: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "M*A*S*H" (1970; Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman.
July 6-7: "Barbarella" (1968; Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974; Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste), with Jason Williams.
July 8-10: "Valley of the Dolls" (1967; Mark Robson), with Barbara Parkins, Patty Duke, Sharon Tate, Susan Hayward, and Paul Burke; and "Peyton Place" (1957; Mark Robson), with Lana Turner, Hope Lange, and Arthur Kennedy.
July 11-12: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Lili Marleen" (1981; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.
July 13-14: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giabobetti), with Sylvia Kristel.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
July 4: "Kill!" (1968; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese); and "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
July 5: "Kill!;" and "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Susumu Fujita.
From July 6: "Repo Man" (1984; Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
July 4: "Rumble Fish" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke; and "The Outsiders" (1983; Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.
July 5-7: "The Big Chill" (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, and Mary Kay Place; and "Educating Rita" (1983; Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.
July 8-9: "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (†).
July 10-11: "The Entity" (1983; Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver; "Coma" (†); and "Magic" (†).
July 12-14: "The Grey Fox" (†) and "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 5: "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones); and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
July 6-7: "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo; and "The Pirates of Penzance" (1983; Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline, Linda Ronstadt, Angela Lansbury, Rex Smith, and George Rose.
July 8: "Cleopatra" (1963; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, and Roddy McDowall.
July 9-10: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters) and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), both films with Divine.
July 11-12: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan.
July 13-14: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Cat People" (1982 †).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
July 4: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.
July 5: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
July 6-12: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.
July 13: "The Big Chill" (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, Kevin Kline, Tom Berenger, Glenn Close and Mary Kay Place; and "Return of the Secaucus 7" (1980; John Sayles).
July 14: "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 4: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers.
July 5-7: "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954; Stanley Donen), with Jane Powell, Howard Keel, and Jeff Richards; and "Bells Are Ringing" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Holliday and Dean Martin.
July 8-9: "Doctor Zhivago" (†).
July 10-11: "The Sunshine Boys" (1975; Herbert Ross), with Walter Matthau, George Burns, and Richard Benjamin; and "Buddy Buddy" (1981; Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.
July 12-14: "Private Lives" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, and Reginald Denny; and "The Women" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 4: "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady; and "Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid" (1948; Irving Pichel), with William Powell, Ann Blyth, and Irene Hervey.
July 5: "Swamp Water" (1941; Jean Renoir), with Walter Huston and Virginia Gilmore; and "The Woman on the Beach" (1947; Jean Renoir), with Joan Bennett, Charles Bickford, and Robert Ryan.
July 6: "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), with Bob Dylan; and "Get Crazy" (1983; Allan Arkush), with Malcolm McDowell.
July 7: "The Seduction of Mimi" (1972; Lina

Wertmüller; in Italian) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), both films with Giancarlo Giannini.

July 8: "The General" (†) and "The Three Ages" (†).

July 9: Two programs of cartoons by Tex Avery.

July 10: "Greetings" (1968; Brian De Palma), with Robert De Niro, Jonathan Warden, and Geritt Graham; and "Hi, Mom!" (1970; Brian De Palma), with Robert De Niro.

July 11: "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

July 12: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault; "A Day in the Country" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jeanne Marken, Sylvia Bataille, and Gabriello; and "Charleston" (1927; Jean Renoir; a French silent film).

July 13: "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977; Wes Craven), with Susan Lanier and Robert Houston; "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

July 14: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 4: "Charlie Chan in Shanghai" (1935; James Tinling) and "Charlie Chan in London" (1934; Eugene Forde), both films with Warner Oland as Chan.

July 5: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon.

July 6-7: "Wuthering Heights" (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine, Orson Welles, and Elizabeth Taylor.

July 8: "A Night at the Opera" (1935; Sam Wood) and "A Day at the Races" (1937; Sam Wood), both films with the Marx Brothers.

July 9: "Mayerling" (1936; Anatole Litvak), with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux; and "Madame Bovary" (1934; Jean Renoir; in French), with Valentine Tessier and Pierre Renoir.

July 10: "The Sundowners" (†) and "The Nun's Story" (†).

July 11: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers; and "Michael Shayne, Private Detective" (1940; Eugene Forde), with Lloyd Nolan as Shayne.

July 12: "The Girl from Missouri" (†) and "Hollywood Party" (†).

July 13: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

July 14: "Murder at the Gallop" (1963) and "Murder Ahoy" (1964), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—July 5 at 2:30 and 6: "A Nineteen-Year-Old's Map" (1979; directed by Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yuji Homma, Keizo Kanie, and Hideko Okiyama. . . . ¶ July 6 at 2:30: "Caught" (1949; Max Ophuls), with Barbara Bel Geddes, James Mason, and Robert Ryan. . . . ¶ July 6 at 6: "The River" (1951; Jean Renoir), with Nora Swinburne, Esmond Knight, and Arthur Shields. . . . ¶ July 7 at 2:30: "The Student from Prague" (1926; Henrik Galeen; a German silent film). . . . ¶ July 7 at 5: "L'Amore: La Voce Umana" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, no English subtitles), with Anna Magnani; and "L'Amore: Il Miracolo" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Anna Magnani and Federico Fellini. . . . ¶ July 8 at 2:30: "His Double Life" (1933; Arthur Hopkins), with Lillian Gish, Roland Young, and Montagu Love. . . . ¶ July 8 at 5: "Nell Gwynne" (1926; Herbert Wilcox; a silent film), with Dorothy Gish. . . . ¶ July 9 at 2:30: "Le Joli Mai" (1963; Chris Marker and Pierre L'Homme; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ July 9 at 6: "Alleman" (1964; Bert Haanstra; with English narration). . . . ¶ July 10 at 2:30: "The Ritual" (1969; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnar Björnstrand. . . . ¶ July 10 at 6: "Ugetsu" (1953; Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Machiko Kyo, Masayuki Mori, and Kinuyo Tanaka. . . . ¶ July 12 at 2:30 and 6: "Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; Chantal Akerman; in French, with English subtitles), with Akerman, Niels Arestrup, and Claire Wauthion. For adults only. . . . ¶ July 13 at 2:30: "The Strange Case of Tom Mooney" (1933), "Halstead Street" (1934), "The World Today: Sunnydale and the Black Legion" (1936-37), and "America Disinherited" (1936). . . . ¶ July 13 at 6: "King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis" (1970; Ely Landau). . . . ¶ July 14 at 2:30: "Ugetsu." . . . ¶ July 14 at 5: "Ikiru" (1952; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Takashi Shimura, Miki Odagiri, Nobuo Kaneko, and Kyoko Seki. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (570-3949)—July 5: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . ¶ July 9: "Rich and Strange" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry. . . . ¶ July 10: "The Red Shoes" (1948; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine. . . . ¶ July 11: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson. . . . ¶ July 12: "Charlie Chan at the Olympics" (1937; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland. . . . ¶ July 13: "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Against All Odds—Suggested by the 1947 Jacques Tourneur suspense film "Out of the Past," this revved-up picture is of the "everybody uses everybody" genre, set in swank surroundings and outfitted with electronic music to make you twitch. With a plot that borrows from "Chinatown" and "North Dallas Forty," it has so many convoluted double crosses that each time you're told what was "really" going on behind the scene you just witnessed you care less. Rachel Ward is the woman who steals and kills, lies all the time, and makes love alternately to Jeff Bridges, a pro football player, and to James (The Snake) Woods, a gamblin' man. It turns out that she's just confused, from having grown up in a nest of vipers, with a real-estate-tycoon mother (played with considerable cool by Jane Greer) and a smoothly villainous stepfather (a hambone special by Richard Widmark). The scenes aren't shaped to get anywhere, so even though the movie hops about L.A. and Mexico, the effect is static, and some sequences—such as the lovemaking set in the ancient Mayan steam house at Chichén Itzá—should earn their place in the annals of camp. With Dorian Harewood, Saul Rubinek, Alex Karras, and Swoosie Kurtz, who has only two or three minutes onscreen (as a lawyer's secretary) but gets a relationship going with the audience; she's the only member of the cast who doesn't seem to have been pulped. Directed by Taylor Hackford, from a script by Eric Hughes. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/19/84.) (Olympia Quad; through July 6.)

Broadway Danny Rose—Danny Rose is a small-time booking agent who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with big-time agents. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. Woody Allen, who plays Danny and who also wrote and directed this Damon Runyonesque movie, has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. Danny is a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. The movie is about how Lou Canova's ruthless, tough girlfriend Tina (Mia Farrow, disguised with a nasal accent, fright wig, shades, and some padding) learns to appreciate Danny. Shot in grainy black-and-white, the material is dim and larval, like Danny. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness, but it also has some good fast talk and some push. (2/6/84) (Olympia Quad; through July 12.)

Cat People (1982)—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture (it's set in New Orleans) is meant to be poetic and "legendary." It has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous (especially in the orange-colored primal-dream sequences), yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. Just when a scene begins to hold some interest, Schrader cuts away from it; the crucial things seem to be happening between the scenes. The film is comatose; you're brought into it only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby that's a total reworking of the much simpler 1942 film. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 13-14.)

The Circus (1928)—Chaplin at his most clown-with-a-breaking-heart masochistic. With Merna Kennedy. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 10-12.)

City Lights (1931)—The famous Chaplin item. The mime is wonderful, the lonely use of sound for a swallowed whistle at a party is wonderful, the sight gags are wonderful, the sentimentality about the blind girl (Virginia Cherrill) is faintly frightening. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 13.)

Coma (1978)—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. After her closest woman friend (Lois Chiles) goes into a irreversible coma during an abortion, she discovers that large numbers of young, healthy patients have gone into comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then, vegetablized, have been packed off to a facility—the grim, fortresslike Jefferson Institute—that provides long-term life-support systems. Single-handed, she begins to investigate. When the action moves from the hospital to the institute, the story shades off from a factual, realistic view of modern hospital practices to sci-fi fantasy, without any change in the film's tone. "Coma" is so cleanly made, with such an impersonal, detached feeling, that it looks untouched by human hands. Even the actors seem disinfected of any traces of personality. But not Bujold. There's no way to sanitize this actress. She's like a soft furry animal and she's irreducibly curious; she snuggles deep inside the shallow material. Thin-skinned, touchy, she seems almost to sniff out fakery. And as she goes from one dangerous situation to the next the narrative trap tightens; you fear for her safety and the suspense gets you in the stomach and maybe the chest, too. But "Coma" doesn't give you a lift. Directed by Michael Crichton, who did the adaptation of Robin Cook's novel, the picture is all plot, and it glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated. The scenes inside the institute have a chill, spectral beauty, yet the spookiness doesn't explode. The movie seems a little too cultivated, too cautious; Crichton probably accepts impersonality as part of technological advance—he doesn't satirize it. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lance Le Gault. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 10-11.)

Diva (1981)—A glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through July 5.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The pure-souled poet-doctor Zhivago (Omar Sharif, with wet, dark eyes) is at the center of the scenarist Robert Bolt's poetic enigma, and the director, David Lean, surrounds him with enormous historical reconstructions of the Russian Revolution. Neither the contemplative Zhivago nor the flux of events is intelligible, and, what is worse, they seem unrelated to each other. (It's hard to know what kind of hero or even what kind of group of people *could* hold these events together.) And in this movie, so full of "realism," nothing really grows—not the performances, not the ideas, not even the daffodils, which are also so "real" they have obviously been planted for us, just as the buildings have been built for us. After the first half hour you don't expect the picture to breathe and live; you just sit there. It isn't shoddy (except for the balalaika music, which is so repetitive you could kill the composer); it's stately, respectable, and dead. It's not in itself a disgraceful failure, but it does have one disgraceful effect: the final shot of a rainbow over the huge dam where Zhivago's lost daughter is working. This banal suggestion that it has all been for the best and that tomorrow will be brighter is not only an insult to the audience, it is a coarse gesture of condescension and appeasement to the Russians. Would Lean and Bolt place a rainbow over the future of England? With Julie Christie, who does have some life as Lara, and Rod Steiger, who brings something powerful, many-sided, and sexual to the role of Komarovsky, and Geraldine Chaplin, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Siobhan McKenna, Jack MacGowran, Rita Tushingham, Ralph Richardson, Adrienne Corri, Geoffrey Keen, Noel Willman, and Klaus Kinski, with his eyes popping and huge veins bulging out of his forehead as he says, "I am the only free man on this train." From the novel by Boris Pasternak; cinematography by Freddie Young; production design by the aptly named John Box. (193 minutes.) (Regency; July 8-9.)

The Draughtsman's Contract (1983)—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty

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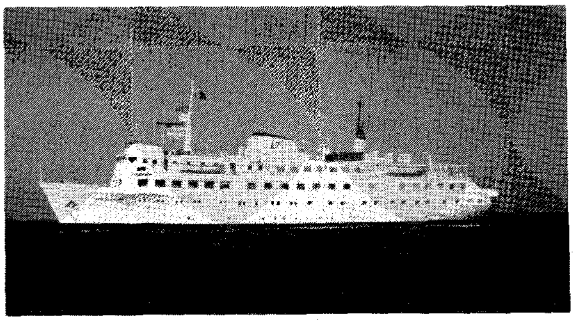

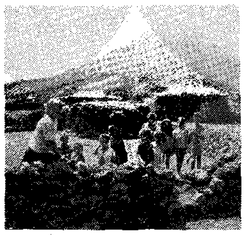

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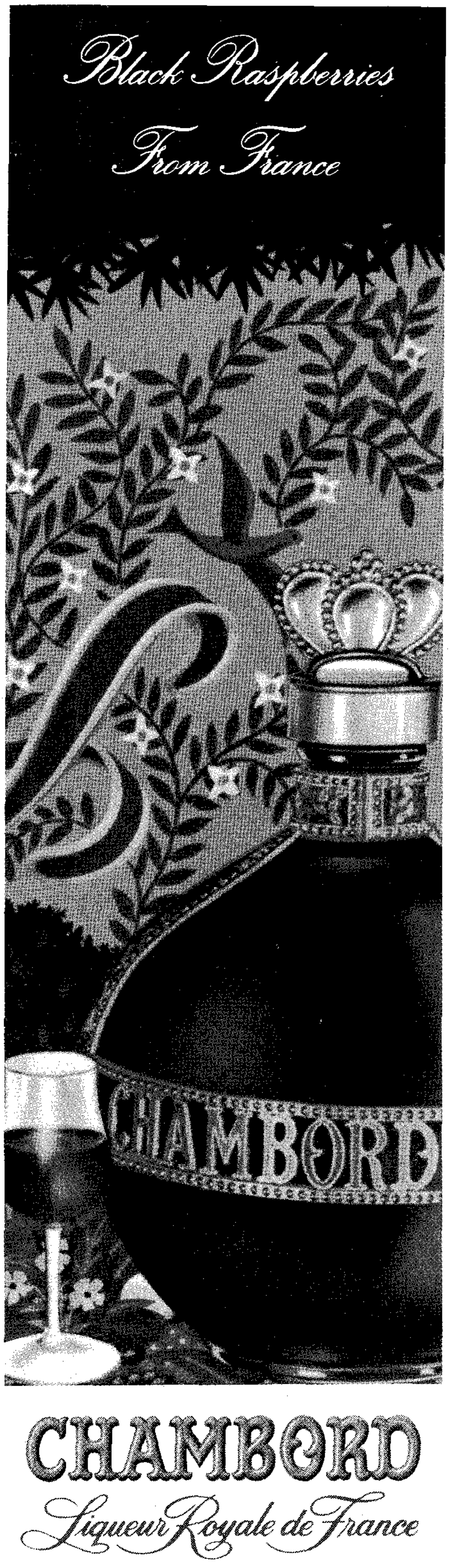

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they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle, and the people talking are popinjays in perukes shaped as geometrically as the shrubs at Marienbad. This impishness congeals, because there's no dramatic motor in the sequences. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 12-14.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Fast Times at Ridgemont High (1982)—Not bad. It may fall into the general category of youth-exploitation movies, but it isn't assaultive. The young director, Amy Heckerling, making her feature-film début, has a light hand. If the film has a theme it's sexual embarrassment, but there are no big crises; the story follows the course of several kids' lives by means of vignettes and gags, and when the scenes miss they don't thud. In this movie, a gag's working or not working hardly matters—everything has a quick, makeshift feeling. If you're eating a bowl of Rice Krispies and some of them don't pop, that's O.K., because the bowlful has a nice, poppy feeling. The friendship of the two girls—Jennifer Jason Leigh as the fifteen-year-old Stacy who is eager to learn about sex and Phoebe Cates as the jaded Valley Girl Linda who shares what she knows—has a lovely matter-of-factness. With Sean Penn as the surfer-doper Spicoli—the most amiable stoned kid imaginable. Penn inhabits the role totally; the part isn't big but he comes across as a star. Also with Robert Romanus, Judge Reinhold, Brian Backer, and Ray Walston. The script, by Cameron Crowe, was adapted from his book about the year he spent at a California high school, impersonating an adolescent. The music—a collection of some nineteen pop songs—doesn't underline things; it's just always there when it's needed. (11/1/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 5.)

The 4th Man—With Jeroen Krabbé, directed by Paul Verhoeven. In Dutch. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plaza.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except, perhaps, for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (Thalia; July 8.)

Ghostbusters—A scare comedy, with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. The film cost roughly thirty-two million, and the producer-director Ivan Reitman may have been overwhelmed by the scale of the sets and special effects; his work here is amateurish, with kids-movie pacing. Audiences respond to the picture, though, and their laughter helps to fill the dead spots. The movie does have some things going for it. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. When he asks her for a date, he rises in the viewer's estimation. (And in his own, too—after she agrees to go out with him, he lifts his arms toward heaven and twirls.) The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs and the images have a heavy, overdeliberate look—they're too rigid for comedy. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th St. Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

The Girl from Missouri (1934)—One of Jean Harlow's less memorable adventures; Anita Loos contrived it for her, and it's on the funny-tough side, with a complement of gold-diggers and millionaires, but there's too much plot and too little comic substance. In pursuit of men and money, Harlow is involved in such pranks as tossing her ice cream at her beau, landing in jail, getting out, and diving in front of the camera in her step-ins in order to throw her arms around a gent. "I have always been a good girl," she announces—the film having been made after the censors rebuked her. Since her beloved here is the chilly, urbane Franchot Tone, the announcement seems gratuitous. Jack Conway directed; with Patsy Kelly, Alan Mowbray, and M-G-M's favorite bores, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T."—a demonstration that the underside of E.T. is like the monster in Ridley Scott's "Alien." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. When one of them blows his snout on a drape, he's like Jean Renoir's Boudu expressing his contempt for bourgeois life by wiping his shoes on a bedspread. These demons are like bad pets making messes. The movie never comes together, but Dante is a genuine eccentric talent with a flair for malice, and it's certainly clear why Spielberg, whose production company made the film, believes in him—there are some crack sequences. At one point the lewd hipster dragons take over the town movie theatre, where "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" is playing; they pad up and down the aisles, eating, laughing, tearing up the place. And when the Seven Dwarfs on the screen start to sing "Heigh-Ho," they join in the singing. In their enthusiasm, they spin around on the projectors, and rip the screen to shreds. It's a delirious, kitschy travesty—a kiddy matinée in Hell. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch–Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St.

Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

The Grey Fox (1983)—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. There may never have been photographs of trains more exultant than the shots here of the old Northern Pacific steaming through mountain forests. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy; the images are tense and ceremonious, and the picture has the most lovingly photographed rain since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. The movie is like "Wisconsin Death Trip" with a romantic bandit at its center. Robbery here is the only honorable profession for a man with Bill Miner's courtliness and sense of style. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter that stays fairly close to the historical accounts and leaves a lot of gaps—we never find out how Miner, who'd been in prison most of his life, became a civilized, sensitive man and a lover who admired a flamboyant, free-thinking woman. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 12-14.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (St. Marks Cinema; July 6-12, tentative.)

Hollywood Party (1934)—Plunked down right in the middle of this M-G-M musical revue is a Disney cartoon about some chocolate soldiers who melt in the sun; the cartoon is introduced by Mickey Mouse, an uninvited guest at the Hollywood Party. Who were the hosts? The picture doesn't carry producer or director credits; the entire extravaganza is hit-or-miss casual, as if the brass at M-G-M didn't want to admit having committed themselves to make the thing, and the big M-G-M stars never show up. Instead, you get Jimmy Durante in a Tarzan takeoff and singing a song about reincarnation, as well as Polly Moran as an oil tycoon's wife, Charles Butterworth and Ted Healy, and June Clyde, Jack Pearl, and Lupe Velez, who join Laurel & Hardy in an egg-breaking routine. Some fairly funny moments, and a pleasant score. The writing was probably by Howard Dietz and Arthur Kober, and the directing by Richard Boleslavsky, Allan Dwan, and Roy Rowland. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 12.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Juliet of the Spirits (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina, and Sandra Milo, Valeska Gert, Lou Gilbert, José-Luis de Villalonga, Sylva Koscina, Valentina Cortese, and Friedrich Ledebur. Cinematography by Gianni Di Venanzo; music by Nino Rota. Written by Fellini, Ennio Flaiano, Tullio Pinelli, and Brunello Rondi. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema. . . . ¶ Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 8-9.)

The Kid (1921)—The most enchantingly Victorian of Chaplin's features, and perhaps because of the way his sentimentality (which was often awkward, and even mawkish, later) fits the subject, this film seems remarkably innocent and pure. Edna Purviance is the destitute young mother who abandons her infant; Charlie, the tramp, takes the child to his garret, and five years later the child (Jackie Coogan) smashes windows, which Charlie, now a glazier and wearing glass on his back like angel wings, repairs. The story is about the love between these two street waifs and about Charlie's fight to keep the child out of the hands of the authorities. A little girl named Lita Grey (known as Lolita), later to be Chaplin's wife, appears in a dream sequence set in Heaven. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 10-12.)

Magic (1978)—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. Since Hopkins has no lightness and shows no capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, a Borscht Belt vaudevillian; the gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. The picture grinds along as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. It depends just about completely on the morbid visual effect of the devil-doll dummy. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 10-11.)

Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Festival, and Olympia Quad; through July 5.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Film Forum.)

The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs,

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who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (Sutton. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting July 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 6, tentative.)

The Nun's Story (1959)—Audrey Hepburn gives a sensitive and perceptive performance in this description of the spiritual struggles of a proud girl who finds that living up to the vow of obedience she has taken as a nun is very difficult. The picture, which was directed by Fred Zinnemann, offers not only instructive scenes in a convent but also some fine views of the Congo, to which Miss Hepburn eventually repairs as a nursing sister. Among those supporting her are Peter Finch, who plays an agnostic doctor, and Dean Jagger, who plays her father. They are, like everybody else in the movie, praiseworthy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 10.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-schoolboy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (St. Marks Cinema; July 6-12, tentative.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through July 12.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through July 5.)

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock—With William Shatner and DeForest Kelley, directed by Leonard Nimoy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews State.)

The Sundowners (1960)—This major film by a major director (Fred Zinnemann) was neglected when it came out—possibly because Warners didn't believe that people would go to see a movie set in Australia—and it has never achieved the reputation it deserves. It's a large, episodic movie, with a strong emotional texture—an epic about the space and emptiness of the country, and about Robert Mitchum as a man who doesn't want to stay in one place, and Deborah Kerr as the wife who keeps moving with him, raising a son (Michael Anderson, Jr.) who has never known a settled existence. There are marvellous sequences: one involving a race horse who's like a pipe dream of a horse; another, a great sheep-shearing contest, with Mitchum pitted against a wizardly little old geezer (Wylie Watson). And though the story builds slowly (and the first half may seem a little pokey), the characters are more red-blooded and vigorous and eccentric than in most other Zinnemann films. Deborah Kerr isn't at all aristocratic or mannered here; this may be her richest performance. Peter Ustinov and Glynis Johns play a secondary, contrasting pair of lovers, and the cast includes Dina Merrill, Chips Rafferty, Ronald Fraser, John Meillon, and Mervyn Johns. The script, by Isobel Lennart, is based on a novel by Jon Cleary; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 10.)

The Three Ages (1923)—Buster Keaton in love in the Stone Age, the Roman Age, and the Modern Age. With Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, Joe Roberts, and Horace Morgan. Directed by Keaton. (Thalia; July 8.)

Under the Volcano—With Albert Finney and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by John Huston. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

The Women (1939)—Clare Boothe Luce's ode to wisecracking cattiness, given the full, expensive M-G-M treatment in its first movie version. It suggests rich men's worst suspicions and fantasies of what women want (money) and what they're like when they're together (clawing beasties). With Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Marjorie Main, Hedda Hopper, Margaret Dumont, Virginia Grey, Virginia Weidler, Ruth Hussey, Phyllis Povah, Lucile Watson, and noble Norma Shearer, weeping, weeping. George Cukor directed—surprisingly coarsely; it's a kicking, screaming low comedy, with a quiet character such as Joan Fontaine coming across as a female wimp. Goddard is a standout—she's fun. And audiences at the time loved Russell's all-out burlesque of women as jealous bitches. Adapted by Anita Loos and Jane Murfin. (Regency; July 12-14.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow (1964)—Vittorio De Sica puts Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni through their paces in a funny three-part comedy of high and low life in Naples, Milan, and Rome. In Italian. (Thalia; July 14.)

Zelig (1983)—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Olympia Quad; through July 12.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RECENTLY, to our consternation, we were unexpectedly presented with an enormous bunch of Mylar balloons. Blue, red, and silver hearts with leashes of multicolored ribbon, the balloons looked incongruous resting on the office ceiling, like fugitives from some feverish night spot. It immediately occurred to us that transporting this unwieldy gift home would be no simple matter, as our plans for the evening included dinner at a restaurant in the Village and a movie afterward. Reviewing the terrain, we rapidly calculated: four staircases, two train rides, one problematic subway exit (a cagelike revolving apparatus resembling an egg slicer), thirteen blocks on foot, and two interiors potentially hostile to large quantities of balloons. Nevertheless, we set off courageously for the Village with ribbons in hand, the metallic hearts blowing out behind us.

On the crowded subway, we had to collar the balloons and keep them close. The wind in the tunnel whipped them noisily about our head, and we found ourself reflected in blue, red, and silver. We got off the train at West Fourth Street feeling as if we were being tailed by some fantastic jellyfish. The new frontier aboveground presented fresh challenges. Ever vigilant, we would rein the balloons in cautiously, away from sharp fences and burning cigarettes, then let them rise high again to avoid entangling passersby in ribbon. We discovered that, like carrying an open umbrella or wheeling a baby carriage, managing our balloons required a certain responsibility and spatial expertise. Feeling quite pleased with our mastery, we turned east on Eleventh Street, steering clear of the menacing trees that lined the sidewalk.

As we neared the middle of the block, a small boy emerged from one of the town houses ahead of us, a small dog in tow. He noted our approach with interest.

"How much are those balloons?" he asked.

We quickly explained that they had been a gift. Then, eager to share our new pride in ownership, we confided that walking the balloons was rather like walking a dog, in that we had to keep yanking on them so that they didn't pop on the trees.

The boy eyed us dubiously. He glanced up at the balloons stirring slightly above our head. Then he looked down at the dog sniffing around his sneakers.

"Dogs don't pop on trees," he pointed out.

The irrefutability of this remark seemed to preclude any further conversation. We went our way and the boy went his, balloons and dog proceeding at their respective altitudes down the quiet street.

Early the next morning, we bade farewell to the balloons on a convenient rooftop. Having cut them free only of superfluous ribbons, so that they were still held together by a knot, we let them go, and lingered to watch their ascent. As they floated eastward in a leisurely fashion, their Mylar surfaces gleaming fiercely in the morning sun, they reminded us—splendidly—of nothing whatever.

R. MacMillan

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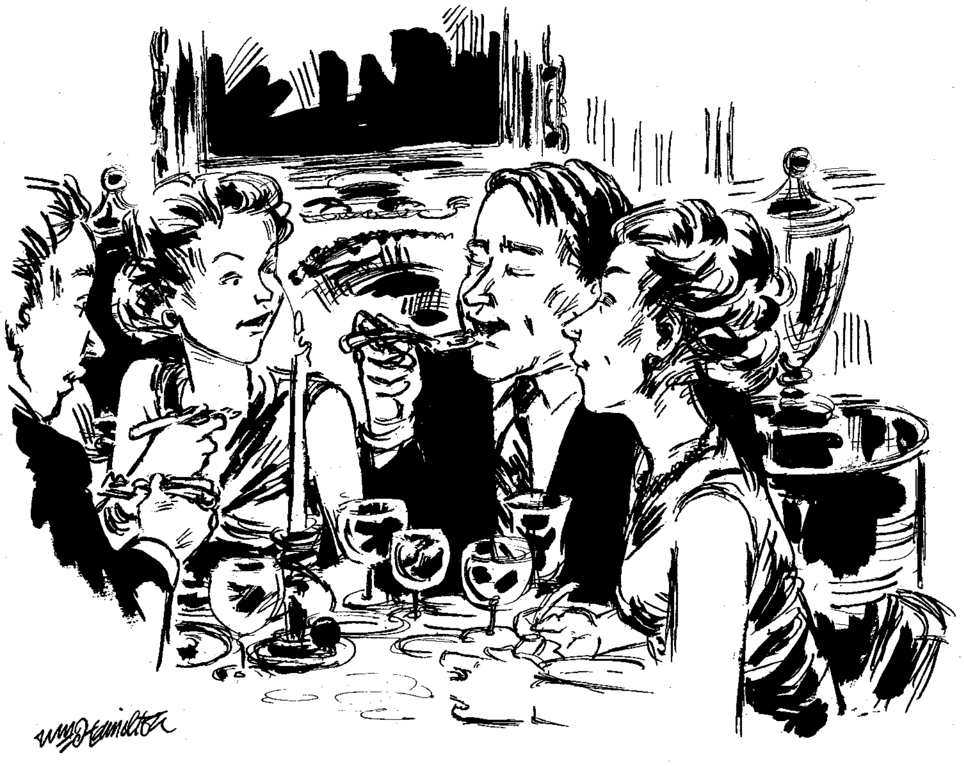
NOT long ago, we were in Puerto Rico, in San Juan, in Old San Juan, a walled, sixteenth-century city by the sea, whose narrow streets are paved with cobbles that have bluish tones, from blue-black to pale sky blue—a trick of light but to the eye pale sky blue nonetheless. Here there are stucco façades newly painted peach, astringent lime, blue; bougainvillea pouring over terraces; spanking-white trim. Here there are elegant little plaques bearing the names of small, expensive-sounding firms. Here there are high-ceilinged interiors furnished in the very best, cool-looking modern style. Here there are also many painted tin plaques bearing the names of real-estate agents and the legend "For Rent" or "For Sale," and conveying an impression of high sums climbing precipitously. Yet also here, without much transition, one finds street after street with almost no traffic, and with many-times-patched or sometimes not-patched façades bearing faded traces of color—sometimes two or three colors, in the intimating shades that appear only on old stucco in places of strong sun. It is in these parts that the blues of the cobbles are most subtly surprising. Here there are no chic firms—only little bars that have no name: dark holes in the wall containing makeshift counters, a few bottles, a few small, burly men. Some of the quietest, most unself-conscious streets end with a view of a brilliant-aquamarine ocean. We wondered why it was that these streets, and one that runs along a high parapet overlooking the sea, were not among the first to be spruced up. Then we saw that at the bottom of the parapet, in a narrow strip between wall and sea, there was a whole other world, of corrugated-tin shacks and dusty lanes. (This, we later learned, is La Perla, the slum Oscar Lewis wrote about in "La Vida.") One doesn't see this other world unless one goes right up to the parapet. We stood at the parapet and thought of El Condado, one of the newer sections of San Juan, not far away, with huge hotels on the beach, and with casinos and shops and fast-food restaurants. Compared with Old San Juan, it's ghastly, but there's something about it we like: Puerto Ricans seem to revel in this carnival of American materialism—to respond to it with a carnival spirit, which we prefer to the sometimes slack-faced, humorless way that Americans in "the States" partake of junk. Puerto Ricans also staff the carnival for vacationers from the States, who are apt to indulge in a casual rudeness, a free tut-tutting, that communicates over all a message of deep incuriosity, of "Oh, it's just Puerto Rico." From the island, the America of the States seems huge, overshadowing, and indifferent; one becomes vividly aware of the limbo in which Latin, Caribbean Puerto Rico exists, cut off from its natural family of nations by association with that America. We had heard of a young Puerto Rican woman who went to the States for ten years and then returned with only a rudimentary command of English but having lost her grip on Spanish. This linguistic limbo had struck us as an apt metaphor for the political predicament of the Puerto Ricans. But in fact they have their language, we thought on the parapet, and they have their home. El Condado may be a figment of the States, but Old San Juan is not. They have the basic things, and these are footings that will help them out of their injurious ambiguity.

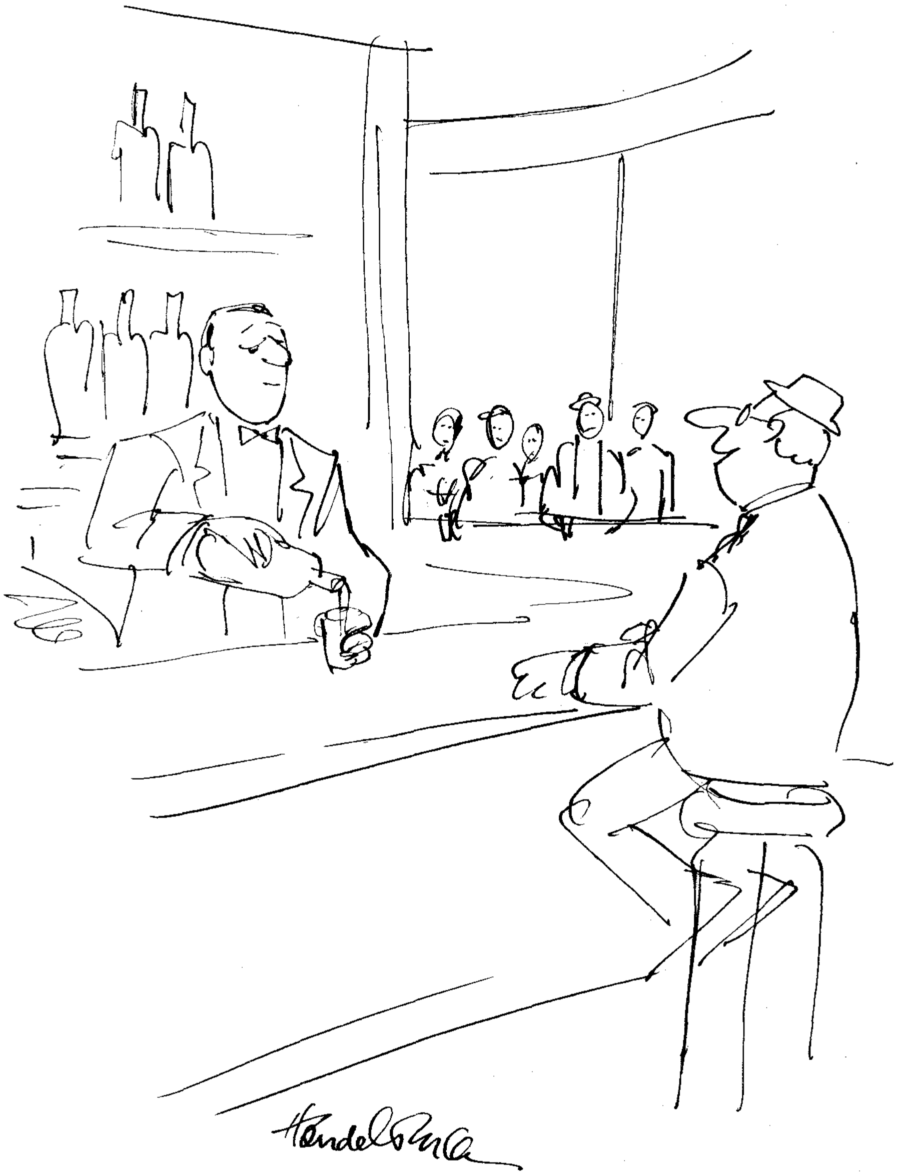
On our return to New York, we spoke of our impressions to a Puerto Rican friend, who can bear neither to leave the island nor to live there. "Your impressions are not inaccurate in themselves," she said, "but let me tell you of the reality behind them." The middle class, she said, had moved out to the more fashionable suburbs in the beginning of the century, leaving Old San Juan to the poor. And so it gradually declined until the sixties, when foreigners, attracted by the architecture, began to buy. "As a result, there are rich people who have nothing to do with the place living side by side with poor people who have everything to do with the place," she continued. "Through the fifties, the old city was still a wonderful place to shop, but now the department stores, and even stores like the old-fashioned Spanish hardware store my family used to visit, are gone. The life has gone. Now there is no reason for anyone local to go to Old San Juan. In recent years, some younger people have tried to move back, but it's so inconvenient that only the diehards stay. Even grocery stores are rare in Old San Juan." Of the carnival approach to American materialism, she said, "That is the approach, it's true, but most of those people are up to their necks in debt. Puerto Ricans can be tremendously unrealistic. They will spend the last penny of their paychecks in that carnival spirit. They can't afford it. A majority of the population depends on food assistance. When I see that carnival going on, it terrifies me." And of our linguistic metaphor she said, "That's not just a metaphor. The Spanish most Puerto Ricans speak is almost as poor and limited in vocabulary as the English of someone who comes here and doesn't really learn the language. Few people in Puerto Rico speak Spanish really well—few even among the most educated ones. In my private school, I started reading in English exclusively as soon as possible, and spoke a mixture of Spanish and English with my friends. Later, I had to learn to read and write Spanish like learning the ABCs." As for her schooling in English, she recalled school productions of Gilbert and Sullivan in which no one had any idea that those works were intended to be humorous. Of the political situation, she said, "In English, we are called a Commonwealth, but in Spanish we are called 'Estado Libre Asociado'—'Free Associated State.' The words cancel each other out. It means nothing. The main political feeling is a sense of impotence. We can't agree on what we want, so what demands we make are confused, and we make them unurgently, in a garbled, halfhearted way. There is a sense that things are bad and no one can change them. The situation is truly wretched. The bleakness now is incredible."

There are military bases on the island, and a few industries in the States profit from the relationship with Puerto Rico, but as a nation we don't care about Puerto Rico. Condescension is too strong a word for our attitude. It is indifference. But even if this were not so there would be little sense in our trying to figure out what would be best for Puerto Rico—statehood or independence or some new invention. Puerto Ricans have the only true authority to do this, and they must find that authority in themselves and act on



"Very authoritative, Franny."

it. Our indifference has the good side effect of ceding that task by default.



"As I suspected all along, Mondale and Hart are really quite fond of each other."

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But there is a way in which Puerto Rico could have a real importance to us as a nation, and that has to do with providing insight into the grotesque, long-standing disquiet in our relations with all Latin-American peoples. The disquiet has roots in racism, but it appears to be not quite the usual form of racism, which sees certain peoples as being without souls and faces because they seem alien, not of the family—a xenophobic racism. It is that, but it appears also to be a racism that has an element of sibling rivalry: the element of a relationship in which a fortunate brother is addicted to seeing a brother who has not been so successful in a worldly sense as lesser, forever; in which he depends upon this view to assess his own stature; cannot do without it; cannot control the impulse to quash any sign that the other is moving away from the idea of his own dependence and inferiority; cannot stand to see him struggle for a kind of air. Although much is made of the difference between our culture and Latin cultures, it appears that a likeness as well as an unlikeness—or perhaps a differentness within a likeness—creates the disquiet in our relationship: the likeness of European ancestries, of frontier histories, of the tension between our ancestries and the need for a separate identity, and even of the two continents, so close, set off together from the rest of the globe, which rightly regards them as constituting the New World. The disquiet in our relationship with Latin-American nations, however, is fantastically complicated by a substratum of poverty so deep that it can seem ineradicable, and by brutal, chaotic political situations that would make a sensible policy difficult to arrive at even if our attitude toward Latin-American peoples were not perverse. These confounding problems can make policies twisted by our perversity seem to us merely realistic and worldly-wise. Distracted by extreme conditions, we can avoid recognizing our own trouble. But Puerto Rico does not suffer from these distractingly extreme problems. There is severe poverty in Puerto Rico, but it is not on an epical scale; there is political unrest, but nothing worse. In Puerto Rico we can perhaps see a reflection of our own perverse needs isolated from extenuating and obscuring circumstances. Puerto Rico has been so long under our thumb, so quashed, that the thought of her leaves our compulsion to quash Latin-American peoples dormant. So in what has happened to Puerto Rico we can see what satisfies that compulsion: we can begin to recognize what is perverse in the fears that Latin-American nations arouse in us.

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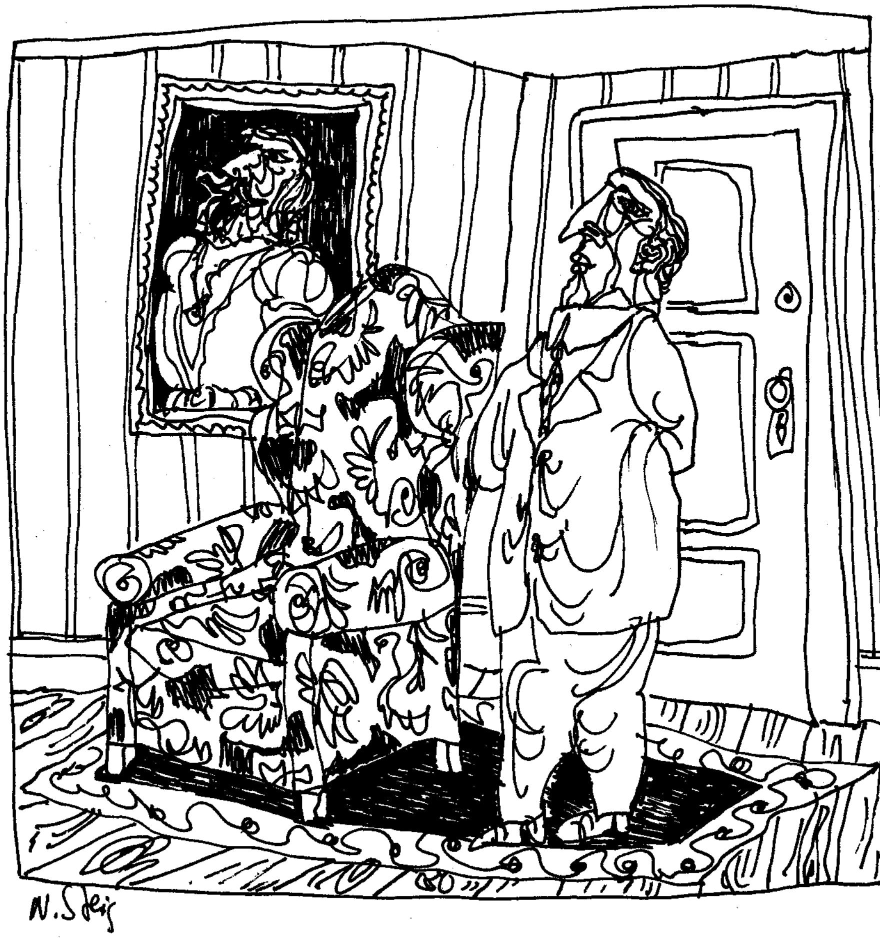
Hot Line

It seems like only yesterday that the chance to talk on a hot line was a privilege of high office, a perk reserved for a few vital people in the White House and the Kremlin, and, even at that, for a few rare and crucially important moments in those people's careers. Then the criteria loosened up a little, with hot lines being established for ordinary people facing difficulties on a less global scale, like those presented by drugs and drink. And now comes the first hot line we know of with no restrictions at all—the Michael Jackson Hotline. To dial it, you don't have to be anybody, and you don't have to be suffering from anything (and you don't have to be a picture of health, either).

The Michael Jackson Hotline (976-3232 in our neck of the woods) is a nationwide service capable of handling sixty thousand calls an hour. It has been in operation for a month, offering "daily one-minute updates on Michael, his family, his music, his public-service announcements, and his upcoming national tour." Now, you might think that the regular media were already doing an all-right job of reporting on these things. But if you had been in regular communication with the Michael Jackson Hotline over the last few weeks, as we have, you would know that an awful lot of news pertaining to Mr. Jackson never gets to the public at large. You would know, to be specific, that Governor Edwin Edwards, of Louisiana, was in "a state of shock" when he recently learned that the Jacksons might *not* give a concert at the New Orleans Superdome this summer, and that he was ready to offer them a special tax break in order to assure their appearance; that fifty application forms for the Jacksons' concerts in Kansas City were passed out on the steps of the New York Public Library one recent afternoon, to fans who knew the secret password ("Billie Jean"); that the city of Boston has been "scrambling" for a Jacksons' concert "since Foxboro's Sullivan Stadium was nixed by the town's selectmen;" and that after the official Soviet cultural newspaper, *Sovetskaya Kultura*, condemned Michael Jackson's "Thriller" video as "a great show-biz swindle" a San Francisco disc jockey retorted, "If them Russkies don't like it, they can just beat it."

Purists, we suppose, may question whether the Michael Jackson Hotline—designed, as it is, not to communicate information about great questions of life and death but to satisfy public curiosity about a single human being—is a true hot line, in the traditional sense. We submit that its purpose is the same as that of all other hot lines—to ease tensions. The tensions stem from the considerable challenge of obtaining tickets to the Jacksons' concerts this summer. To begin with, you have to get hold of an official application form. "Don't send facsimiles," the Michael Jackson Hotline warns. Nor can you ask for a specific date; you have to be ready to accept seats for any of the several concerts scheduled in your city. Since tickets cost thirty dollars apiece and will be sold only in blocks of four, a hundred and twenty dollars must be enclosed with each application. And payment must be in the form of a postal money order—no other brand of money order will do. Finally, all the above must be placed in a No. 10 envelope and sent in before the deadline named for the particular series of concerts.

"Winners," as the Michael Jackson Hotline describes those whose money is accepted, will receive their tickets a few days before the first concert in their city; everyone else is to assume that the concerts have been sold out, and to expect a refund within six weeks. Now, just how many people will fall into the latter category cannot be predicted. The procedures, however, have caused a certain apprehension, and the Jacksons are to be commended for recognizing this and providing their fans with an emotional outlet during their period of uncertainty. (The Michael Jackson Hotline itself is only a recording. Fans who wish to have two-way communication may call a companion number, the Michael Jackson Feedback Line, where a friendly answering machine will take messages of all kinds.)



Ancestor and Scion

Tips

WE were in an elevator in a West Fifty-seventh Street building, heading for Arthur Reel's fourth-floor classroom, when a man got in with us, cradling a dog in his arms. It was a tiny dog, with pointed ears.

Arthur Reel teaches a course in How to Begin and Continue a Conversation. Opening a conversation means risking so-called rejection. However, as Mr. Reel said, "remember that in this world, prior to any World War III, there are four point five billion plus people, so one so-called rejection isn't going to do you in." How to begin: "Don't just say 'Hello, my name is ——.' A name is not a topic—you've got to be able to back it up with something immediately. Just giving your name is like fool's gold. Don't lead with your name." Instead, talk about something in the proximate environment. And remember: "The beginning is only a few seconds long. It's like the crust of the earth compared with the earth itself. It's like the onionskin compared with the onion. You have to *pierce* the beginning with a topic." In the week to come, Mr. Reel told his class, he wanted everybody to open at least one conversation with a stranger. "An elevator is a good place," he said.

Once you've begun: "There are three topics to avoid—money, age, and weight. Oh, and death and disease." Do not just report facts. "Do not say, 'I ate steak and mashed potatoes, and they had music.' Say, 'The steak was great, and they had *sumptuous* potatoes, and the music was so loud it went right through my body.' " Fight O.P.C., or other-people consciousness, "the saboteur of all good conversations," and struggle against one-topic rigidity. There is no such thing as boring—claiming to be bored is a defense mechanism. There's no such thing as small talk. "Once, in a simulation, two of my students started talking about pizza," Mr. Reel recalled. "It turned out they were both pizza freaks, and pretty soon they were heavily into the different kinds of cheeses, and the goo." These tips, by the way, are good only for the first and second conversations. After that, you have established a relationship, and "you're going to get into some of the other person's neuroticisms, and that requires some assertiveness." Arthur Reel teaches assertiveness, too—four lessons, beginning this month.

"Is that a Chihuahua?" we asked.

"It is a miniature pinscher," the man said.

"Oh," we said, and then we were at our floor.

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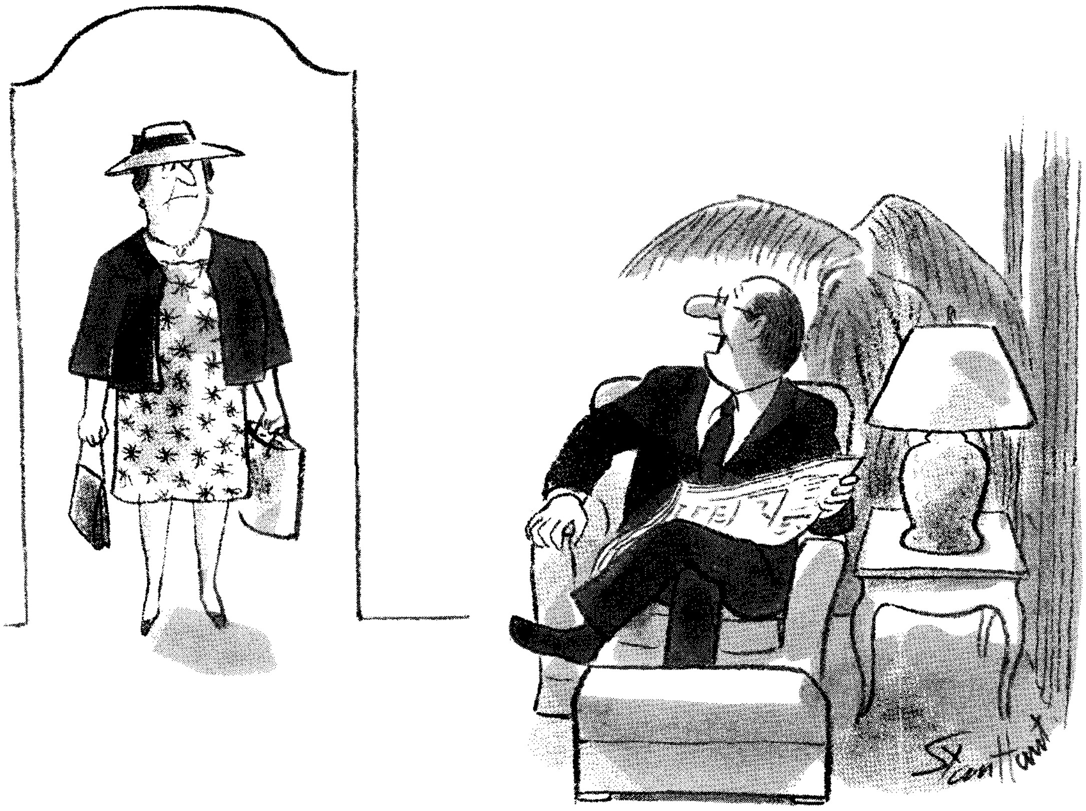


"Damn, Emily, I've got to get new glasses. I swear, for a moment I thought you were Twyla Tharp."

• •

"I STARTED out teaching a course in infidelity—not a how-to, an everything-you-always-wanted-to-know-but-were-afraid-to-ask. Then, about two years ago, they asked me to teach a course in etiquette—thinking, I guess, that because I'm English I'd know something about it. Then there was a course called Kissing with Confidence, which was a flirt course, a classroom course. But some people actually arrived expecting to kiss. It was amazing how many trendy, intelligent people showed up expecting to practice their kissing on me, which I wasn't prepared to have them do. So now we call the course How to Flirt," said Wendy Leigh.

We were chatting with Miss Leigh before the course began; she teaches it one night a month in an Upper East Side school building, under the auspices of the Learning Annex adult-education program (which also sponsors Mr. Reel's conversation class). Most of the time, Miss Leigh is a journalist. "I was working for the BBC, and then I came to New York, at the age of twenty-four, and started talking to the famous and infamous about love and sex and relationships. I've probably survived more passes from more famous people than anyone else in the Western world. I've also interviewed most of the leading pop psychologists," Miss Leigh said. Hold on. Was Miss Leigh, you know, flirting with *us* while she talked? She was safely across the table in the Friendly Zone (from eighteen to forty inches away), but, psychically, it felt as if she had entered our Intimate Zone. Maybe not—probably not—but we buried our face in our notebook anyhow. This is a woman, mind you, who, according to the capsule biography provided by the Learning Annex, has "dated an English lord, dined with a Parisian princess, caroused with a countess."

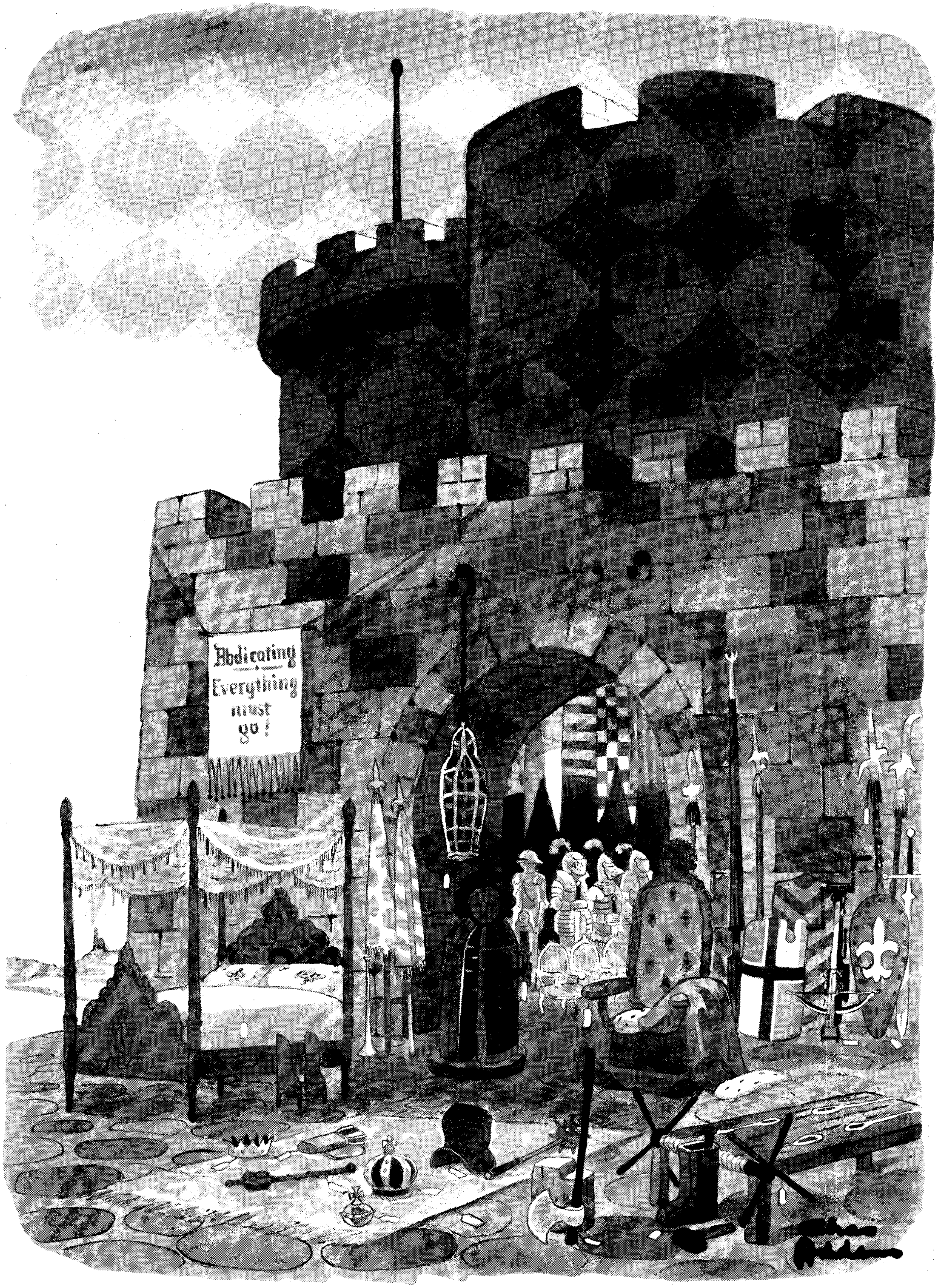
We searched for an innocuous question—one that would give us time to recover our poise. "What is flirting?" we asked.

"Oh, it can mean so many things," she said. "It's like asking someone to define love. What is love?"

"Don't know," we mumbled.

"There you go," she said.

Later, when she asked the thirty-six students in her class to define flirting, one man said, "Spontaneous interaction with an opposite entity," and a woman said she didn't know what it was but found it "nourishing" nonetheless. Miss Leigh offered the class a number of tips for nonverbal flirting, citing experts such as David Givens, the author of "Love Signals." Mirroring—"like E.T., when he does whatever the boy does"—is a yes, a big yes. "If you see someone eating finger food, you eat finger food—it makes them feel more comfortable about you," she explained. More than one chain around the neck is a don't. The best outfits have three colors, like the flags of most sovereign states. "In these days of mass murder and whatnot, it's very important to show you're approachable—vulnerability is more important than sexiness. Tilting your head is kind of disarming." And so is "a slight shoulder shrug"—an effect that a woman can achieve artificially by wearing puff sleeves. The key to flirting is like the key to conversation: Don't fear rejection. "Everyone in the world is going to be rejected, from Reagan to Zsa Zsa Gabor to Boy George." However, *recognize* rejection. "If you're flirting, and the other person turns her back on you, it's a signal."


Abdicating
Everything
must
go!
Chas Addams

UP A TREE

(STILL MORE HONESTY FROM THE AWARD-WINNING ACTRESS, TRAVELLER, AND, YES, MIGRATING SOUL)

> To be, or not to be . . .
> —"*Hamlet.*"

I JOGGED down the lonely Atlantic City beach, my bare feet touching the sand. It was tough going. I could practically feel the lactic acid building up in my muscles. That's actually what causes the muscle pain, Dave had said. I wanted to stop, but I knew I should take care of my body, because I respect it. It's a part of me. Out in the water, some gulls dove like self-destructive kamikazes. Did they know me? I wondered. Could they feel the sense of connectedness I was feeling?

Birds. Scientists say that birds, like busy actresses, travel long distances to get from one part of the world to another at certain times of the year. It almost seems to me as if they have a compass or a map inside them!

Which reminds me of a dream—my dream, I call it. But it was more than a dream. It really happened to me. I am flying above the world. All over the landscape I see regular people. Some are old—they have not taken care of their bodies. They have not even used their minds to try to see and understand the world around them. They have not "grown" mentally. Every day, day after day, they just compete for material things. But what about the Third World and the troubles they have over there? They never even think about it.

What is it that makes some people different? Is it "mind" or "personality"? Or is it that thing called "soul"? What makes one a Broadway star, while the others remain back in the chorus line? I asked Lucille Ball that once on one of my TV specials. What *makes* a winner, Lucy? I wanted to know. But she only responded with a shrug.

When my dream ended I was shaking all over. I knew something incredible had happened. I had seen, far below me, the heads of state going into a beautiful white building to solve world problems. I flew down to join them, as I know all of them in real life anyway.

I stopped jogging—to avoid the unsightly lactic-acid buildup—and walked slowly along the deserted beach and looked at the clouds. I saw a big seagull. He looked disinterested, and I was momentarily boggled by this putdown. A funny feeling came over me. He reminded me of Todd—the way he wolfed his food that time we were at Elaine's, in the crazy electric city I love, New York. Then I resolved to look up "disinterested" in my favorite dictionary, back in Malibu.

Was Todd right about how the world is just illusion, and how it's the little things that truly make you happy in life? For example, in my case, the belief in oneself, the satisfaction in a job well done, and the sense of deserving awards, whether in this world or the next.

Todd has a laughing face—bohemian and wise. I wanted to pursue the question—to learn and to know.

"Todd, is humanity too flawed, too selfish to be content with the little things?" I asked him at Elaine's that night. "Why can't folks be more aware of duality?"

He chuckled at my concern and sincerity. Why did he have to be so cynical? Didn't he care? He chewed up his squid and spoke: "Wake up, little girl. Just check out the news sometime, babe. It's wars, the emergence of Arab fanaticism, and looking out for Number One!"

I feared he was right. But wasn't there some way to end all that?

"Look within, babe," he replied knowingly. "It's all there. It's all in you. You're so neat."

Maybe Todd was right. Maybe I *should* look within.

I HAD always loved Japan for its simplicity, its spirituality, until its people abandoned that in favor of materialism. I no longer visit Japan. Carl Jung, if he were here, wouldn't visit it either. I met Carl on my journey—my journey to me. He was like a beautiful, very old, old man, like one of those old Europeans. I'll never forget how he looked that day we sat and talked and he explained his theory of psychology to me. When he was through, I sat there at his feet and just listened to the stillness. Then I said, "Carl," softly, and as I spoke I thought of the greatness of this man who most of the world believes is dead. What a waste!

He patted my hand. "Hey, you really seem to understand me, *Fräulein*," he said. "You know, I really think you want to learn and grow, to find the truth, in spite of the hurt and the pain, don't you?"

When I got up to go, there were tears in his eyes. Since then I have wondered if maybe Carl and I were involved sexually at some time—possibly before recorded history.

THE sand was growing cold. I looked up at the stars before going back to my comfortable resort-hotel suite. I wondered which was really my home—the suite or a star? Then there was a shift, and in my mind Dwayne and I were high in the Andes again, on our recent trip. Here at the top of the Third World I felt strangely at home. A dog barked. A one-eyed village woman winked at me. Did she recognize my soul as one who worked side by side with her at humble village tasks a thousand years ago? Or perhaps as a beautiful young Inca dancing girl in a revealing feather costume?

"*Vaya con Dios, Señora,*" she said.

I smiled back at her, remembering that even the poor can enjoy everyday kindness. But again I was wondering. (I can't *help* it.) Is there really a God? Or have "progress" and egotism made him obsolete? Is He an old man with a beard—the patriarch thing—or just a bunch of cosmic forces as meaningless as a crazy quilt? Later, when I got back home to "civilization," I researched this question, sometimes reading for hours, sometimes chatting on the phone with certain beings—the ones Fred introduced me to in his living room, who are so developed you can't see them. The following is a synopsis of my findings:

- The Christian Bible tells of motorized spaceships coming down from the stars to bring loaves of bread to the Jews under Moses. Yet this was long before jet propulsion.

- Ancient ruts on Easter Island resemble the roadbed of a sophisticated modern railroad, built on a scale large enough for the statues to ride in a sitting position.

- On the Great Pyramid of Cheops, in Egypt, a number was found carved in hieroglyphics on the wall of a stone chamber. It was my telephone number. Divided by my age. *Plus one!*

There is a law of cause and effect. The Incas knew it. I know it. I learned it on my journey. My journey to me.

—LYNN CARAGANIS

THE DAYS OF THE THUNDERBIRDS

WHEN the Thunderbirds arrived at Camp Grayfeather, Ellen, Chen-cheu, and I were waiting for them, lounging on the splintery steps of the recreation hall. Behind us, a big fly with a weary August note to its buzz banged against the screen door. In front of us, under a level evening sun, the straw-colored Delaware countryside—pointedly referred to as "Wyeth Territory" in the camp catalogue—rolled off from our own wooded hillside toward the bluish haze that was Maryland. It was a Tuesday and just after dinner, the tranquil period in a camp day, when the woods are filled with the soft clanging of bells announcing evening activities and the air still holds a whiff of tuna casserole. After dinner was supposed to be journal-writing time for the three dozen or so fourteen-year-olds who made up the rank and file at Grayfeather, but Chen-cheu, Ellen, and I had slipped out of our tent in order to witness the coming of the Thunderbirds. It was an event we were awaiting with the same kind of horrified delight as that with which Biblical adolescents, as deep in glandular boredom as we ourselves were, must have greeted a plague of locusts. The Thunderbirds were a black teenage gang, one of many that battled in the close brick streets of Wilmington, and, through some obscure adult arrangement, they were coming to spend a week with us at camp.

"Do you think they'll have knives, Sarah?" Chen-cheu asked me, rubbing an array of chigger bites on her ankle.

Chen-cheu was the camp beauty, a Chinese-American girl from Oberlin, Ohio, whose solid-cheeked, suntanned face had an almost frightening exotic loveliness above her muscular swimmer's shoulders. She had, however, a calm, practical personality that belied her thrilling looks, and she talked with a flat Midwestern accent, as if she'd been brought up in a soddy.

"Nah," I said. "Gangs use guns these days."

In fact, my only knowledge of the habits of gangs came from seeing the movie "West Side Story," but, like the other black kids at Grayfeather, most of us the overprotected or dreadfully spoiled products of comfortable suburban childhoods, I had been affecting an intimate knowledge of street life ever since I'd heard about the Thunderbirds.

Gahan Wilson

"You're not having much fun, are you? I like that in a man."

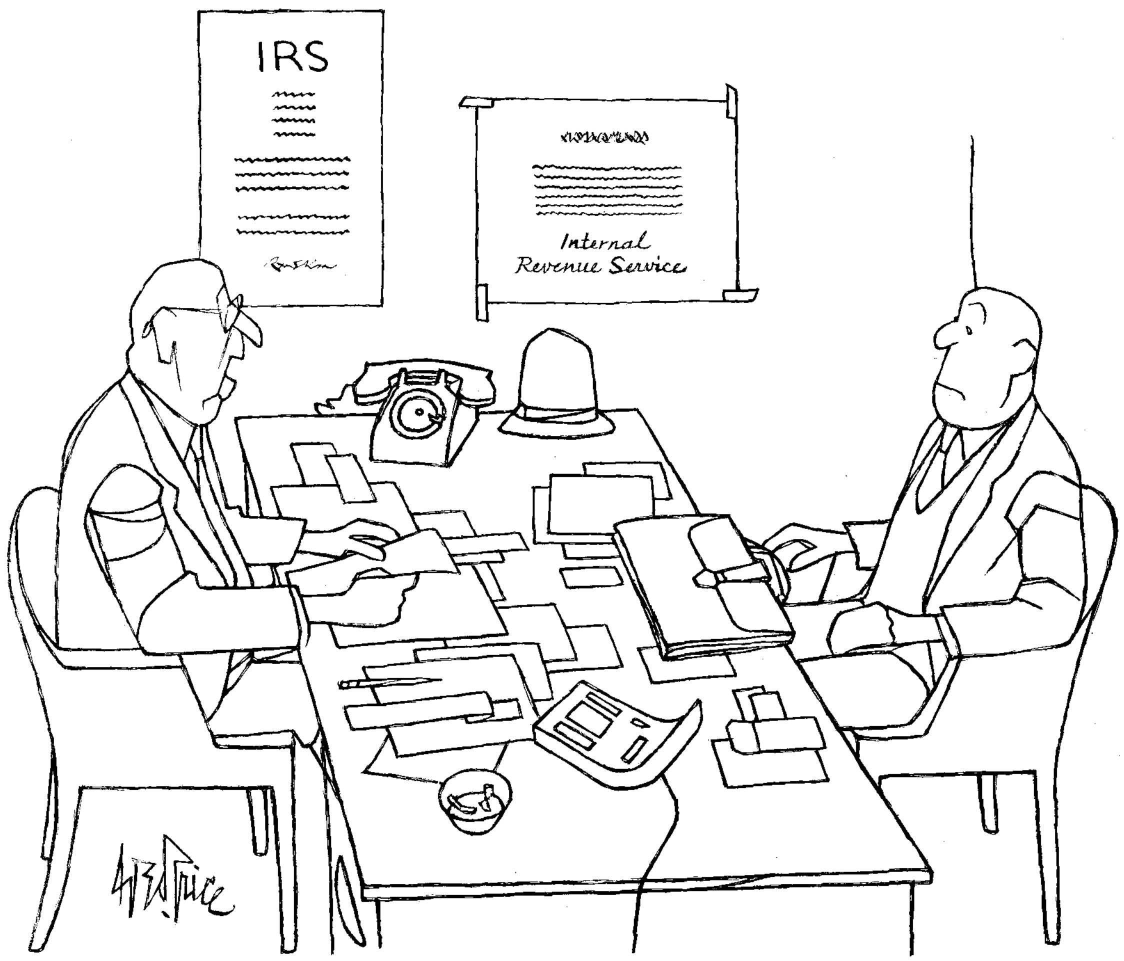
"Maybe we'll end up massacred," said Ellen, in a hopeful voice, unwrapping a stick of gum.

Ellen was always chewing gum, though it was against camp rules; she had come to Grayfeather with about a thousand packages of Wrigley's hidden in her trunk, and even, to the derision of her bunkmates, made little chains of the wrappers. She chewed so much that her father, a Reform rabbi in Baltimore, once made her walk around a shopping mall with a wad of gum stuck to her forehead. She and Chen-cheu and I had been close friends all summer—a brisk female triumvirate who liked to think of ourselves as Maid Marians, both lawless and seductive. (In reality, it was only Chen-cheu who provided the physical charms, since Ellen and I were peaky, bookworm types.) The three of us made a point of being on the spot whenever anything interesting or scandalous happened at the camp, and the arrival of the Thunderbirds was certainly the most riveting event of the summer.

They were not the first visitors we'd had at Grayfeather: already we'd played host to a morose quartet of Peruvian flute players and a troop of impossibly pink-cheeked Icelandic scouts. The Thunderbirds represented, however, the most ambitious attempt to incarnate the camp motto, which was "Adventures in Understanding." As Ellen once remarked, instead of being a tennis camp or a weight-loss camp, Grayfeather was an integration camp. The campers—most of whose fathers were professors, like Chen-cheu's, or clergymen, like mine—had been carefully selected to form a motley collection of colors and religions, so that our massed assemblies at meals, chapel, and campfires looked like illustrations for UNICEF posters.

It was at chapel the previous Sunday that Ned Woolworth, the camp director, had announced the coming of the Thunderbirds. "During the next week, you'll be more than just kids relating to kids," he said, strolling up and down between the rows of split-log benches, scanning our dubious fourteen-year-old faces with his benign, abstracted gaze, his big, gnarled knees (his nickname was Monster

Legs) working below his khaki shorts. Woolworth was tall and looked like Teddy Roosevelt, and had an astonishing talent for not knowing things. He ignored the generally unenthusiastic silence, as his campers coldly pondered the ramifications of doubling up in tents with their comrades-to-be, and passed over the muttered lamentations of the camp misfit, a Nigerian diplomat's son named Femi. He read us a few lines from "The Prophet," and then told us we would be like ambassadors, bridging a gap that society had created. It appeared that the staff had already written and gotten permission from all of our parents.



"The chill factor, as I make it, is $3,776.83."

THE arrival of the Thunderbirds at Grayfeather was signalled by a grinding of gears and a confused yelling from far down the dirt road that led through six miles of woods to the camp. As Ellen, Chen-cheu, and I poked each other in excitement, a battered yellow school bus, covered with a tangle of long-stemmed graffiti, rattled into the clearing and swerved into the dusty parking lot beside the rec hall. The bus ground its gears once more, shuddered, and seemed to expire. The doors flew open and the Thunderbirds poured down the steps into the evening sunlight.

"They're so *small!*" Ellen whispered to me.

There were ten boys and seven girls (the girls forming, as we later found out, a sort of women's auxiliary of the Thunderbirds)—brown-skinned teenagers with mature faces and bodies and stunted, childish legs that gave the boys, with their well-developed shoulders and short thighs, the look of bantam cocks.

One of the boys came up to Chen-cheu, Ellen, and me and stood rocking on his heels. "Hello, ladies," he said. "My name is Marvin Jones."

He wore tight black pants and a green T-shirt that was printed with the words "KING FUNK," and he had an astonishing Afro pompadour that bobbed like a cresting wave over his mobile, trickster's face. Above his left eye, he had dyed a platinum streak in his hair, and down one brown cheek ran a deep scar. Looking at him, I had the feeling that something unbelievable was happening in front of me.

"Hello," said Chen-cheu, Ellen, and I in a faint chorus.

In a minute, Ned Woolworth and the rest of the staff were there organizing things. The sleepy little camp clearing, with its square of sun-bleached turf and its cluster of low, green-painted buildings, seemed suddenly frantic and overcrowded. Radios weren't allowed at Grayfeather, but one of the Thunderbirds had brought a big portable receiver that filled the air with a Motown beat. Martha and the Vandellas were singing, their shrill, sweet voices crackling with static, and the Thunderbirds were bouncing to the beat while they eyed the camp, shoved each other, picked up their abbreviated luggage, and shouted back and forth. Meanwhile, the rest of the Grayfeather campers had slipped unobtrusively, even furtively, out of the woods, like an indigenous tribe showing itself to explorers; they settled on the steps and porches of the rec hall, to swing their feet and observe. Little Nick Silver, a math whiz from Toughkenamon, Pennsylvania, who at a precocious twelve years old was the youngest kid at camp, sat down next to me. "You have *got* to be joking," he whispered. "They'll eat us for breakfast!"

With the Thunderbirds had come a counsellor from the social agency that had sponsored their visit: a tall, sallow white man with thinning curly hair and a weary, skeptical way of regarding the woods, the camp buildings, the evening sky, and his charges. He talked with Ned Woolworth for a few minutes and then climbed back inside the battered school bus, turning around only once to smile sardonically at the Thunderbirds. "See you later, guys," he called out. "Behave yourselves." The Thunderbirds responded with a kind of roar, and then the school bus started up with another wrench of gears and rattled off through the trees.

SANDSTONE KEEPSAKE

It is a kind of chalky-russet
solidified gourd, sedimentary
and so reliably dense and bricky
I often clasp it and throw it from hand to hand.

It was ruddier, with an underwater
hint of contusion, when I lifted it,
wading a shingle beach on Inishowen.
Across the estuary, light after light

came on silently round the perimeter
of the camp. A stone from Phlegethon,
bloodied on the bed of hell's hot river?
Evening frost and the salt water

made my hand smoke, as if I'd plucked the heart
that damned Guy de Montfort to the boiling flood—
but not really, though I remembered
his victim's heart in its casket, long venerated.

Anyhow, there I was with the wet red stone
in my hand, staring across at the watchtowers
from my free state of image and allusion,
swooped on, then dropped by trained binoculars:

a silhouette not worth bothering about,
out for the evening in scarf and waders
and not about to set times wrong or right,
stooping along, one of the venerators.

—Seamus Heaney

• •

ONCE the newcomers had filed down the path into the woods, to put their bags away in the tents, one of the counsellors rang the evening-activities bell. "We'll have introductions at campfire," she announced. "Be friendly!"

We campers simply looked at one another. With the Thunderbirds gone from the clearing, a powerful current of noise and energy had suddenly been shut off. Bats flitted across the darkening sky, and a breeze from the lake carried a smell of damp leaf mold. While the others were lining up, I went over to inspect a far corner of the dining hall, where I'd seen a group of the Thunderbirds clustering. There, scratched deeply into the green paint, was a miniature version of the same long-stemmed, weirdly elegant graffiti that had covered the school bus, and that I had seen spray-painted on decrepit buildings on trips to the city. It read: "T BIRDZ RULE."

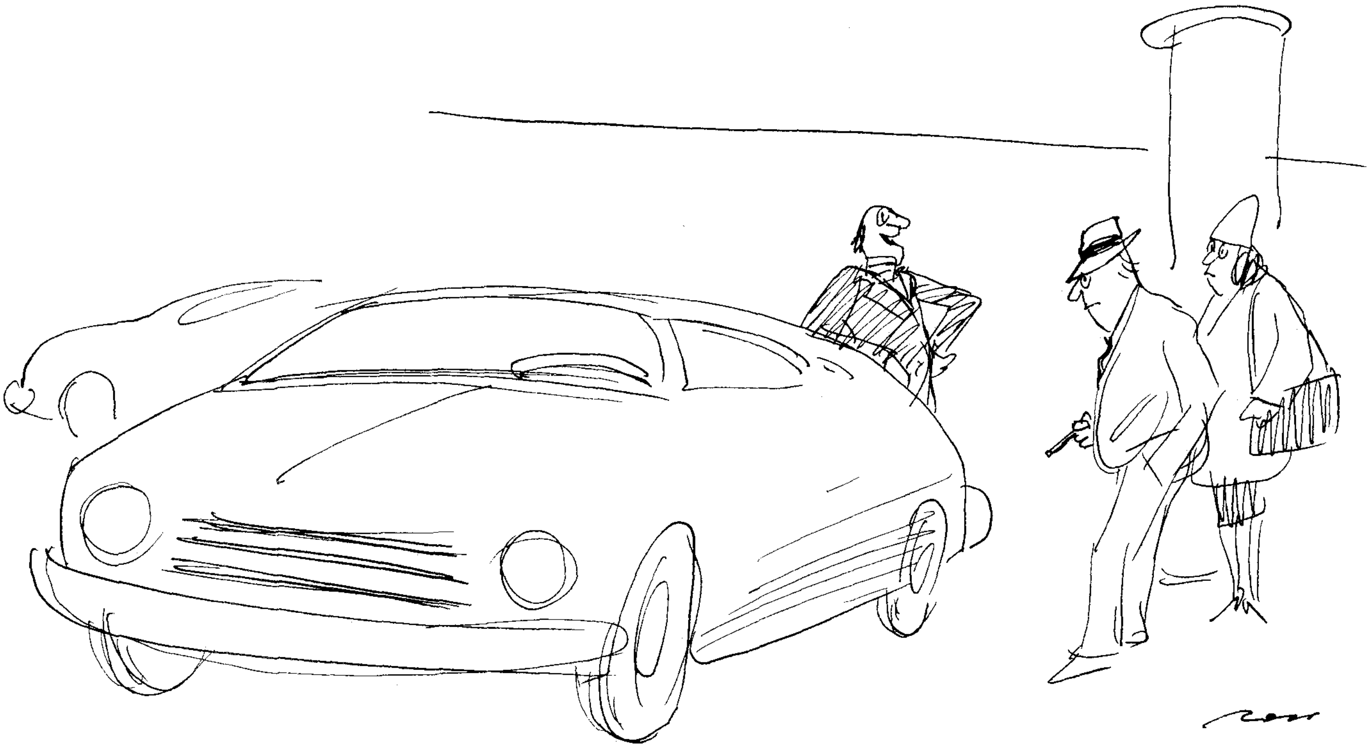
Marvin Jones was the leader of the Thunderbirds. At the get-acquainted campfire, it was his command that galvanized his troops into standing up and stepping forward, one by one, to give their names. (L. T. LaWanda. Doze. Brother Willy.) He himself stood by in the firelight with a crazy tremor running through his body, wearing a rubber-lipped showman's smirk, like a black Mick Jagger. (Stretch. Dewey. Belinda. Guy.) In the bright circle of hot moving light that baked our faces and knees and left our backs chilled with the damp breath of the big pine grove behind us, we campers studied the Thunderbirds and they studied us. Both groups had the same peculiar expression: not hostility but a wary reservation of judgment. As bits of ash danced like a swarm of glowing insects in the draft of the fire —a big log-cabin fire, built especially for the occasion by the woodcrafts class—Ned Woolworth, his cheerful, freckled wife, Hannah, and the rest of the staff guided us all through a number of cheers and folk songs.

Most of the counsellors looked eager and uneasy. The near-instantaneous grapevine among the campers had already reported that the Thunderbirds had gotten into trouble immediately after their arrival, as they walked down the path to the boys' tents. Marvin Jones and two others had shinnied up a tall, skinny tree—one of the birches, unusual in that area, and beloved by the nature counsellors—swinging on it and pulling it down with their combined weight until it seemed likely to break. When one of the counsellors asked them to stop, Marvin Jones, laughing crazily and hanging on to the birch, responded, "This is the *woods*, man! Ain't *no* law against climbing no tree in the woods!"

That night, the Thunderbird girls who had been assigned to share our tent refused to undress until the light was turned out. There were three of them: a pair of tiny, frail-boned twins named Cookie and June, who had large almond-shaped eyes, hair done identically in an intricately braided puff over each ear, and small breasts in sharp, pointed brassieres that stuck out like Dixie Cups through the clinging nylon of their blouses, and Belinda, a stocky girl who looked twenty years old and had a slight squint, straightened hair bleached a bright orange-red in the front, and a loud, unbridled tongue (I had heard Belinda laughing and cursing above the others when they got off the bus). She was subdued now, as were Cookie and June, the three of them sitting bolt upright on the tightly stretched army blankets of the cots that had been set up for them, muttering replies to the kindly chit-chat of our counsellor, Molly. Molly was from Jamaica—a student with an anxious, plump face and a delightful habit of shaking her head at her campers and exclaiming, "Girls, you are becoming hardened in your ways!"

d. ehrenberg

The three Thunderbird girls responded to Molly with a sudden opacity of gaze, glances among themselves, and abrupt fits of shy giggling. We campers were stricken with shyness ourselves: there was none of our usual roughhousing, or bedtime ballets in our underwear. Instead, we un-



"Yes, sir, it's made right here in this country with Japanese know-how."

• •

dressed quickly in our bunks, turning away from each other, painfully conscious of the contrast between the lavishly equipped trunks from which we drew our pajamas and the small vinyl bags that our guests had brought. Once Molly had turned off the single yellow bulb that illuminated the tent and had strolled off up the path to a staff meeting at the rec hall, the tent was unnaturally silent.

I arranged myself on my lumpy top bunk as I always did—with the sheet over my head to keep off mosquitoes—and breathed in the scent of slightly mildewed canvas from the rolled sides of the tent. From the bunk beneath me, Chen-cheu, an instant and sound sleeper, gave an adenoidal snore, and I could hear little clicks and rustlings that meant that the Thunderbird girls were undressing. There was a cool breeze blowing with a steady rushing sound in the trees, and I wondered what the girls from the city were thinking as they listened, perhaps for the first time in their lives, to the noises of the wild night. Never had I been so aware of the woods as a living place around me. Over the stubborn saw of the crickets, I heard two hoots from a white-faced owl that lived in a tree near our tent, and a gradually intensifying gray light in the direction of the lake meant the moon was rising. In my mind, the moon mingled with the yellow school bus that had brought the Thunderbirds, and then suddenly I found myself sliding quickly out of the vision, knowing that I'd been asleep.

What had awakened me was a soft voice. It was the new girl June, calling out to her sister in a whisper. "Cookie—Cookie—are you up? I hear a noise."

There was a creak as Cookie got up and crept over to her sister's cot. I leaned my head out slightly from my bunk, and in the dim moonlight caught a glimpse of the tiny girl, her hair greased and braided for the night, dressed in her underwear. It hadn't occurred to me until then that perhaps the Thunderbird girls didn't have pajamas. "Hush, girl," whispered Cookie to her sister, sitting lightly down on the cot. "Hush up! You want these bitches to hear you?"

"But there's a noise," whimpered June.

"Hush up, girl. It's just trees, that's all. Just trees."

There was silence, and when after a few minutes I edged my head out of the bunk to have another look I saw that Cookie had lain down on her sister's cot, and that the two girls were sleeping with their heads close together on the pillow.

AT breakfast, Ned Woolworth announced to a chorus of groans from the campers that instead of swimming or canoeing or tennis we would divide up into small groups for what he called rap sessions. My group included Ellen; Jackie Murdock, a camper notorious throughout Grayfeather for his prolonged belches at mealtimes; a round-faced Thunderbird named Ricky; and a skinnier Thunderbird named Les, who wore a peculiar rust-colored bowler hat. There was also Marvin Jones, the Thunderbird leader, who wore an Army fatigue jacket, open to show his gleaming bronze chest, and sat slumped, wiggling his feet, an expression of exaggerated forbearance on his face. The six of us met with a counsellor in a grove of pin oaks near the chapel. It was one of those clear, dry, autumnal days that occasionally leap ahead of their time into the middle of August. The sky was a sharp blue, crisp moving shadows checkered the ground, and in the eyes of all of the kids sitting there was a skittish, inattentive look, as if they might dash off suddenly into the breezy woods.

A green acorn plopped down near

Ricky, the Thunderbird sitting beside Ellen. "Wha's that?" he asked her, pointing.

"That's an acorn," said Ellen scornfully, tossing back her red hair. "Didn't you ever see an acorn before?"

"No, Sweet Thighs," said Ricky, giving her a lascivious, cherubic smile that showed a broken front tooth. He picked up the acorn and put it carefully in his pocket.

The counsellor clapped her hands. She was a diving coach, with a pugnacious, sunburned face and a blunt, bossy way of talking. "This morning, we're going to discuss friendship," she said. "We all have friends, so let's talk about them—who they are, and what they mean to us—"

"I don't have friends," interrupted Marvin Jones.

"What?" said the counsellor.

"I said I don't have friends," said Marvin Jones, looking at her seriously, the platinum streak in his hair glittering in the sunlight through the treetops. "Yeah, that's right, Miss. I mean, shit—scuse me, Miss—I got my *men.* Spike is my *man.* Ricky is my *man.* And L.T., that dude with the sunglasses and the 'Free Africa' T-shirt, he's my *main* man. I mean, them dudes will cut for me. But they don't be no *friends.* And then we got the Thunderbird Queens—I mean our ladies."

"*They're* not your friends, of course," said the counsellor acidly.

"No. Like I said, we don't have no friends. We got enemies, though—the Twelfth and Diamond Street gang. You ever hear of them?"

"No."

"Well, that's good, 'cause the T-birds are on top. Wait a minute—I'll show you something."

He gave a curt, imperious nod to Ricky and the other Thunderbird beside him, and an odd tension seemed to seize all three of them. The woods seemed very quiet for a minute, and all at once, synchronized, they stood up, snapping their fingers. In high, plaintive voices, they broke into words and rhythms that were not quite a song, not quite a chant: "What the word/Thunderbird . . ."

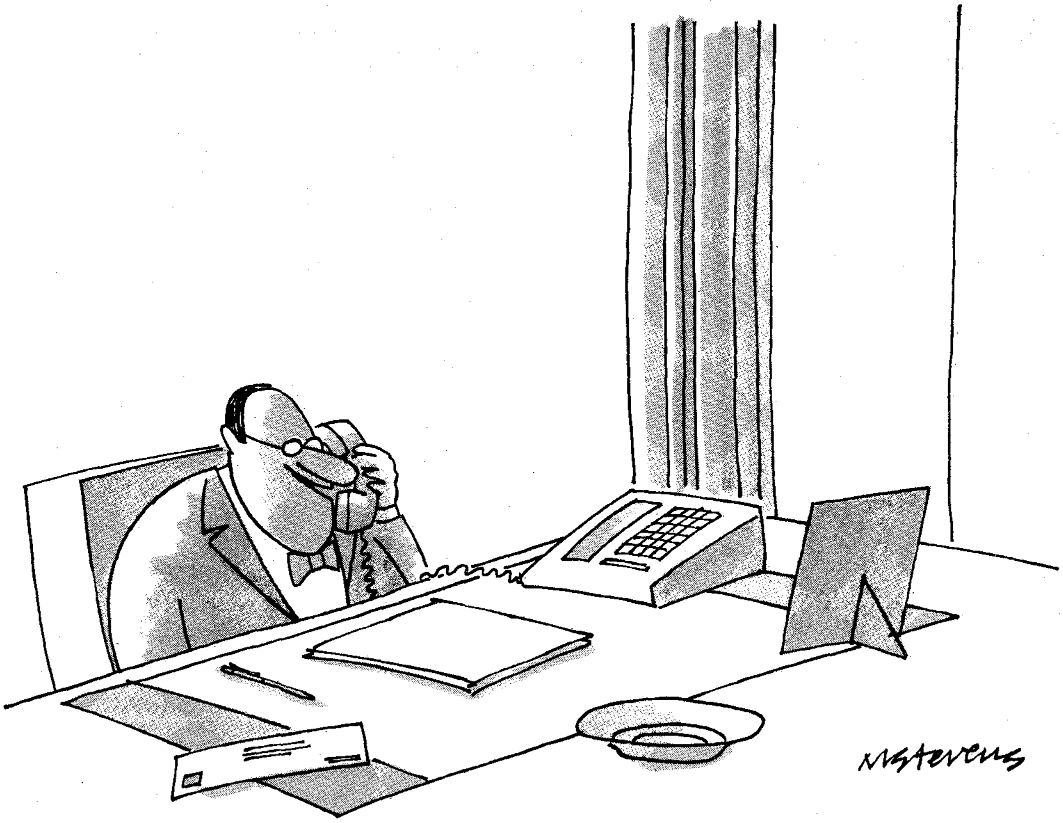
It was a strange mixture: a little bit of Motown, a bit of the interlocking verses all kids use to choose sides for games, a bit of the bouncy silliness of football and basketball cheers, all bound together quite naturally with swearwords—words that we Grayfeather campers all knew and used enthusiastically among ourselves, in spite of what parents and teachers and counsellors had to say. The Thunderbird song could have been ridiculous, but instead it was thrilling, carrying with it, to those of us who sat listening, all the resonance of a dangerous young life in the city. It was clear that the song was not intended as an entertainment for us but was presented as a kind of credential, like the letters scratched into the paint of the rec hall. Ellen and I punched each other excitedly in the ribs, and tried to remember every word. When the song was finished, Marvin Jones and the two other Thunderbirds flopped down abruptly at the base of a tree, their faces full of restrained pride.

"That was great, fellows," said the counsellor. She was trying to seem cordial, but it was clear that she was uncomfortable, almost angry, about what had just happened. "Let's see if you can do a little more talking now, so that we can get to know you."

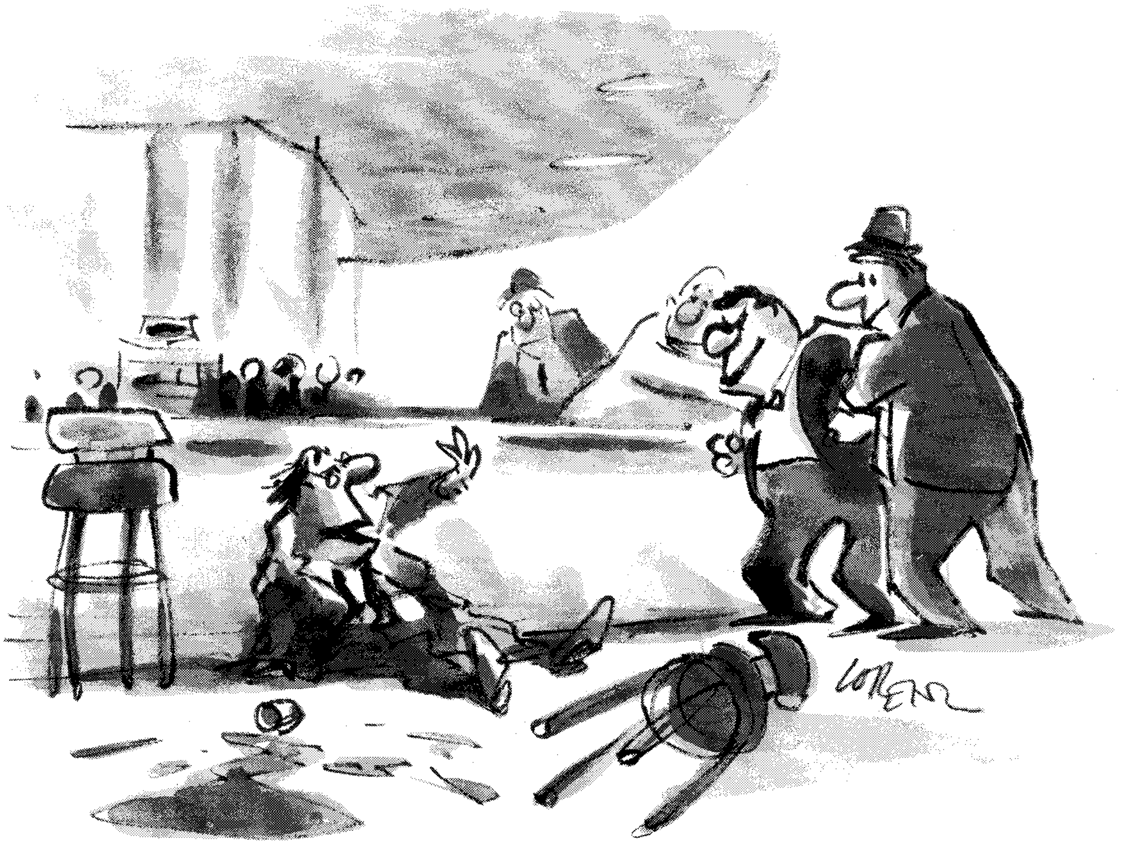
Marvin Jones picked up a twig from the ground and tapped the toes of his sneakers with it—one, two, three. "Lady, you just got to know us," he said.

DOWN at the lake that afternoon, Jimmy Terkel, the boating counsellor, gave a briefing on canoeing to an assembled group of campers and Thunderbirds. Jimmy Terkel was a dark, soft-spoken young man, who loved the little irregular lake, with its cedar water and clustering lilies; all summer he had made canoeing into an austere rite, embarking on solitary voyages at dawn or sunset, an angular silhouette at the far corner of the water. The afternoon had grown overcast, and as Jimmy Terkel talked about water safety and demonstrated the proper way to dip and feather a paddle—the lecture was chiefly for the newcomers, since the campers had been handling canoes all summer—swarms of audacious gnats made forays at our eyes and ears.

Suddenly, in the middle of the talk, Marvin



"It's me, sweetheart—the madman you married in 1946."



"No harm done. I'm a grievance collector."

Jones strode over to one of the aluminum canoes on the shore and began to push it toward the water. "I want to go for a ride, Mister," he said politely to Jimmy Terkel. "I know how to do this. I see it all the time on TV."

Three other Thunderbirds grabbed paddles and rushed over to the canoe, pushing it through the shallows to deeper water, and tilting it dangerously when they all climbed in, about fifteen yards from shore.

"That's too many in a boat, fellows!" called Jimmy Terkel, coming forward.

The gunwales of the overloaded canoe were riding about six inches above the surface of the lake, and the boat shipped water as the passengers thrashed about trying to position themselves; miraculously, the canoe did not capsize. There was an argument between two of the Thunderbirds ("You on my *arm*, man!"), and then the canoe took off with an irregular splayed motion, as Marvin Jones and a second Thunderbird paddled with great splashing thrusts.

"Oh, *no!*" Jimmy Terkel muttered, glancing automatically at the heap of orange life preservers on the shore. But no disaster occurred. The canoe made its awkward, lunging way into a cluster of lily pads, and we heard the delighted yells of the novice canoeists as they yanked up the tough-stemmed blossoms—an act that the camp staff, ardent conservationists all, had raised in our minds to the level of a felony. Then the boys in the boat all took off their shirts, and Marvin Jones stood precariously upright to paddle like a gondolier, a big lily coiled dripping around his neck. There was something barbaric and absurd about the sight of him paddling that overloaded canoe, which, as it wobbled heavily over the dark water, seemed a parody of a boat, something out of a nursery rhyme. As I watched, there came to me out of nowhere a surge of pure happiness. The other campers seemed to feel it as well; the faces of the kids around me were contorted with crazy laughter, and some of them were jumping up and down. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw one of the campers, from pure *joie de vivre* as it were, pick up a handful of sand and rub it into the hair of his bunkmate. Just for a minute, it seemed that the camp was a place where any mad thing could happen. While Jimmy Terkel stood on the shore with an angry smile on his face, campers and Thunderbirds alike were almost dying with glee.

THAT was the last, really the only, good time we had with the Thunderbirds. Later that afternoon, a scuffle broke out near the camp infirmary between two of the gang members and a stableboy. A burly counsellor from Honolulu broke up the fight, which was just a matter of shoving and name-calling. The participants were made to stand face to face and explain themselves, and in the process they quite spontaneously shook hands and apologized. In ten minutes, the grapevine had telegraphed news of the scuffle to all parts of Grayfeather. It seemed that everyone involved in the fight had laughed it off except for Ned Woolworth, who had rushed to the scene and glared at the three boys as if he wanted to knock them all down.

The staff had scheduled a hayride for that night. Normally, the campers looked forward to hayrides: the dusky country roads, shrill with insects; the creaky wagon and plodding, pungent horses; the deep, scratchy hay that offered the opportunity for a little romantic improvisation (though Grayfeather, a camp of overeducated fourteen-year-olds, was notoriously backward in that department). Early in the evening, a subtle intelligence flashed through the ranks of the campers, a kind of mass intuition that suggested that things would be much better if we let the Thunderbirds go hayriding on their own. To the bewilderment of our counsellors, who had no way of forcing us to accept a treat, all of the campers, gently but immovably, refused to go.

After dinner, Ellen, Chen-cheu, and I and the other girls from our tent took part in a desultory sunset game of

Capture the Flag, as the Thunderbirds and their girls, escorted by Grayfeather staff members, boarded the wagon. An hour and a half later, the returning wagon creaked slowly up to the recreation hall. Norah Pfleisch, an excitable junior counsellor, rushed inside and burst into tears on the shoulder of Ned Woolworth's wife, Hannah, who was directing a spur-of-the-moment Ping-Pong tournament.

"I've never, *never* had anything like this happen," sobbed Norah, resisting Hannah's efforts to lead her out of the rec hall and away from the fascinated gaze of forty campers. "They—fornicated! They lay in the hay like animals and just . . . did it! It started when we went under the old covered bridge. It was such a beautiful night. Usually we *sing* on hayrides, but this time I didn't know *where* to look, or *what* to listen to!"

We all rushed to the door of the rec hall. Outside, under a clear night sky streaked with meteor showers, the Thunderbirds and their girls, chattering loudly and innocently, were climbing out of the wagon, pulling hay out of each other's clothes.

THINGS fell apart completely the next day. That morning at swimming class, another fight broke out—this one between Femi, the camper from Nigeria, and an agile, pale-skinned, sullen-faced Thunderbird. On the shore in front of the swimming area of the lake, as the white rope and bright floats of the lane dividers bobbed gaily in the morning sun, two counsellors held back the two struggling boys in bathing suits, Femi with a swollen nostril leaking blood. "I'll kill that filthy little nigger bastard," panted Femi in his Mayfair accent, wiping his nose with his coal-black arm. "I'll smear his dirty little arse all over the beach. He called me a monkey!"

"He spit on me," the Thunderbird was muttering, scuffling his feet in the sand.

Marvin Jones, his platinum streak glowing brilliantly in the blinding sunlight, was called over to make peace. "This ain't no way to act," he began, but his tone was insincere, the tone of a showman bent on pleasing everyone. He sent a quick, shifty grin over to the Thunderbirds standing near him, and one of them suddenly shoved a camper, who went sprawling into the lake. In the boys' swim group, a general melee broke out between campers and Thunderbirds, the tanned bodies of the campers mingling wildly with the small, dark, muscular Thunderbirds. The two counsellors were themselves dragged in. Pairs of boys bolted, yelling threats, and ran off into the woods.

The girls at the lake, both Thunderbirds and campers, were quickly marched away to our tents, where we were told to sit quietly. Looking into her trunk, Chen-cheu found that someone had taken three of her prettiest T-shirts and a new bathing suit. When she complained loudly about it, she found herself surrounded by the three Thunderbird girls who shared the tent with us. They began to jostle

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DEATH

(AFTER ELIZABETH BOWEN)

Although great in passing, although suddenly enlarged
The frightened heart puts up its proud defense,
Still, it always leaves you feeling
A little smaller somehow, and living becomes a little
Meaner then, necessitous, and preoccupied
With harder pleasures, like the lives of the poor.

It's as though your childhood house had been gutted
By fire, the blackened walls left standing there,
The windows gaping under an open sky,
And suddenly one day you find yourself standing out
On the lawn without the heart or ambition
To rebuild. And in that hour, with its one idea

Of releasing you from some part of yourself, you think
You can see it unfolding there: how the maple
Trees that line the yard are all cut
Down, the land itself sold out in parts, how before
Too long small apartments will appear
In a long red row, each one a home for someone

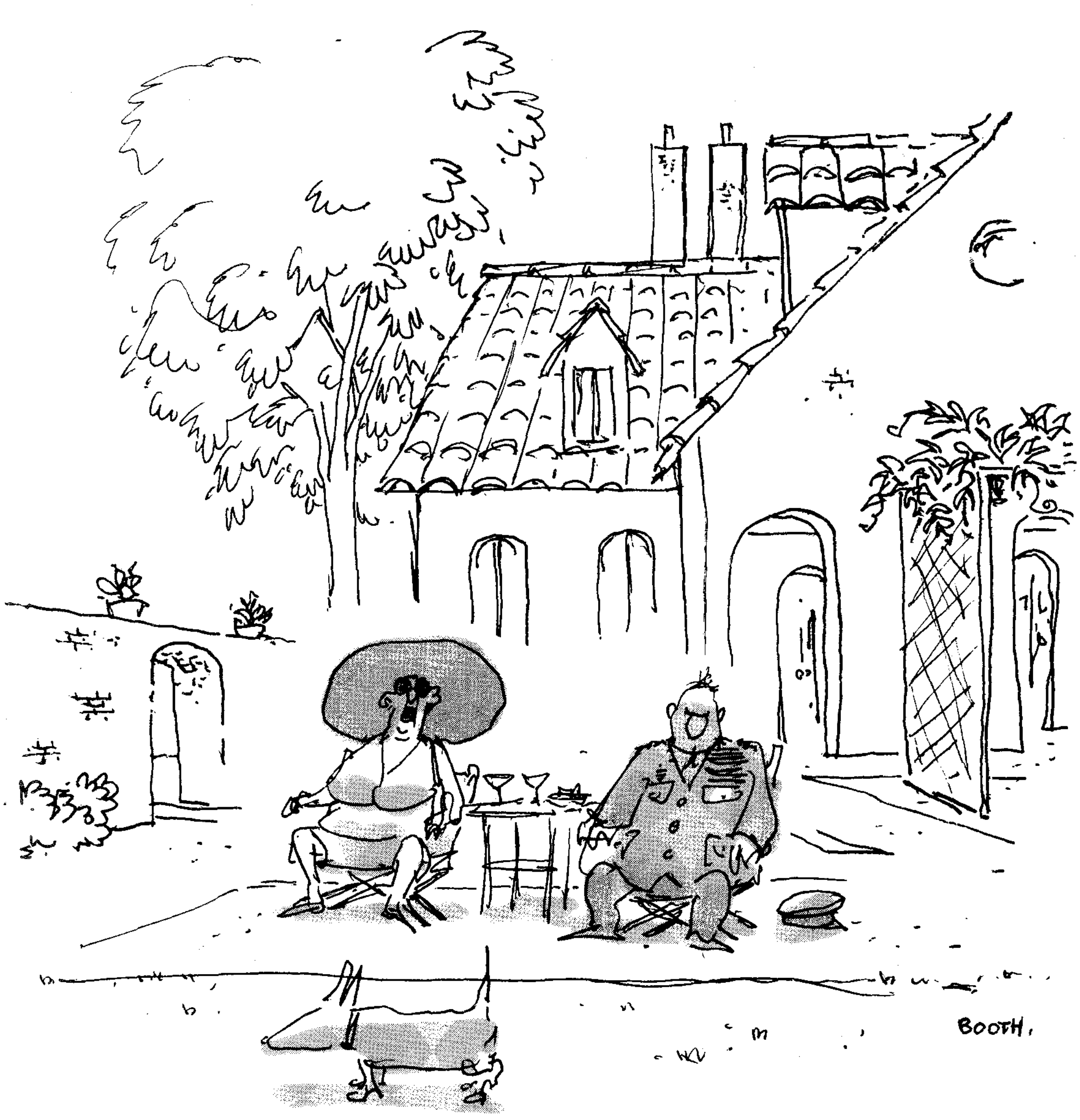
You don't know. And after dark, where once was silence,
The maples' shadows drawn slowly across the grass
By the moon, or, if no moon, then
An exhalation of darkness—you find, instead, a string
Of porch lights have come on like stars,
And the bluish glow of television screens has filled

The windows from street to street. And then it happens
That in your mind a gate will click, a door swing
Shut, and bicycling children drift home
Like birds from the avenues and the birdless dark,
Until your childhood house seems gone
For good, into the dead center of some memory's glow.

But years from now, when the smell of spring is still
Sweet in the air, or when snowdrops are beginning
To gather under the palings, when the blue
Autumn first blurs the narrow streets, or the low
Sun in winter dazzles the windows gold,
You'll discover inside, in that vague way you're still

Drawn to the air, that something has remained, something
Which, now silent and unseen, still touches
The heart—and there is someone, too,
Someone perhaps just returning from work, who will
Pause a moment, in sorrow or love, a hand
On the apartment gate, but not to wonder: What was here?

—SHEROD SANTOS



"The Pentagon couldn't send out all those contracts and do all the important things they do every day without your grand strategy, Keatley. Of course you have a grand strategy! Let's not hear any more of that 'I don't have a grand strategy' talk!"

• •

Chen-cheu, and to pluck at her long, black hair. Chen-cheu promptly socked Belinda in the stomach. Our counsellor, Molly, came running down the path from the rec hall at precisely the moment when Chen-cheu, propelled by a nasty push, came flying out of the tent and sprawled in the dust, shrieking out a string of curses that even Ellen and I had never before heard her use. Her beautiful face was contorted and almost purple with rage, but she wasn't crying. None of us were. After that, we were separated from the Thunderbird girls.

Meanwhile, the boys were being rounded up. I heard later that a number of them were found grappling in twos and threes in the woods; there were surprisingly few injuries beyond a few black eyes and bloody noses. "We had a plan," one of the boy campers said afterward. "We were going to barricade ourselves in the infirmary and fight 'em off from there. Firebomb 'em."

The Thunderbird boys, escorted by several strapping counsellors called in from a tennis camp across the lake, were confined to the rec hall. By eleven o'clock on a fine, sharp, hot August morning, Camp Grayfeather had settled into a stillness in which the only sounds were those of a sublimely untroubled nature: birdsong, the harsh whirring of cicadas, the light slapping of waves on the lake shore.

NONE of us were surprised to discover that the Thunderbirds were to be sent home. I sat with nine other girls on the sagging bunks of our tent as Hannah Woolworth, her kindly face pale and drawn with strain beneath its sunburn and freckles, talked to us. "We all feel that it would be better and safer for everyone," she said. "We don't want any of you kids getting hurt."

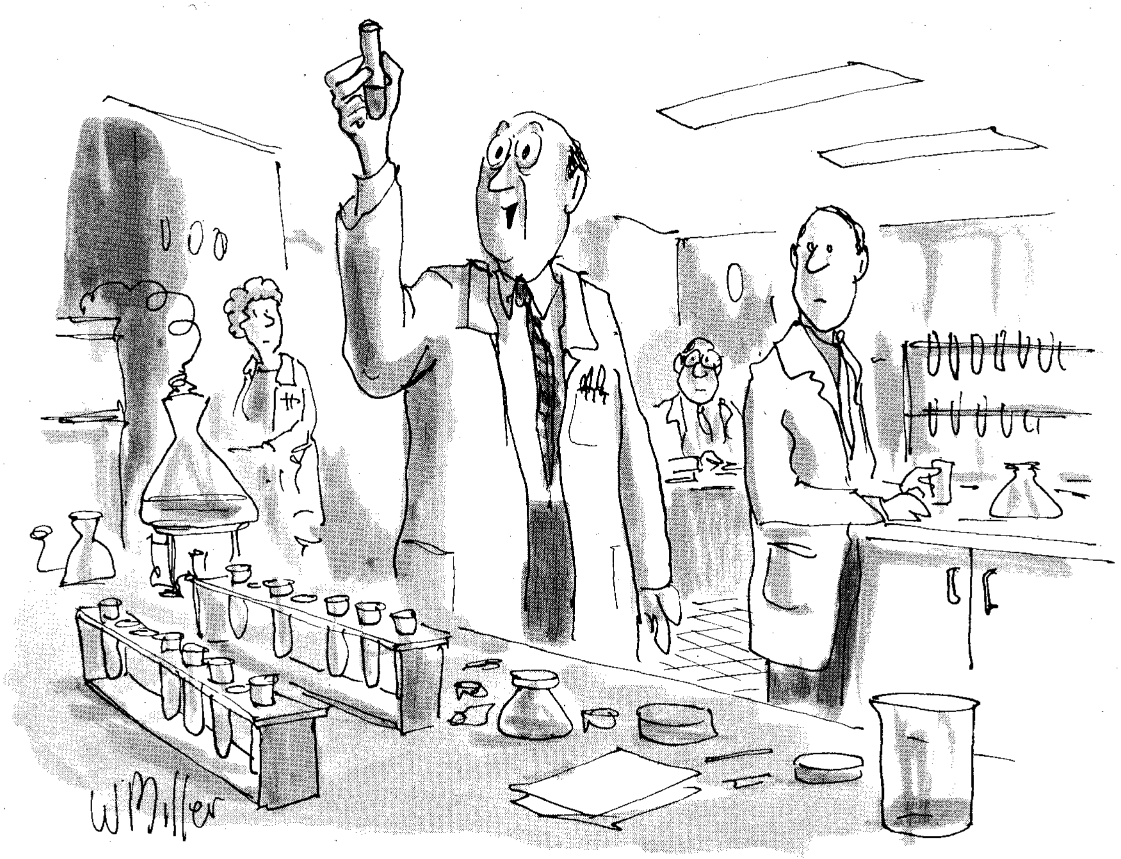
When she said "you kids," it was clear that she did not mean the Thunderbirds.

I looked at Ellen and Chen-cheu, and they looked back at me. Events were passing, as usual, into the unreachable sphere of adult justice, and though there was a certain relief in that, it also seemed sad. For a day and a half, the Thunderbirds, like a small natural disaster, had given an edge of crazy danger to life at Grayfeather; now the same powers that had brought them to us were taking them away.

"We didn't even get a chance to learn all their names," said Ellen slowly, after Hannah Woolworth had left.

A flicker of resentment ran through the group of girls crowded together in the tent, and Ellen and I began, with an obscure feeling of defiance, to teach the others the song that the Thunderbirds had sung for us under the oak trees the day before.

In about two hours, after we'd eaten a large pile of bologna sandwiches on horrid white bread, sandwiches that the camp cook had provided as a sort of emergency takeout lunch, we heard through the woods the unmistakable



"I've found it! It's a cure for the common cold, or it will increase fuel efficiency five hundred per cent, or it will make washday brighter!"

• •

sound of a bus. "We've *got* to see this," I said.

Five of us—Ellen, Chen-cheu, and I, and two other girls—jumped up and, against the strict instructions left us by our absent counsellor, took off toward the rec hall. We didn't take the path, but ran, dodging like Indian scouts, through the underbrush, stifling occasional nervous giggles and trying to avoid the poison ivy. When we got to the edge of the clearing, we stood discreetly back in the bushes and observed the scene. The midday sun gave the clearing a close, sleepy feeling. The Thunderbirds, their spirits apparently undaunted, stood in a rambunctious platoon behind a grim-faced Ned Woolworth, and the familiar graffiti-covered school bus was just coming to a halt in the parking lot.

We could see that the same tall, curly-haired man who had delivered the Thunderbirds was coming to pick them up; this time, he was wearing a green eyeshade, as if he'd been interrupted during a stretch of desk work. He came quickly down the bus steps and strode over to stand in front of the assembled Thunderbirds. "Well," he said, clapping his hands together. "What the hell have you guys been doing *now*?"

The Thunderbirds, all of them, broke into loud laughter, as if he had just told them the best joke in the world.

"We ain't been doing *nothing*, man," answered Marvin Jones, rocking on his heels. "Just being ourselves!"

The curly-haired man pulled off his visor and sighed so that even we could hear him, fixing his weary, skeptical gaze for a second on Marvin Jones' scarred face, and then on the golden hills and fields of the Delaware countryside rolling into the distance. He talked to Ned Woolworth in a low voice for a few minutes, and then turned back to his charges and sighed again. "Come on, get on the bus," he said. "We're going back to the city."

When we five girls heard the bus start up, we did something we hadn't planned to do. Without anyone suggesting it, we all took to our heels again and ran through the woods to a dusty crossroads far from the clearing, a spot where we knew the bus had to pass. Through some extraordinary, even magical, coincidence, the same plan had occurred to each one of us. When the bus came rattling up to the crossroads a few seconds after we got there, the five of us, like guerrilla fighters, dashed out of the bushes onto the road. "Stop the bus! Stop for a minute!" we shouted.

The bus slowed and halted, with a squeal of brakes, and the Thunderbirds stuck their heads out of the windows. We could see Marvin Jones' platinum streak shining beside Belinda's patch of dyed red hair.

"We wanted to sing your song," said Ellen, and without further ado we all began clapping our hands and chanting the profane verses that belonged to the Thunderbirds. "What the word/Thunderbird . . ."

We probably looked ridiculous—five girls in cutoffs, football T-shirts, and moccasins, clapping and trying to perform like a group of tough guys on a city street corner—but we felt natural, synchronized, as if we were doing a good job.

When we had finished, the Thunderbirds—still hanging out of the windows of the bus—gave us a burst of grave, polite applause. Marvin Jones leaned farther forward out of the window. "That sounded good," he said. "And we're sorry to leave."

The two groups looked at each other, and it seemed for a minute that some obscure misunderstanding was about to be cleared up, and then the bus started up and moved slowly away through the trees. —ANDREA LEE

•

Smart Margo is a solar architect in Boulder, Colo., has two teen-aged children from a failed New York marriage, loves her Jacuzzi and keeps a list of the 17 lovers she has had in a locked drawer in her office.—*The Times Book Review.*

What did she feed them?

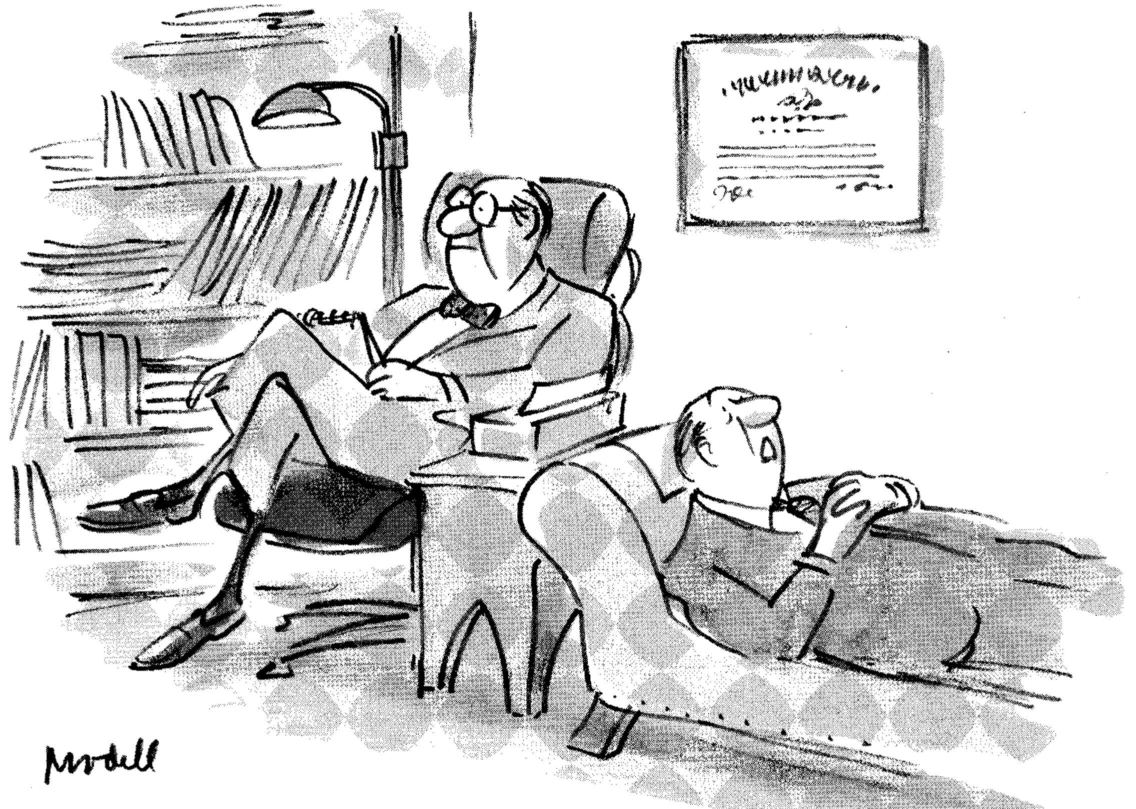
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE KING AND HIS CHILDREN

King Hassan II of Morocco, a sovereign of unmitigated omnipotence, likes to tell visitors who stop by any of his palaces—he has seven principal ones—about a remark that was once made to him by the Egyptian leader Gamal Abdel Nasser. Reflecting on the Arab world in general, Nasser said, "The best and the bravest went the farthest west." Morocco, a nation of twenty-one million, which one North African expert in the American State Department recently referred to, not without affection, as "a peculiar kind of critter," is, save for tiny Mauritania, the westernmost of all Arab countries, and the only one that abuts on the Atlantic Ocean. In Morocco's long, tumultuous, and often gory history, the indigenes, in striking contrast to their littoral counterparts in nearby Portugal and Spain, never showed much interest in seafaring. And though Europeans flee their frigid winters and flock to Moroccan beaches—especially those around Agadir, a city of more than a hundred thousand which, following a 1960 earthquake that took twenty thousand lives, rose from the rubble to become Morocco's Miami—most Moroccans, including those who live close to the Atlantic or the Mediterranean, do not go in for water sports.

Morocco is singular in many ways. As King Hassan is fond of saying, his people—his children, he sometimes calls them—can be described as Atlantic, Mediterranean, African, Arabic, Berber, and (since from Tangier and other spots on the northwest coast one can see the Rock of Gibraltar) European. The United States, which, over the years, has enjoyed friendlier relations with Morocco than with most other Arab countries, sees the country's position at the mouth of the Mediterranean as strategically significant. During the Eisenhower Administration, newly independent Morocco allowed the United States to continue to maintain air and naval bases on its soil. That presence gradually diminished, and it came to an end under President Carter in 1979. When Hassan made a state visit to America in May, 1982, during which he went horseback-riding with President Reagan, the two countries arrived at a new understanding: the United States may, in emergency circumstances as agreed upon by the two countries, use Moroccan facilities for refuelling military planes or as way stations for combat troops destined for service in, say, the Middle East. More recently, the King has granted Washington the right to modernize a Voice of America transmitting station with a range wide enough to reach the Kremlin. The United States sent about a hundred million dollars in assistance last year, or about four dollars per Moroccan. Morocco would like more, but when the incumbent Prime Minister visited Washington this February, fez in hand, he found awaiting him more high ceremony than hard currency. Still, the good will between the two nations seems genuine.

An American foreign-service officer now stationed in Morocco, who had earlier served in Algeria, Iraq, and Lebanon, said this year, "These people are of a friendliness to the United States which makes me pinch myself when I get up in the morning. It's almost too good to be true. And that friendliness isn't based on what they expect to get out of us. They are intensely proud that their country was one of the very first to recognize the independence of the United States. And that *that* happened more than two hundred years ago is inconsequential; two centuries isn't a very big slice of Moroccan history." Morocco's recognition was accorded in 1777; a few years later, Sultan Muhammad III, a great-great-great-great-great-grandfather of Hassan II, conducted a genial correspondence with George Washington. American ships off North



"Then she began picking on the long-distance phone company I chose."

"If this were the Hamptons, they'd be asking a million five easy."

• •

Africa were regularly being raided by corsairs; Washington, conceding to the Sultan that the United States was a small, weak, new country, exhausted by war, said that it might be in a position someday to help out people who helped it then. Could Muhammad undertake to call off the pirates? He could, and he did. Later sultans evinced similar warm feelings; for instance, two of them presented lions to United States consuls in Tangier. One early-nineteenth-century emissary, whose salary was two thousand dollars a year, calculated that it cost him a dollar a day to feed his big cat, which he lodged in the consulate's stable. He asked the State Department to foot the food bill but was rebuffed, and he was more than four hundred dollars out of pocket before he managed—just how is unclear—to get that animal out of there. The onetime lion house in Tangier had been presented by Sultan Moulay Suliman to the United States in 1821, and was the first American-owned property anywhere abroad. As a result, it is now, to the Moroccans' further satisfaction, the only building not on North American soil which the Department of the Interior has designated a National Historic Landmark. Many Moroccans are also well briefed on more modern American history. A soldier at an isolated desert station in the Western Sahara was pleased to be able to offer me two facts about my country—that the new Miss America was black, and that Mrs. Reagan had had her picture taken on Mr. T's knee.

ONE indication of the prevailing amity is that the American Ambassador to the King's court, a non-career diplomat named Joseph Verner Reed, Jr., who in a previous incarnation was chief of staff to David Rockefeller at the Chase Manhattan Bank, is the only envoy allowed by Hassan to fly around the kingdom in his own government's airplane. (It belongs to the Defense Department and has Air Force pilots.) Reed, a flamboyant, ebullient man of intense patriotism, who had his Rabat residence christened Villa America, and stars and a blue field added to the red-and-white striped Marine sentry boxes outside, needs a plane to keep up with the demands that he imposes on himself and the ones that the King imposes on him. Rabat, on the western coast of Morocco, is theoretically the country's capital, but in practice the capital is wherever the King is. His Majesty, who suffers from asthma, prefers the drier climate, and also the golf course, of Fez, which for most of its twelve hundred years has served as the nation's religious center. Morocco television news programs start off with a picture of the sun shining on Fez, and viewers are expected to look upon it as the hub of the world. (The big hotels there, perched on a bluff overlooking Fez's teeming medina, are highly recommended for anybody who enjoys being aroused at about 4 A.M. by the demanding calls to morning prayer of countless muezzins, an eerie, cacophonic summons that abates long enough for an infidel to doze off briefly before being jolted awake again by a no less insistent cockcrow.) The King is apt to summon Ambassador Reed, or anyone else he has a mind to talk to, at any hour of the day or night, and the palace at Fez—which His Majesty too modestly describes as Morocco's Fontainebleau (its massive walls encircle a royal retinue of ten thousand people)—is a half-hour flight from Rabat. Stories of the King's insouciance about other people's timetables are legion. In 1983, Reed organized a dinner at the Villa America for former Secretary of State Alexander Haig. A hundred guests. Eight-thirty sharp. At eight, the King phoned—he was in Rabat at the moment—and asked the Ambassador to come right over to his palace, and to bring Haig along. The host and the guest of honor got to the dinner at ten-thirty.

Hassan has the impression that Reed is inordinately fond of chocolates; this is because the Ambassador could find nothing else to stave off his hunger during one long vigil in a palace waiting room when the King, as he often

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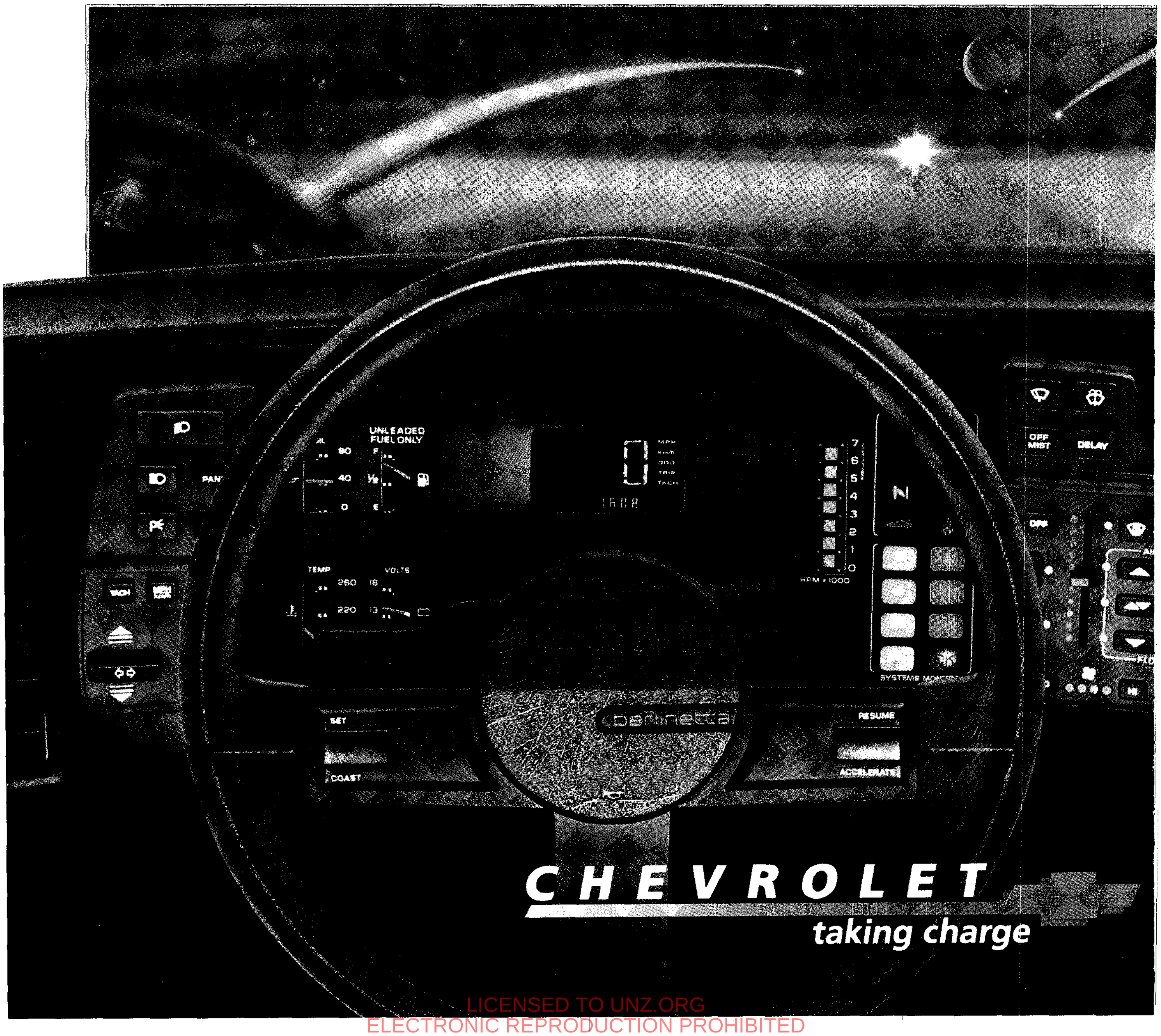
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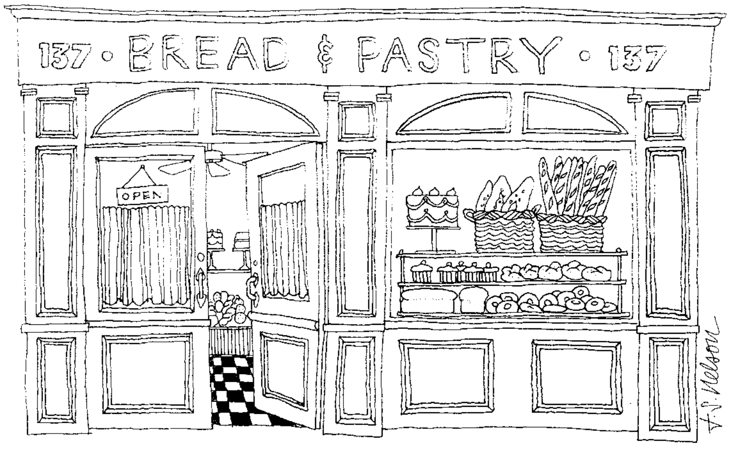
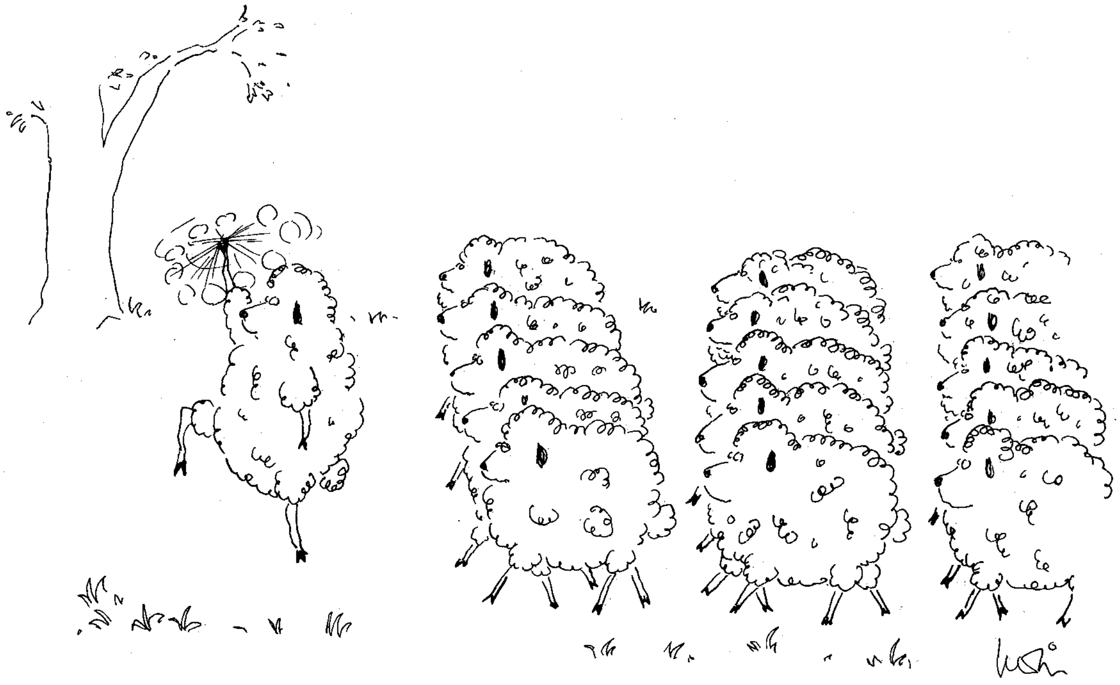
CHEVROLET
taking charge

does, showed no great interest in keeping an appointment punctually. Lieutenant General Vernon A. Walters, retired, a gifted linguist who has served as an interpreter for five Presidents and is now an Ambassador-at-Large, has known Hassan for more than forty years and is one of his closest American friends, but when it comes to getting together with the King he sometimes has to wait himself. "Cliffhanging is one of the great Moroccan national sports," Walters says. "My fingers are torn to shreds from hanging on that cliff." When Queen Elizabeth paid a call in 1981, Hassan kept her waiting for fifteen minutes before he received her. She was not amused. Some Moroccans still can't understand why anyone should have been concerned about all that. "The King could never have kept the Queen or anybody else waiting," one of them told me, "because the King cannot be late." (Hassan was one of the few influential members of royalty extant who did not attend the Charles-Diana nuptials. He had to be asked, because of his eminence, but the invitation was somewhat hedged by the accompanying observation that, Anglo-Saxons having their own quaint concepts of promptness, it was to be hoped His Majesty could manage to be on time for the ceremony. His Majesty responded in due course that pressing affairs of state would, lamentably, preclude his personal appearance. He sent the Crown Prince instead.) There had apparently been another unfortunate episode during Elizabeth's visit, when the King invited the Queen (Hassan's wife, it should be said, is just his wife, and not a queen) into a palace courtyard to look at some of his prize horses: just as she stepped outside, a helicopter landed nearby and she was sprayed with dirt. Hassan later presented her with three horses, but she hasn't yet bothered to pick them up. The King has been underwriting their upkeep for three years now, but, unlike the hapless consul in Tangier, he can afford it. At just one elegant stable in Rabat, he has two hundred and sixty-two other horses. He keeps most of his camels and ostriches and zebras with his nine hundred and forty-five head of cattle at his fifteen-hundred-acre dairy farm (augmented by a three-hundred-and-seventy-five-acre lake), outside Fez.

THE Queen of England reigns but does not rule. Hassan not only reigns and rules but is also the nation's supreme religious figure; among his most often used titles is Commander of the Faithful. He is a direct descendant of the Prophet Muhammad, and has genealogical charts going back thirty-seven generations to prove it. Compared with many Third World nations, Morocco is fairly liberal. There are only two stringent taboos: thou shalt not attack Islam, and thou shalt not attack the King. Morocco is supposed to have a parliament, but the parliament hasn't been in session for over a year; the King will decide when, or whether, he wishes to hold future parliamentary elections. Political parties come and go. In a municipal election held a year ago, the most popular party was one that the then Prime Minister had created only six weeks earlier. One retired municipal official told me, "As a practical matter, there is only one political party in Morocco—the Hassan II Party." Freedom of the press exists, more or less; if a newspaper publishes something that the King strongly disapproves of, it doesn't come out again until he forgives it. The Prime Minister is not responsible to the parliament; the King appoints him, the other Cabinet ministers, and the governors of the country's thirty-nine provinces. Not a few of the ministers and governors, over the years, have been members of his rather large family. They generally do all right for themselves. Several years ago, some of them met regularly to play poker, and the only diplomat who could afford to sit in was the Ambassador of the Shah of Iran. The King, however, does not let his underlings get out of hand. By Moroccan tradition, when an especially honorable guest visits a home and admires something in it, the host is supposed to offer it to him. Once, the King—who keeps amazingly well informed about what's going on around him—learned that one of his minions was living far beyond his legitimate means, and had, indeed, built himself a fancy new villa. Hassan invited himself over there one day, professed to find the establishment highly estimable, and was perfunctorily asked if he wouldn't like to have it as a gift. He said he would, and he took it. His subjects are convinced that His Majesty gives as well as takes away. A Rabat house servant looked out of a window one day, was astonished to see Hassan walking by, rushed outside, asked a guard if he might approach his sovereign, and, having been given permission, went over, kissed the royal hand in the conventional gesture of obeisance, and exchanged a few words with him. Later, the servant told a third party that he wished he hadn't been so excited as to forget to petition the King for a favor. What would he have asked for? "A house." And did he think His Majesty would have given him one? "Of course."

TIME and again, when one asks people in Morocco to try to define the role of the King one gets the same simple answer: "He is the glue that holds the country together." Taboo or no taboo, however, there have been a couple of attempts to unstick the monarchy. To celebrate his forty-second birthday, in July, 1971, Hassan invited close to a thousand guests, including the entire ambassadorial corps, to a day of golf and other sports on the grounds of a summer palace he maintains on the Atlantic, fifteen miles south of Rabat. There was a sumptuous picnic alongside a swimming pool. (At another such feast, he had gold pieces inserted in slices of smoked fish—a gesture that was especially appreciated by the Norwegian Ambassador, who, delighted to have found on hand something more appealing to his taste than couscous, had heaped his plate with salmon.) Toward the end of the birthday meal, the proceedings were interrupted by what were at first taken to be fireworks. Then soldiers burst into view, firing rifles and tommy guns. Apparently, they had been informed by





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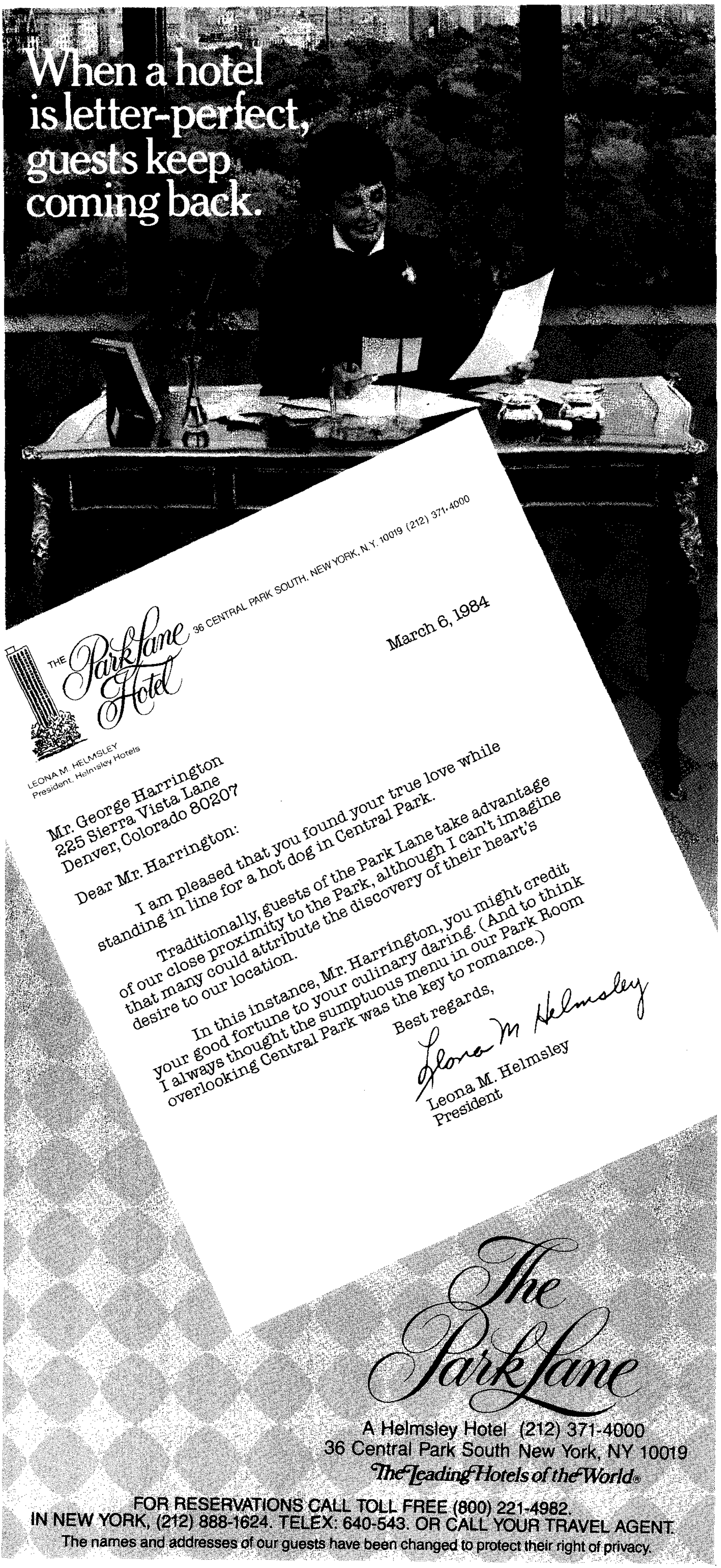
some officers plotting a coup d'état (one of whom bore a grudge, because after he'd made some troops take a long, cruel training march Hassan had slapped him in public) that the King was being held captive and that they had to rescue him; the officers are presumed to have hoped that in the course of that deliverance the King would accidentally be shot. The soldiers behaved oddly; one survivor is convinced that they'd been drugged. In any event, they killed some four hundred and fifty people. The Chief Justice, who'd already been shot in the knee, didn't move fast enough when he was ordered to get to his feet, and received a bullet through the head. The Belgian Ambassador died in the French Ambassador's arms. The Saudi Arabian Ambassador escaped with a bullet wound in one arm. The King himself was held prisoner inside the palace for three hours; he was finally freed when the leader of the coup was shot dead and many of the other participants thereupon began to flee. When soldiers loyal to the King saw that he was still alive, they were jubilant, and began firing off their rifles in celebration. Fearing additional casualties, Hassan shouted a call to prayer, whereupon the soldiers obediently laid aside their arms. Meanwhile, the fleeing rebels had occupied the Rabat radio station and announced that the King had abdicated and a republic had been formed. Hassan, now escorted by loyal troops, got to the station himself early in the morning and broadcast the news that he was still resolutely in command. That was pretty much the end of it all, except that nine of the country's fifteen generals were subsequently executed. There is currently only one general on active duty in Morocco. The highest rank that other Moroccan officers can now aspire to is something called colonel-major.

In August, 1972, the King was airborne in one of his planes—a Boeing 727—when three dissident Air Force fighter pilots flying F-5 jets strafed it, putting a hole in its roof and destroying one of its engines. Hassan got on the radio and, as their planes were coming in for another pass, told the traitors, "You've killed the King. Don't hurt anyone else." The attackers veered off. His Majesty's pilot managed to land the crippled plane on its remaining engines, and has since become commander of the Royal Air Force. He rarely travels by plane or helicopter within his own borders anymore; and one possible explanation of his erratic schedule is that he may wish to keep his movements something of a secret. It is said that, for one reason or another, he sleeps in a different bed every night.

KING HASSAN, who sometimes wears a bracelet of worry beads on his left wrist, has occupied his throne since the death, on February 26, 1961, of his father, Muhammad V, in whose memory he has put up an ornate mausoleum on one of Rabat's most visible heights. Hassan stops by there every Friday—the Muslim day of prayer—when he is in town. Muhammad V's reign began in 1927, although Morocco, most of which had been a French protectorate since 1912, did not become independent until 1956. Before that, Muhammad was forced to share power with a French resident general. (Many people knowledgeable about the country maintain that the French left more of an impression on Morocco after only forty-odd years of control than they did on Algeria, next door, after a hundred-and-thirty-two-year occupation.) During the Casablanca Conference, in January, 1943, Franklin D. Roosevelt made a special point of inviting Muhammad V to dinner, to show the world—or, at any rate, France—that he thought Morocco should someday be independent. Hassan was a boy of thirteen then, and in a photograph taken at the conference which is displayed in the Casablanca house that Churchill occupied at the time—it is now the residence of the United States consul-general—the present king is shown standing shyly between Harry Hopkins and the French General Auguste Paul Noguès. Muhammad V was known as Sultan Muhammad Ben Yusuf at that time. He later decided that "king" was a better title, because it sounded more modern. He began speaking out for independence—perhaps buoyed in part by Roosevelt's gesture of support—in 1947. In 1953, the French government, not yet disposed to give Morocco free rein, bundled him and his family far away—first to Corsica and then to Madagascar—without even giving him time to put his shoes on. He remained in exile until November, 1955, when the French allowed him to return; soon after, the country was granted its independence.

March 3rd, the date of Hassan's investiture, has for twenty-three years been Morocco's biggest holiday—the Fête du Trône. This year, for the first time, its principal celebration took place in Casablanca, in the courtyard of the royal palace there. (The palace had been lavishly refurbished for an Islamic Conference held in January and attended by forty-two Muslim nations, during which Hassan had contrived to get Egypt—a pariah since its 1979 peace treaty with Israel—readmitted to the Islamic fold.) As cannons thundered on Fête du Trône day, the King, clad in a plain white burnous, appeared with his two sons and a nephew, similarly garbed, on a balcony, to be gaped at by several thousand dignitaries, all of them male except two special women—the Ambassadors of East Germany and Yugoslavia. (One of Hassan's sisters used to be his envoy to the Court of St. James's; there are Moroccan women who are doctors and lawyers, and the wives of the wealthier men could hold their own in the smartest salons of Paris or Rio de Janeiro; but most Moroccan women are emphatically second-class citizens.) Royalty is on the decline the world over, and Hassan is one of its staunchest protectors; the guests at the Fête du Trône included the son of Farouk of Egypt, and the pretender to the throne of Bulgaria.

The next day, March 4th, was the occasion of another annual ceremony connected to Hassan's ascension—the Fête d'Allégeance. The King, astride a horse with golden trappings and gilded hooves, rode through the ranks of four thousand provincial officials who had come to pledge their allegiance. As he moved slowly ahead, they fell away in waves to make a path for him, chanting, in Arabic, "God is the greatest, and God preserves our King! Long live the Commander of the Faithful!" In every city, town, and village, that festive week, there were celebrations, many of them heightened by "fantasias": mock cavalry charges by fierce-looking Berber tribesmen, in from the hills and valleys and desolate plains, who gallop toward a crowd of onlookers and, as they rein to a jolting halt, fire rifles—the ammunition blank—into the air or the ground. (When President Eisenhower visited Casablanca in 1959, such horsemen lined his route for most of the nineteen miles between the airport and the city. The Secret Service was stunned; never had so many shots been fired within range of a Chief Executive.) Wherever one travelled that week, one saw flags and banners and triumphal arches and other decorations featuring the royal five-pointed green star on a red background: at the massive ruins of Volubilis, an outpost of the Roman Empire; on the clay hovels clinging to the mountains of the three Atlas ranges, which all but bisect the country (some areas are so remote that a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A reluctant customer arrives in his Peugeot

VILLAGE
BARBER SHOP
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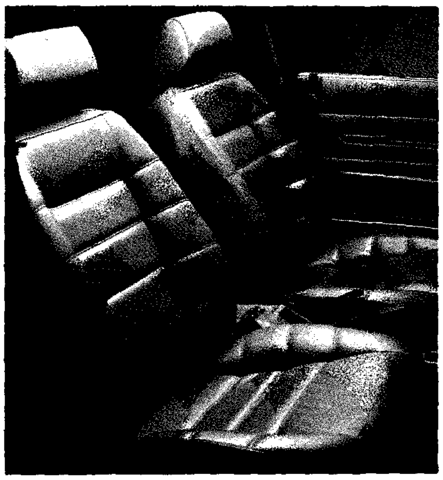
It isn't fair, the boy thought, he had distinctly heard "ice-cream cone" mentioned, and now here he was, instead, perched high in the air wearing a sheet while somebody named Joe pretended to be his friend and made the hair fall off his head and tickle his nose so he sneezed.

It isn't fair, his mother thought, he's still a baby! The curls were so sweet. Now he looks like a little stranger with his ears sticking out like that. And there's the back of his neck, so defenseless. She must remember to keep one of his curls, maybe tie it up with a ribbon and put it in the family album.

"Well, I'll be darned, the boy actually has a forehead!" said the father, and laughed.

The boy didn't know why it was funny, but he laughed too.



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The car in which the boy will visit the ice-cream parlor next is a Peugeot 505 STI. It is perhaps the most comfortable car you have ever sat in.

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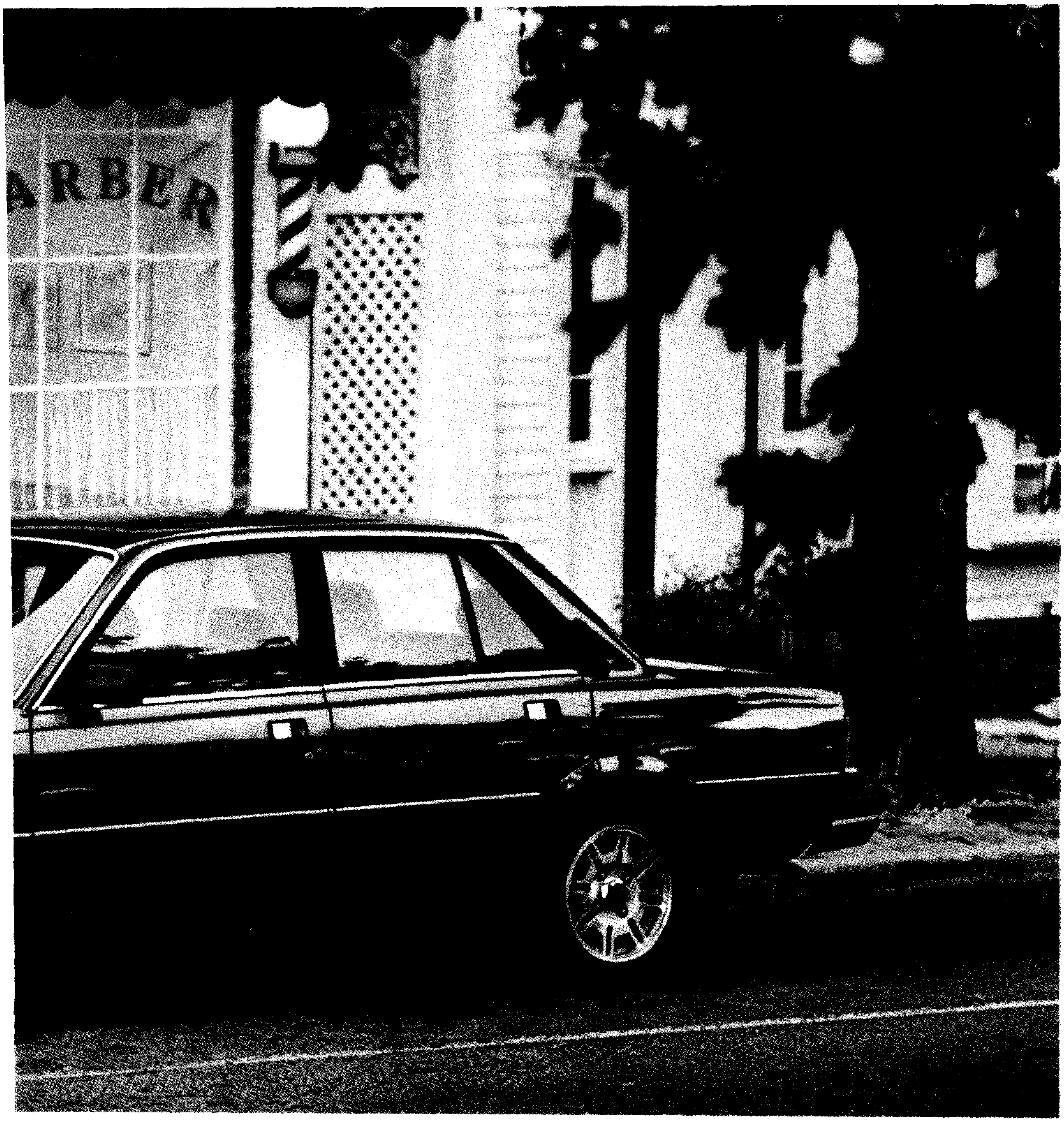

prevent children from accidentally ening the rear doors.

Fitted with such exotica as silver-pped spark plugs and magnetic-pulse nition, the gasoline-engined 505 STI designed to carry you 30,000 miles tween tune-ups. (Also available is a rbocharged-diesel engine.)

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PEUGEOT

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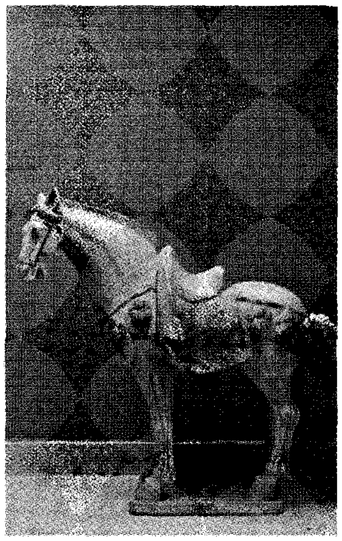
Moroccan driving through one of them remarked to a companion, "You know, if Morocco became a republic tomorrow these people might never hear about it"); in the sprawling souk of Khemisset, where each Tuesday—market day—some twenty thousand buyers and sellers congregate to bargain for rugs, herbs, jewelry, household goods, rabbits, turkeys, sheep, goats, donkeys, and just about anything else that's negotiable; and in the bar of the fashionable Hotel Sahara Agadir, where an American sojourner who ordered a dry Martini and, in a land of myriad olive trees, was pretty sure what he'd find in the bottom of his glass was surprised to see there instead two Maraschino cherries, one red and one green. There were flags on the warped blades of rusted windmills, on the skeletons of half-finished buildings, on a rural fence fashioned of broken automobile parts. There was even one of the five-pointed stars juxtaposed with a six-pointed Star of David in a synagogue that nestled in a tiny cave in the casbah of the coastal town of Azemmour, whose population of some thirty thousand includes sixty Jews. Morocco, where Berber Muslims and Berber Jews once stored their wheat in the same granary without thinking much about it, is still more hospitable to Jews than most Arab nations are, but the Jewish community there, which numbered two hundred and eighty thousand in 1948, has been shrinking, and is down to about eighteen thousand. Moroccan Jews who have emigrated—mainly to Israel, France, the United States, and Canada—do make return visits nowadays, to worship at the shrines of Jewish saints long buried there; and Jews who have remained sometimes append to their traditional Yom Kippur prayers murmurs of good will toward the Commander of the Muslim Faithful.

Morocco has had no diplomatic relations with Iran since 1979, and the King rarely makes a speech these days without lambasting Ayatollah Khomeini. Along with his periodic denunciations of Khomeiniism, Hassan castigates both Zionism and Communism. That, obviously, does not sit well with many Jews, or with such left-leaning Arab nations as Algeria, Libya, and Syria. In trying, as he does, to be a force for moderation in the Islamic world, the King has to be as careful, and as skillful, as a tightrope walker; he has to keep reminding other Arabs that he is one of them (though many of his subjects, including his wife, are Berbers) and is a bona-fide Muslim. He is reputed to have played an active behind-the-scenes part in getting Egypt together with Israel during the Sadat-Begin era. Morocco, however, does not have formal diplomatic relations with either of those countries; and any ameliorating impact the King may have had or may come to have on the situation in the Middle East is undoubtedly aided by the fact that he is three thousand miles removed from Mecca. Still, his role is an uneasy one in a time when fundamentalism is spreading throughout Islam. In 1982, it was estimated, three per cent of the students at Rabat's Muhammad V University (Morocco is full of avenues and squares and edifices and institutions that bear the King's father's name) were associated with one fundamentalist organization or another, and students were very much involved in an outbreak of disturbances that rocked Morocco's tranquillity at the start of this year and have been known subsequently as the Troubles.

The Troubles began on January 19th, in several northeastern cities not far from the Algerian border, and also in Marrakech, to the south. It was between semesters, when students normally indulge in pranks—painting walls and overturning privies. Quite a few Moroccans who had been working in Europe had lost their jobs there and had recently returned home to seek employment, without success. In addition, the government had announced that, because the economy was hard-pressed, it was considering increases in the prices of flour, cooking oil, and other staples, and in a modest fee that students have to pay to take university entrance exams. (Their tuition is free, and they also get food and housing allowances.) Officially, only the price of gasoline had increased, but this led some merchants to raise their prices across the board. Protest demonstrations turned ugly. The country's experienced security forces weren't available to try to calm the protests, because most of them were in Casablanca for the Islamic Conference. Many poor Moroccans—who, despite their poverty, have access to TV sets—may have been angered by the extravagance of the heavily televised conference. Soldiers untrained in crowd control were sent to the scenes of the disturbances, and they panicked and fired at the demonstrators. There were fatalities—twenty-nine, according to the



How long has it been since you talked about where you stayed, instead of just how many miles you covered?

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government; closer to a hundred, according to others. Order was restored three days later, when the King went on television and said that the contemplated price increases would be rescinded. While he was at it, he brandished some leaflets uncomplimentary to him which he believed were the work of students. He said that he wouldn't have had to consider raising prices in the first place if he hadn't been obliged to devote a quarter of his national budget to education. Hassan took a special dig at Marrakech, stressing how much his presence there for a part of each calendar year had done for the city's welfare, and saying he might skip that city entirely this year. A delegation of Marrakech worthies was hastily formed to go to him and apologize for the city's share of the Troubles, and assure him that the instigators were not local residents but outside agitators. Hassan was mollified, and said he might turn up in Marrakech after all. He hasn't done so yet, though.

The Troubles had still other roots. This year, Morocco's accumulated debt, of twelve and a half billion dollars, came to ninety-two per cent of its gross national product—a staggering ratio. (Debt-ridden Brazil's ratio, by contrast, is only forty-one per cent.) Unlike neighboring Algeria, and unlike Libya, just beyond, Morocco produces very little of its own oil. It does have phosphates—forty billion tons of reserves, or almost three-quarters of the globe's total. It had hoped in the early and middle nineteen-seventies that exports of phosphates, which are used in making fertilizer, and, to a lesser extent, of citrus fruit (one of the King's many large farm properties is said to have eight thousand acres in oranges) would more than cover the cost of oil imports. For a while, the phosphate market boomed—Morocco pushed the price from fourteen dollars a ton in January, 1974, to an agreeable sixty-eight dollars a ton by the end of the year. The country, exporting more than fourteen million tons a year, visualized huge foreign-exchange credit balances and began building roads and dams and the like at a merry clip. But in 1976 the phosphate boom fizzled, the price falling to a more realistic twenty-four dollars a ton. To make matters worse, oil prices also dropped, and Saudi Arabia, which had been a generous benefactor of its fellow-kingdom to the west, curtailed its largesse. Meanwhile, Iraq, which, out of Islamic fraternalism, had been selling Morocco oil at half the going price, initiated a war with Iran and stopped its subsidies as well. The price of phosphates has gone up slightly since the start of 1984, but not enough to turn the Moroccan economy around, or even tilt it in the right direction.

It hasn't helped things any, moreover, that Morocco has long had and continues to have an exceedingly high birth rate—two and six-tenths per cent a year, compared with, for instance, one per cent in the United States. More than half the population is under nineteen, and, despite all the funds allocated for education, the country's illiteracy rate is seventy-two per cent. (Moroccans confronted with that bleak statistic are likely to rejoin that civilization is not just script, citing the fact that local Arabic dialects and three widely used Berber dialects simply aren't written languages.) One Moroccan educator has gloomily concluded that merely to stay abreast of the birth rate would require the construction of eighty new elementary schools every day of the year. Also, for four years now Morocco—in common with much of sub-Saharan Africa—has been afflicted with severe droughts. Phosphate mining notwithstanding, Morocco is essentially an agricultural country. About two-thirds of the people earn their living, such as it may be, by working the land. What happens to agriculture affects everybody; rug merchants' asking prices go down during a drought, and when there is a respectable downpour the good news is trumpeted in the media as a successful space flight might be in this country. Much of the land, especially in the south, is arid in the best of circumstances. (Before the Second World War, when Moroccan sultans were still in good standing with the French, one sultan was invited to visit Europe. France, seeking to show off its industrial might, sent a fancy ocean liner to ferry him across the Mediterranean, laid on a spanking new train from Toulon to Paris, took him on a tour of a humming Renault plant, and, to impress him with its national glitter, treated him to a gala banquet at Versailles. When he got back home, he was asked what had struck him most about the journey. "Grass," he said.) The recent droughts, however, have been something special. In 1981, droughts caused a loss of fifty-four per cent of the national grain harvest and thirty per cent of all sheep and goats. Most Moroccan agriculture is rain-fed, and not only has there been scant rain but little snow has fallen to drain down from the usually thick-blanketed peaks of the High Atlas. One of the few areas that haven't suffered appreciably is the province of Beni-Mellal, in central Morocco, sometimes known as Morocco's California, which does have irrigated croplands—three hundred thousand acres of them. (It also has more than a million sheep, over six hundred thousand people, and two dentists.) Beni-Mellal used to grow a tenth of all Morocco's produce—citrus, sugar beets, cotton, various grains. Now it grows a fifth. In the less favored olive- and date-growing province of Errachidia, to the southeast, the droughts have reduced the customary output by nearly seventy-five per cent. One result is that rural folk have been moving to the cities (the population of Casablanca, which stood at five hundred and fifty thousand just after the end

HERE TO HELP YOU
C Barsotti

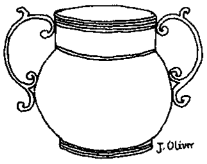
of the Second World War, has, according to many knowledgeable people, already exceeded the three-million mark), hoping—as often as not in vain—to find work. The countrywide unemployment rate is over twenty per cent. The government, aware that idleness can lead to discontent, and discontent to something no monarch likes to think about, has lately taken some action for what it hopes will be the better. Twelve thousand relatively well-watered acres near the Mediterranean coast are being planted in vegetables, which will be shipped to European consumers when the Common Market's farms are shut down for the winter. The King announced in a state-of-the-realm speech on Fête du Trône day that there would be no more taxes on homegrown agricultural produce before the year 2000. And a nationwide austerity program is being heavily promoted.

ON top of its other woes, Morocco has a war on its hands—one that is depleting the already battered treasury by a million dollars a day. When the European colonial powers were divvying up parts of Africa in the late nineteenth century, Spain got, in 1884, a desolate tract, about the size of Colorado, in the western Sahara, south of Morocco. The region had a number of names, but from 1962 on it was called the Spanish Sahara. The main attraction down in the desert was an extensive phosphate deposit outside the village of Bu Craa. The Spanish built a sixty-two-mile-long conveyor belt from Bu Craa to a processing plant in the desert south of El Aaiún, a onetime Spanish settlement just inland from the Atlantic. The processing plant is close by a pier that juts into the ocean to facilitate the loading of freighters. Today, El Aaiún is a fast-growing city of ninety-three thousand, of whom fewer than a hundred are Spaniards; nor is there much else left of the Spanish heritage beyond the name of the leading hotel, the Parador, and the frequent appearance on the hotel restaurant's menu of Spanish rice.

Soon after Morocco achieved independence, it began claiming jurisdiction over the Spanish Sahara, but not much of consequence happened there for a while. In 1974, Morocco got involved in tangled negotiations with its neighbor Mauritania over the future of the region. At one point, Spain, under Generalissimo Franco, proposed that Algeria have a voice in the discussions, but Morocco, which has had checkered relations with Algeria ever since they both shook free of France, refused to go along. In June of 1975, King Hassan resolved to take a bold, unilateral step to show that Moroccans thought the destiny of that part of the desert was something they could determine on their own without any Algerian interference. Over the next four months, in near-total secrecy, he and four trusted aides concocted a scheme for a huge, nonviolent undertaking, which became known as the Green March. (Green is the color of the Prophet and, in Islamic tradition, the color of peace.) Three hundred and fifty thousand Moroccans, together with a few sympathizers from other Islamic countries, were to go unarmed into the Sahara and walk toward El Aaiún. No accommodations, provisions, or transportation were available along the route. Supplies would have to be assembled in Morocco and brought down—including, for each participant, a small Moroccan flag and a pocket edition of the Koran. Hassan went on television on October 16th and asked for volunteers to go on a twelve-day walk from the Moroccan-Saharan border, on the northern edge of the desert, to El Aaiún, and back to Tarfaya, just inside Moroccan territory, in order to dramatize Morocco's historical claim to the land and, presumably, to shock the Spanish. By October 19th, five hundred and twenty-four thousand people had signed up, and the King had to disappoint those for whom his logistical plans couldn't provide. The march began on November 6th. By November 9th, the flabbergasted Spanish, who could not conceive of such a horde's being so swiftly pulled together, agreed to exclude Algeria from any further talks, whereupon Hassan terminated the march. Morocco and Mauritania soon declared themselves administrative overlords of what they now called the Western Sahara, and the Spanish left. Morocco took over El Aaiún early in 1976. Some Moroccan children born during that heady period are named not, say, Ahmed or Muhammad but Green March.

In the entire desert province of which El Aaiún is the capital, there were only two schools in 1974, with eight hundred pupils—all of them Spanish. The illiteracy rate among the indigenous Berber nomads was ninety-nine and nine-tenths per cent. Hassan, to show that he meant his occupation of the area to be permanent and inviolable, began pouring money into El Aaiún and its environs. He ordered the construction of homes and hospitals and schools. By 1984, there were more than fourteen thousand students in fourteen schools, the biggest of which had been named the Lycée Hassan II. Large-scale development is still under way—a new airport, a stadium that will seat thirty-five thousand. To make the place as attractive as possible, prospective settlers were offered land for practically nothing; there are no taxes; and perfumes, cameras, and other fripperies are available cheap at duty-free shops. One man in the construction business there has prospered so handsomely that he is building himself a palatial house and has imported artisans who worked on the King's palaces to embellish it. For all that, Morocco does not yet appear to treat El Aaiún wholly as if it were an integral part of the nation; visitors going down from Agadir are obliged to fill out the kinds of immigration forms that are ordinarily required only of people travelling from one country to another.

Since 1973, moreover, Morocco's claim to the Western Sahara has been hotly disputed by a guerrilla army called the Polisario. (The name is an acronym for Popular Front for the Liberation of Saguia el Hamra and Río de Oro—the names of the two sections that make up the territory.) In raids and skirmishes over the years, Polisarian fighters have killed as many as ten thousand of Hassan's soldiers. (During one memorable battle, in mid-October, 1981, the Polisario, using Soviet surface-to-air missiles, shot down five Moroccan aircraft.) The main Polisario



base is at Tindouf, just across the Algerian border, or what most outsiders think of as the Algerian border—Morocco and Algeria never having concurred on precisely where the dividing line between them lies. In February, 1976, just about when the Moroccan flag was being hoisted over El Aaiún, the Polisario proclaimed the birth of a new African nation, the Saharan Democratic Arab Republic. The S.D.A.R. claims that it has been recognized by fifty-seven Third World nations. Among these have been twenty-nine African countries (five later changed their minds), including Mauritania, which decided in 1979 to cede its portion of the area to the Polisario, including the important southerly port of Dakhla, close by one of the world's potentially richest fishing grounds. Almost immediately, however, Morocco, condemning Mauritania's move, annexed the southern Sahara. King Hassan flew down to Dakhla in March, 1980, for his annual oath-of-allegiance ceremony, and his flag has been flying over that distant outpost ever since. Attempts have been made to seat delegates from the S.D.A.R. at sessions of the Organization of African Unity, but Morocco and its allies—Senegal, Guinea, and the Ivory Coast are among them—have so far managed to thwart that move; several recent summit conferences of the O.A.U. have foundered on the question. The O.A.U. has called for a referendum among the Saharan population on the future of the region, and Hassan has acquiesced, but nobody can agree on exactly who should be eligible to vote in it, and, besides, Hassan has refused to comply with a precondition that he meet and treat with the leaders of the Polisario. He has let it be known that his representatives have had such meetings, as recently as eighteen months ago, but it is uncertain what, if anything, resulted.

From 1973 on, the Polisario kept harassing Moroccan positions in the desert. By 1978, the insurgents had damaged five sections of the phosphate conveyor belt from Bu Craa west to El Aaiún. To protect the belt and those communities, the King in 1980 began the construction of a nearly four-hundred-mile-long, seven-foot-high dirt wall, studded with electronic sensors, all the way from the Atlantic to what Morocco regards as its eastern border, and posted reinforced company-strength garrisons along it at three-mile intervals. (A separate wall surrounds Dakhla.) Three-quarters of Morocco's Army, of a hundred and forty thousand men, is assigned to duty along the wall—or, as it is often called, the berm. Although in the last year there has been some fighting, observers of the desert scene contend that the war is no longer as much a military conflict as a political struggle between Morocco and Algeria—the Polisario's main arms supplier—with the domination of Northwest Africa as the spoils. The King's Minister of State, Ahmed Alaoui, who is his second cousin and his principal spokesman, asserted in an editorial this winter in *Le Matin du Sahara*, a pro-government Casablanca daily, that if a referendum were to be held the issue would be not whether the Western Sahara became independent or became Moroccan but whether it stayed Moroccan or became Algerian.

A good deal of the weaponry that Algeria gives the Polisario comes from Libya, which gets it from the Soviet Union. At the town of Smara, on the Moroccan side of the berm, I was shown four Russian tanks captured from the Polisario, along with a heap of rockets and shells with Russian and Korean script on their casings. One Army officer there insisted that the Polisario armed forces don't include many genuine Western Saharans to begin with—that they are made up largely of Algerians and Mauritanians, with a scattering of mercenaries from the Sahel region of West Africa and (he offered no proof) from Cuba, East Germany, Vietnam, and North Korea.

Hassan has met with the President of Algeria—most recently in February, 1983—to try to patch up their considerable differences, but the gulf between them is still very wide. As for Libya, after its mercurial Colonel Muammar Qaddafi invaded Chad early last year, Hassan, who had dispatched troops to Zaire in 1977 and 1978 to keep the peace when Zairian dissidents based in Angola were trying to topple President Mobutu, was invited by France and the United States to send a similar contingent to Chad. Colonel Qaddafi took a dim view of that, and he and Hassan struck a deal: Hassan would stay away from Chad, and Qaddafi would reduce his aid to the Polisario and, while he was at it, end his regular Thursday-evening ra-

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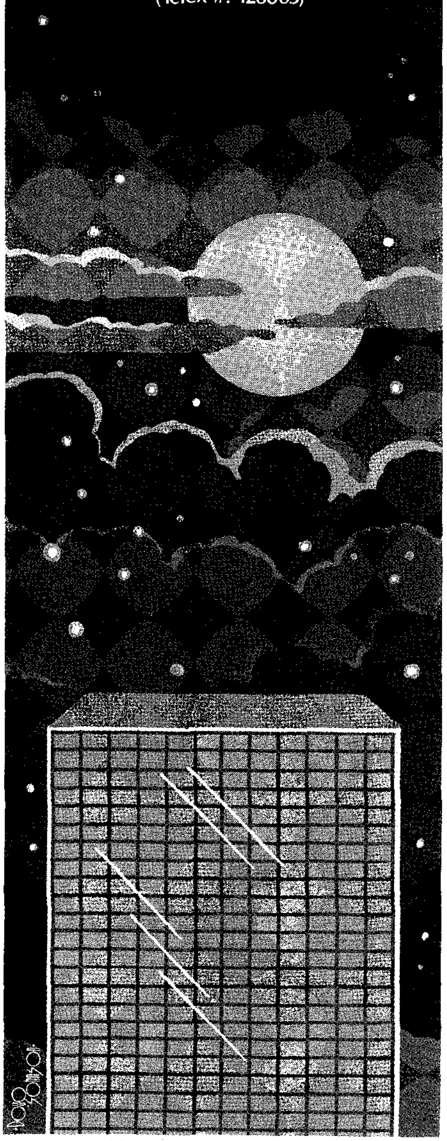

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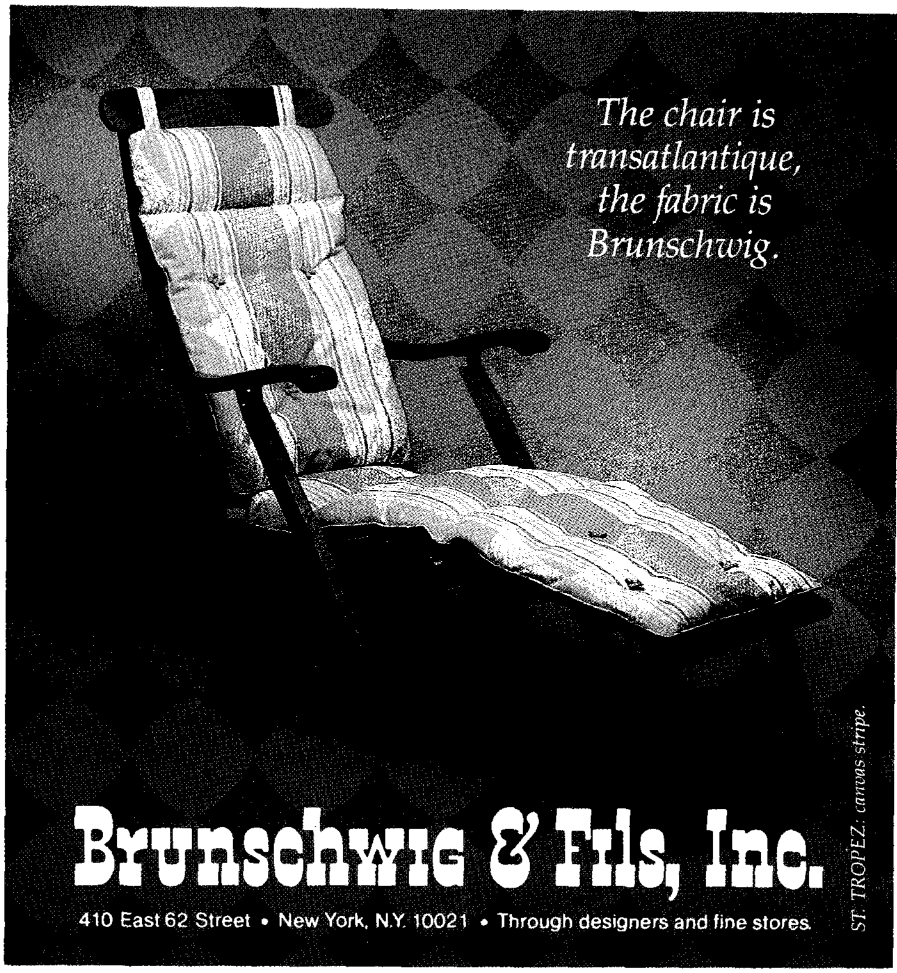
dio talks, beamed at Morocco, which had bristled with denunciations of the King. Qaddafi spent nine days in Morocco in June, 1983; according to one diplomat, he said in private there that the S.D.A.R.—of whose legitimacy he has been a stout public advocate—might be a dubious proposition. "Does it make sense," he reportedly asked, "to have still another independent Arab state with a population of only ninety thousand?"

Anti-Hassan broadcasts from Algeria, in Berber dialects and aimed at the Sahara, go on apace. Last year, it was asserted that the Polisario had occupied Smara for a month; a couple of years ago, the Polisario was said to be occupying El Aaiún. That claim gave Morocco the opportunity to invite journalists to El Aaiún to take a look for themselves. (Moroccans claim that the Polisario, for its part, has taken journalists to a desert spot that it does occupy, and has identified it for them as Smara.) Just a few weeks ago, the Algerian radio broadcast reports that the Polisario's navy—it was a surprise to some that the insurgents had one—had demolished the phosphate-loading pier below El Aaiún. According to the American Embassy in Rabat, there had been only an unexplained explosion on a part of the pier that had not been used since a ship ran into it several years before. The members of one Moroccan infantry company I visited by helicopter at a stark outpost along the berm—large stone letters arranged on the gritty desert guide pilots to each such tiny fortress—had plenty of transistor radios and seemed amused at being informed from Algeria every so often that their position had just been overrun. They also appeared quite comfortable, though all their water has to be carried in by tank truck, and though they spend six months in their isolated bunkers between twenty-day leaves. Some of the freshest and tastiest bread I've ever sampled had just emerged from an underground oven. There was an underground classroom for military training, with stone desks and chairs (eight hundred tons of rock had been trundled in to build the camp), an underground mosque, a Turkish bath, a sauna, a soccer field, and, at one machine-gun post, a pot of onions growing, so that the men perched there staring out at the bare desert would also have something green to gaze at. Not a soldier present had seen an enemy for months. "You understand that this is all temporary," one of the officers told me. "The berm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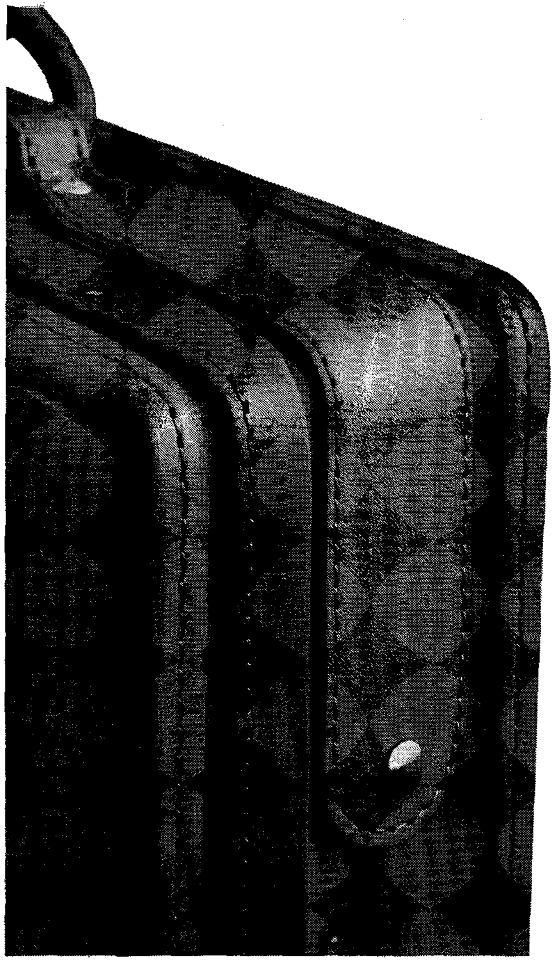
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might be moved at any time." At the moment, however, there are no indications that this very peculiar war will not go on, consuming resources from many quarters, for a long time.

As we returned from what I suppose could be called the front, a few drops of rain splashed against our helicopter's windshield. The pilots were astonished, and didn't flick on their wipers. It was too precious and extraordinary a sight to obliterate. A few days later, when I was in Fez, there was a torrent of rain (too late, alas, to save much of this year's parched crop), and the very first words that King Hassan uttered when I called on him at his palace there expressed his joy at that gift of nature. (Owing to a mixup in communications, I was fifteen minutes late, but the King seemed unoffended by that lèse-majesté.) He did not need the rain personally. The Fez River runs through his palace grounds, and his fountains, indoors and out, were in full, graceful flow. Hassan, who is sometimes called a frustrated architect, rebuilt that palace, which is surely one of the grandest and most ornate on earth. Each of its hundreds of rooms (I got to see only about twenty of them) is dazzling. One anteroom alone has twenty crystal chandeliers, no two alike; and the staff includes twelve men whose sole function is to prepare flower arrangements. "All my ancestors built, for a thousand years," Hassan once told General Walters. "My task is to restore." He has encouraged the training of young Moroccans in wood carving and in mosaic and tile work. A Moroccan pavilion is supposed to open this fall at Epcot Center, the Walt Disney tourist attraction in Orlando, Florida. Earlier this year, Hassan gave permission for thirty skilled artisans who had worked on his palaces at Fez and Casablanca to be flown to the United States to decorate the pavilion. They put in such long hours, including Saturdays and Sundays, that they were soon far ahead of the American workers on the job.

The King, a law-school graduate who speaks perfectly good English but prefers to be interviewed in French, received me and an interpreter in one of his smaller sitting rooms. He was seated in a golden chair, but it was hardly a throne. He was wearing a sports jacket, gray flannels, and tasselled loafers. In the buttonhole of his lapel was what had to be one of the

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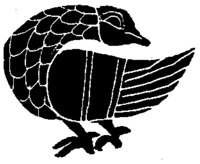
least necessary identification badges on earth—a small gold crown. He is short in stature, slender in build, with an expressive face; his hands, when he was not smoking a cigarette (on a table beside him he had his pick of seven brands), were in constant motion.

Referring to what I had so often been told, I asked if he considered himself the glue that holds his country together.

"It's not my person that's the cement," His Majesty said. "It's the institution of the monarchy. You know, there's a great deal of diversity among my people, from the Er Rif Mountains south into the desert, and the various regions have various traditions and customs. My great dream is for Morocco to have a system similar"—this was a surprise—"to West Germany's, with regional parliaments, so that the specialness of each region can be preserved. When that day comes, the cement will be still stronger, and my function will be to manage and coördinate the scattered organizations. It won't be easy. Moroccans, after all, are Mediterranean people. But we will try." He smiled. "I'm going to indulge in a kind of subversion—to subvert by democratic means people's natural instincts toward anarchy."



What about his troubles with the Polisario? I asked.

"You've been to El Aaiún and you've noticed that not a single one of my soldiers on the streets there is armed," the King said. "That's the best proof that we are not really at war. I don't care how many countries may recognize the S.D.A.R. We must resist them, and be patient. The whole thing's a tragicomedy. It's an imposture of history—a great lie. Anyway, whatever happens there, we belong to Africa and will always remain a part of Africa. Few people, though, have given sufficient recognition to the role that Morocco has played historically with respect to Europe. The Turks first invaded Europe from the east, you remember, and they got as far as Vienna. Then they hoped to carry out a pincers movement by coming up from here, through Spain. But Morocco stopped them, in the sixteenth century. If it hadn't been for Morocco, the Turks would have succeeded in that pincers movement, and that would have been the end of European civilization. For seven centuries, Morocco has been a rampart for Europe, but nobody puts that in the history books."

I asked His Majesty whether in organizing his nonviolent Green March he had been at all influenced by the example of Mahatma Gandhi.

"The movie hadn't come out yet," the King answered, with another smile. "The most difficult part of all that, actually, was not in telling my people to walk. It was in saying, 'Stop. Go home.' Have you heard the story of the Spanish journalist who, when he got wind of the march, rushed as close as he could get to the scene by air, hailed a taxi, and told the driver to chase after the marchers? The driver switched on his car radio just after I had decided we had gone far enough. He heard me say, 'My children, stop. Go home.' So he stopped his car, turned around, and went home." The royal smile broadened into a grin. "You know, I'm not sure my father would have organized the Green March, though my father prepared me for fifteen years," the King said. "Nor can I expect my successor, no matter how I train him, to be exactly like me. The important things are to know your geography and to be trained to analyze events. God will accomplish the rest. I haven't always judged things correctly. I've made some mistakes. But since I don't have an electorate to worry about, and don't, like your President, have to bother with lobbyists and the like, I feel much freer to take the actions and decisions required of me. What I would like most to do in the immediate future is to persuade our students to stop going in for protracted university studies and, instead, to take two-year courses and become what this country needs—technicians, electricians, plumbers. I've heard of one African chief of state who was having trouble with his bathtub and had to stand in line for a plumber. When students get advanced degrees, they can become beneficial to their country only if there are opportunities for them to practice their specialties. I want to end up with people who will be somewhere between a small worker with a shovel and a professor with his head in the clouds. The people I would like to have trained will never be a cause of strife. As far as their families are concerned, they'll be earning two or three times what the higher-level students can hope to get. If we continue on the same educational path, it could be catastrophic. Problems arise when people won't work with their hands anymore."

The King said he anticipated no difficulty in finding enough instructors for his program—thanks, ironically, to the Socialist government of France, which is encouraging more and more people to retire at fifty-five. "A lot of people don't want to retire at fifty-five," said His Majesty, who turns fifty-five this month. "So I can have all the teachers I need to call on, by offering them housing, a small salary, and a place where French is spoken. Also, many Canadians are available, who not only speak French but, as a bonus, could teach Moroccans English. I've been promised by my Minister of Education that after my plan gets under way there won't be any more universities built here before the year 2000."

At that point, a servant came in and muttered something to the King, and the King said he would have to excuse himself—he had an ailing elbow, and a doctor was waiting to treat it. "I hurt it playing golf," the King said. "It was a bunker shot." I gathered that, aside from some passing discomfort, he had got himself out of that bunker all right; and he gave me no reason to think that he had any qualms about just as neatly extricating himself, and his children, from all their other troubles.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

4,411,924
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Michael R. Sevenants, Forest Park, Ohio, assignor to The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Continuation of Ser. No. 299,701, Sep. 8, 1981, abandoned. This application Mar. 18, 1983, Ser. No. 476,650
Int. Cl.^{3} A23L *1/226*
U.S. Cl. 426—534 33 Claims

1. A cream flavor composition, which consists of:

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(b) a higher methyl ketone component selected from the group consisting of 2-undecanone in an amount of from about 0.0014 to about 600 ppm, 2-dodecanone in an amount of from about 0.0014 to about 600 ppm, 2-tridecanone in an amount of from about 0.0085 to about 800 ppm, 2-tetradecanone in an amount of from about 0.0085 to about 800 ppm, 2-pentadecanone in an amount of from about 0.0800 to about 1000 ppm, 2-hexadecanone in an amount of from about 0.0080 to about 1000 ppm, and mixtures thereof.

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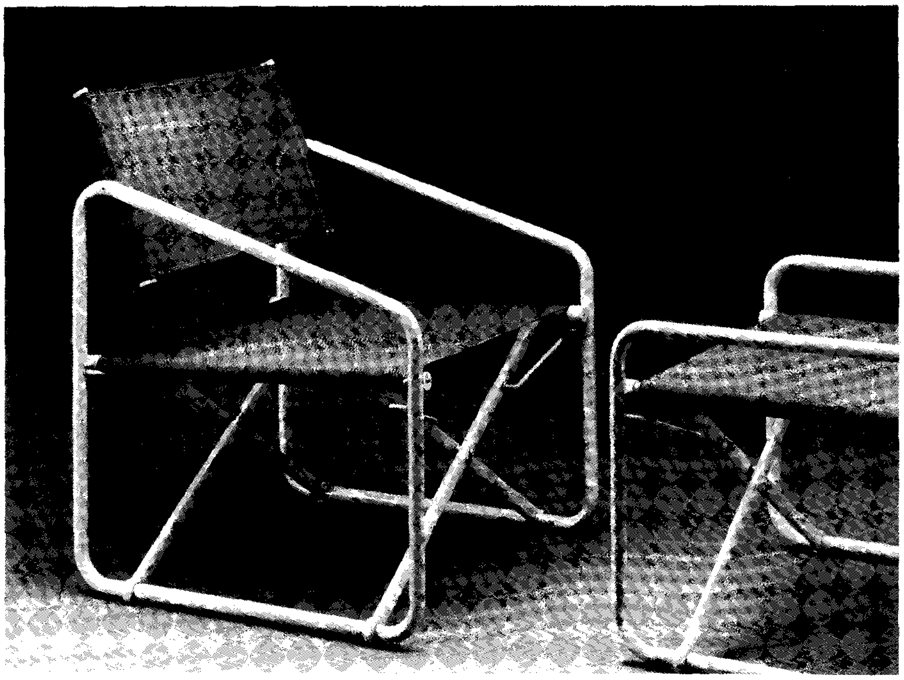

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THE ART WORLD

True to Life

BACK in 1981, the painter David Hockney agreed to participate in a program at the National Gallery in London entitled "The Artist's Eye," in which he was invited to select a group of Master paintings from the museum's bounteous collections and, serving as guest curator, explain in a brief catalogue essay why those particular paintings mattered so much to him. He chose a Piero della Francesca, a Vermeer, a van Gogh, and a Degas. In the course of his essay, he celebrated the richness of the experience of looking at such paintings—especially when compared with the poverty of the experience of looking at most ordinary photographs. With a certain irony, he suggested that the only thing photography was much good at conveying—or, at any rate, conveying truthfully—was another flat surface, as in the reproduction of a fine painting. "About sixty years ago, most educated people could draw in a quite skillful way," he concluded. "Which meant they could tell other people about certain experiences in a certain way. Their visual delights could be expressed . . . Today people don't draw very much. They use the camera. My point is, they're not truly, perhaps, expressing what it was they were looking at—what it was about it that delighted them—and how that delight forced them to make something of it, to share the experience, to make it vivid to somebody else. If the few skills that are needed in drawing are not treated seriously by everybody, eventually it will die. And then all that will be left is the photographic ideal which we believe too highly of."

Many New Yorkers will find these comments surprising, because—having in the meantime seen not just one but two highly successful gallery exhibitions of the results—they will realize that about the only thing Hockney has been doing since he wrote that manifesto is taking photographs. In fact, over the past three years Hockney has taken tens of thousands of photographs and deployed them in increasingly intricate collages. This fall, Knopf will release a book surveying the results of that passion. During the past year, as Hockney has been supervising the production of that book, I've had several occasions to talk with him about this curious detour in his career.

The first time we met, I was calling on him at his home and studio in the Hollywood Hills, just off Mulholland Drive, overlooking Los Angeles, and the first thing I asked him was what, given his previously documented prejudices, he was doing taking photographs at all. "Ah, well," he replied impishly. "You mustn't overinterpret those comments." Hockney is only forty-eight years old—disarmingly young for an artist who has maintained a world-level following for nearly twenty-five years. His mild Yorkshire accent betrays his English origins, although he sports a yellow-and-red checkered cap across which is emblazoned the word "CALIFORNIA"—in homage to the state that has been his adopted home for almost twenty years. His face is genial, his round features emphasized by round glasses (the left frame gold, the right one black). Blond hair shags out from beneath the cap. Every time I met with him, his socks were mismatched (now purple and green, now yellow and red), always with a casual but seemingly self-evident authority. He is of medium height, but it takes a while to realize this, because he usually lumbers about with the comfortable slouch of a tall man. "It's not that I despised photography *ever*," he continued. "It's just that I've always distrusted the claims that were made on its behalf—claims as to its greater reality or authenticity. Actually, I've taken photographs for years. Snaps, I'd call them—pictures of friends and of places we'd visit. When I'd get back here, I'd put the pictures in albums. Since the mid-sixties, I've managed to fill several each year. During some periods, I was more involved than others. I mean, clearly, all along I've had an *ambivalent* relationship to photography. But as to whether I thought it an art form, or a craft, or a technique—well, I've always been taken with my curator friend Henry Geldzahler's answer to that question when he said, 'I thought it was a *hobby*.' "

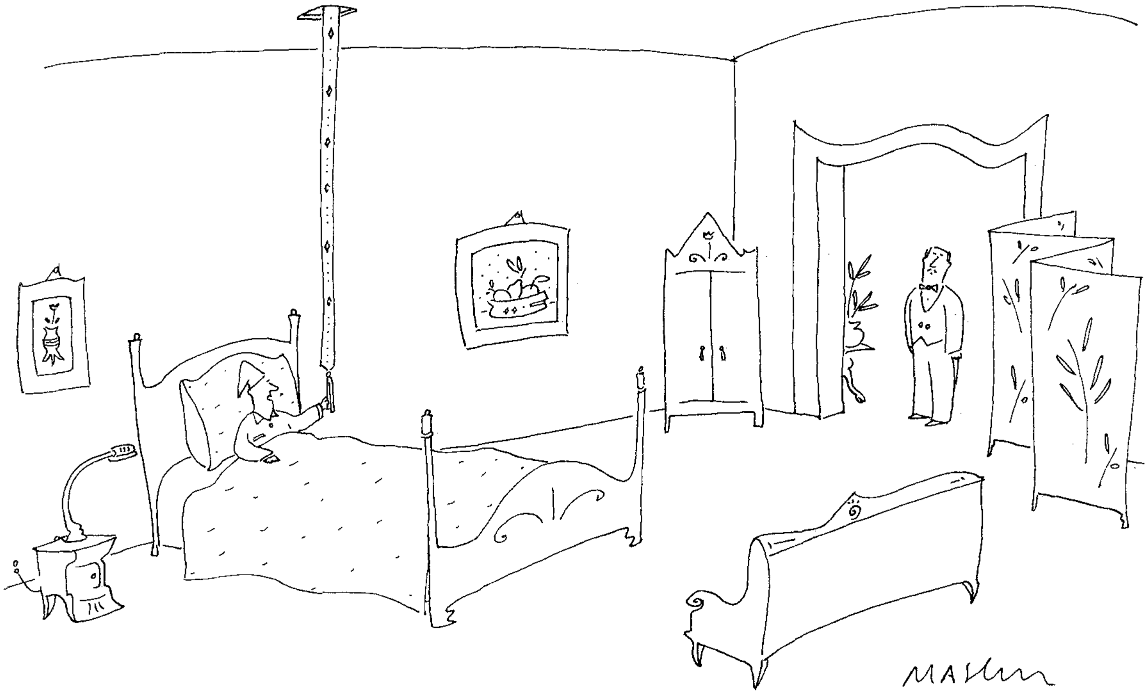
Beginning in 1968, Hockney often used photography as an *aide-mémoire* in his painting. Several of his most famous portraits—for example, that of Ossie Clark and Celia Birtwell—were preceded by dozens of photographic studies, along with many pen-and-ink sketches. He'd photograph the furniture, the walls, the way light fell across the room at different times of the day; details of faces, hands, limbs; impressions of stances and postures. Photo-realism had come very much into vogue around that time, but Hockney wasn't interested in achieving a photographic likeness—a painting that would look "as real as a photograph." (Many photo-realist paintings were, in fact, slavishly traced onto the canvas from the projected slide of a photograph.) Rather, he was using the photographs to jog his memory; the confluence of dozens of discrete recollections and observations would form the eventual painting, which would achieve a sort of distillation of the essence of all the studies that had preceded it. If anything, by using photographs in this manner he came to distrust their purported reality all the more.

"I mean, for instance, wide-angle lenses!" Hockney exclaimed that first afternoon. "After a while, I bought a better camera and tried using a wide-angle lens, because I wanted to record a whole room or an entire standing figure. But I hated the pictures I got. They seemed extremely untrue. They depicted something you never actually saw. It wasn't just the lines bending in ways they never do when you look at the world. Rather, it was the falsification—your eye doesn't ever see that much in one glance. It's *not true to life*."

To get around this problem, Hockney began making "joiners." For example, when he needed a photograph of his friend Peter Schlesinger standing, gazing downward, as a study for his "Portrait of an Artist (Pool with Two Figures)," in 1972, he took five separate shots of Peter's body—head and shoulders, torso, waist, knees, feet—and spliced the prints together, effecting the closest possible overlap. "At first, I was just going through all this because the result—the depiction of the particular subject—came out looking clearer and more true to life than a single wide-angle version of the same subject," Hockney explained. "However, fairly early on I noticed that these joiners also had more presence than ordinary photographs. With five photos, for instance, you were forced to look five times. You couldn't help looking more carefully."

Throughout the seventies, Hockney continued to take photographs as studies or mementos but with little interest in the medium itself. Dutifully, he'd have his assistants enter the prints in his ever-expanding shelf of albums (by the early eighties these numbered over a hundred and twenty volumes), but he was utterly careless with the negatives, tossing them unsorted into boxes. His apathy notwithstanding, other people were becoming quite interested. "The Pompidou Center in Paris kept nattering away at me for years to do a show of the photos, and I kept putting them off," he recalled. "I wasn't interested: most photo shows are boring—always the same scale, the same texture. But they kept insisting. They said they wanted to do it *because* I was a painter, and so forth. Finally, in 1981, I gave in, but I told them they'd have to come and make the selection themselves, because I didn't have a clue. So, early in 1982, the curator Alain Sayag arrived here in L.A. and spent four days looking through the albums, making his selection, and for four nights we sat here arguing about whether photography was a good medium for the artist. My main argument was that a photograph could not be looked at for a long time. Have you noticed that? You can't look at most photos for more than, say, thirty seconds. It has nothing to do with the subject matter. I first noticed this with erotic photographs, trying to find them lively: you can't. Life is precisely what they don't have. Or, rather, time—lived time. All you can do with most ordinary photographs is stare at them—they stare back, blankly—and presently your concentration begins to fade. They stare you down. I mean, photography is all right if you don't mind looking at the world from the point of view of a paralyzed cyclops—*for a split second*. But that's not what it's like to live in the world, or to convey the experience of living in the world.

"During the last few years, I've come to realize that it has something to do with the amount of time that's been put into the image. I mean, Rembrandt spent days, weeks painting a portrait. You can go to a museum and look at a Rembrandt for hours and you're not going to spend as much time looking as he spent painting—observing, layering his observations, layering the time. Now, the camera was actually invented long before the chemical processes of photography. It was being used by artists in Italy in the sixteenth century in the form of a camera obscura, which is Latin for 'a dark room.' The device consisted of a dark box with a hole in it and a lens in the hole which projected an image of the outside world onto a flat surface at the far side of the box. Canaletto used one in his paintings of Venice. His students would trace the complicated perspectives of the Grand Canal onto the canvas, and then he'd paint the outline in, and the result would appear to confirm the theory of one-point perspective. But, in terms of what we've been talking about, it didn't really matter, because the entire process still took time, the hand took time, and though a 'camera' was used there's no mistaking the layered time. At a museum, you can easily spend half an hour looking at a Canaletto and you won't blank out.



"Chalmers, you may usher in the day."

"No, the flaw in the camera comes with the invention of the chemical processes in the nineteenth century. It wasn't that noticeable at first. In the early days, the exposure would last for several seconds, or even longer, so that the photographs were either of people, concentrated and still, like Nadar's, or of *still*-lifes or empty street scenes, as in Atget's Paris. You can look at those a bit longer before you blank out. But, as the technology improved, the exposure time was compressed to a split second. And the reason you can't look at a photograph for a long time is because there's virtually no time *in it*—the imbalance between the two experiences, the first and second lookings, is too extreme.

"Anyway," Hockney concluded, "Sayag and I spent four nights having these arguments, and in the daytime he made his selection." The trouble came when it was time to find the negatives amid the many boxes, so that proper reproductions could be made. "There was no way they were going to find them in four days, so instead we went down to a store and bought several cases of Polaroid SX-70 film and came back up here and photographed the prints Sayag had selected, so that he could go back to Paris and prepare the show." The curator left, the negatives were eventually ferreted out, and by the summer of 1982 the Pompidou Center was indeed running a highly successful show entitled "David Hockney, Photographer."

Meanwhile, back in Los Angeles, Hockney was left with several dozen packs of unused Polaroid film. The morning after Sayag departed, Hockney loaded his Polaroid and started on a tour of his house, snapping details. Beginning in the living room—the very room we were now talking in—he cast three views of the floor, moving left to right, then three views of the middle distance, and then three views of the ceiling, with its lovely skylight. There was no attempt to effect the sort of exact matching *which had characterized his joiners.* (Chairs and tables were repeated from shot to shot, from slightly different vantages.) The third middle-distance view included a sliding glass door and, through it, the blue of a deck. He now went out onto the deck, repositioned himself, and shot another series of images, with new perspectives but similar repetitions. In the corner of the rightmost of these middle-distance images could be seen the top of a blue staircase leading downward. Repositioning himself once again, leaning out over the edge of the balustrade, he shot still another series—this time of the blue steps and the garden and pool toward which they led. Already, as he was shooting the individual Polaroids, he *was arranging them into a compo*sition, laying the square SX-70 prints side by side, reshooting perspectives where the images didn't quite meld or where the articulation of space became confused. By the time he was through, he'd created a rectangular panel consisting of thirty individual square images arranged in a grid—three squares high and ten wide—which uniquely conveyed the experience of walking through that house from the living room onto the deck, down the stairs, and toward the pool. And yet this movement was not conveyed in traditional comic-book style or in the staccato-cinematic mode of Eadweard Muybridge, where each new frame implies a new episode or another staggered step. The entire panel read as an integrated whole—as a house, a home, through which the viewer was invited to move from inside to outside and then back.

Indeed, what this collage finally looked most like was the very experience of looking as it occurs across time. Hockney glued the thirty Polaroids onto the panel and then inscribed across the white borders of the bottom ten squares, "My House, Montcalm Avenue, Los Angeles, Friday, February 26th, 1982." And he was off: during the next three months he would compose more than a hundred and forty Polaroid collages. By the summer, they would be the focus of three separate exhibitions—in New York, Los Angeles, and London. A couple of them would even be included in the show at the Pompidou Center.

"From that first day, I was exhilarated," Hockney recalled as he showed me a reproduction of the house collage. "First *of all,* I *immediately real*ized I'd conquered my problem with time in photography. It takes time to see these pictures—you can look at them for a long time, they invite that sort of looking. But, more important, I realized that this sort of picture came closer to how we actually see—which is to say, not all at once but in discrete, separate glimpses, which we then build up into our continuous experience of the world. Looking at you now, my eye doesn't capture you in your entirety. I see you quickly, in nervous little glances. I look at your shoulder, and then your ear, your eyes (maybe, for a moment, if I know you well and have come to trust you—but even then only for a moment), your cheek, your shirt button, your shoes, your hair, your eyes again, your nose and mouth. There are a hundred separate looks across time from which I synthesize my living impression of you. And this is wonderful. If, instead, I caught all of you in one frozen look, the experience would be dead. It would be like—it would be like looking at an ordinary photograph."

No sooner had Hockney achieved his breakthrough with his tour-of-the-house collage than he began training his Polaroid on people. By the end of his first week of voracious experimentation, he had achieved what would prove one of the most fully realized collages in the entire series—a warmly congenial portrait of his friends the writer Christopher Isherwood and the artist Don Bachardy. The two emerge from a grid of sixty-three Polaroids (seven squares by nine). Isherwood, the aging master, is seated; there is a wineglass in his hand and a cheerful gleam in his eye, which is trained upon the camera. The younger Bachardy stands, leaning against the wall and looking down affectionately at his longtime friend. Isherwood's head is basically captured in one square still, but Bachardy's hovers, a play of movement, fanned out into six separate squares—that is, six separate vantages, six separate tilts of the head, six separate moments of friendly concentration. Bachardy's six heads give the impression of a buzzing bee bobbing about Isherwood's still flower of a face. And yet the six vantages read, immediately, as one head. And, indeed, a head no larger than Isherwood's. If anything, Isherwood's face is the center of attention, the fulcrum *of the* image.

"In this case, at first they were both looking at me," Hockney explained as we examined a reproduction of the collage. "But as the minutes passed I noticed that Don spent more and more time gazing down at Christopher with that fond, caring look that so characterizes their relationship. So the piece changed as I was making it."

By way of contrast, back in 1975 Hockney had snapped a photo of his friend Henry Geldzahler, cigar in hand, making a point in conversation with Andy Warhol. The two were seated, facing each other, and a Great Dane stood guard at Warhol's side, facing the camera. Behind them was a mirror, in which you can see Hockney standing, taking the picture. Behind him was another mirror, where, again, you can see the conversationalists and the dog. Strangely, it's only in the second reflection that you notice that the dog isn't real: it's stuffed. And, looking back at the figures of Geldzahler and Warhol, you can't really tell the difference. "That's the whole point," Hockney told me. "In ordinary photographs, *everybody's* stuffed." In this new portrait, however, Isherwood and Bachardy are anything but stuffed. Theirs is a living relationship: it's living right there before your eyes.

"It took me over two hours to make that collage," Hockney continued. "I'd snap my details, spread them out on the floor while they developed, and go back for more. Christopher said I was behaving like a mad scientist, and there *was* something mad about the whole enterprise. When you look back at the completed grid, it looks as if each shot were taken from one vantage point—there is, as it were, a general vantage—but if you look more closely you can see that I was moving about all over. The lens on a Polaroid camera is fixed: you can't add closeup or zoom lenses, or anything. So to get a closeup of the floor I had to get *close up* to the floor. In this other one here, of Stephen Spender"—Hockney pulled out a reproduction of a remarkable composite portrait with the writer seated in the foreground and Hockney's living room receding into the background—"I spent so much time in the back of the room, *behind* Stephen's chair, that finally he exclaimed, 'Are you still taking *my* picture, David?' "

The three exhibitions of these Polaroid collages, when they were mounted a few months later, would go under the rubric "Drawing with a Camera"—assay and correction, approximation and refinement, venture and return. "The camera is a *medium* is what I suddenly realized," Hockney told me. "It's not an art, a technique, a craft, or a hobby—it's a tool. It's an extraordinary drawing tool. It's as if I, like most ordinary photographers, had previously been taking part in some long-established culture in which pencils were used only for making dots—there's an obvious sense of liberation that comes when you realize you can make lines!" And, for all their beauty as color-saturated objects (Hockney, as ever, is an extraordinary colorist: he somehow manages to coax colors out of Polaroid film you'd never have imagined were in there), these collages are principally about line. An inner sleeve crease, for example, aligns in the next frame with the outer sleeve contour, and contours generally jag from one frame to the next—a series of locally abrupt disjunctions merging to wider coherence. But there is also, in some of these collages, as in some of Hockney's finest pencil drawings, a remarkable psychological acuity at work. In the Spender combine, for example, the face itself develops out of six squares—three tall and two wide. Those aspects to the left are alert, inquisitive, probing; those to the right are weary, resigned. Spender, Hockney seems to be suggesting, is both. Around the same time, Hockney contrived a poignant study of his housekeeper, Elsa, with her four children grouped around the kitchen table. Little Diana peers out at the camera, adorably, from her mother's lap. Her mother meanwhile is looking over to the side at her second-oldest son, who is looking back benignly at her. Her youngest son is looking calmly out into space, with a hint of a smile. Each of the faces exists serenely whole, centered in its square: a great, soft, uncomplicated calm circulates lovingly among them. Only the oldest son, standing in the middle, his lean body taut and his hands shoved in his pockets, seems to exist apart: his face is divided between two squares, and his gaze seems more complex, anxious, intent—as if in growing he were growing out of this simple household. He seems as divided as his face.

For a while, Hockney's collages got bigger and bigger. (The biggest—consisting of some hundred and eighty-five squares—took more than three hours to complete and involved seven models.) By the end of the Polaroid series, however, Hockney had so mastered his technique that he could radically reduce the scale of the collages while sustaining the complexity of the images at a level he'd attained in the largest works. The masterpiece of the series is arguably one of the last collages, a forty-nine-square composite of the late British photographer Bill Brandt and his wife, Noya, who are portrayed seated as they gaze down at the floor before them, where their own composite is slowly coming into being. The piece becomes an intimate celebration of their intense concentration.

"I think some of the most effective collages in both the Polaroids and my more recent series involve the theme of looking—of looking at people looking," Hockney commented as we examined the Brandt collage. "There's a kind of doubling, an intensification of the experience. For that matter, looking itself has been the central subject of all these collages. Ordinary photography, it seems to me, is obsessed with subject matter, whereas these photographs are not principally about their subjects. Or, rather, they aren't so much about things as they are about the way things catch your eye. I don't believe I've ever thought as much about vision—about how we see—as I have during the last few years." And Hockney's collages are, in turn, a school for vision. In ordinary photographs, a whole is presented from which details can be elicited. Hockney seems to suggest that this is the opposite of how we actually see the world. For him, vision consists of a continuous accumulation of details perceived across time and synthesized into a larger, continuously metamorphosing whole. "Working on these collages, I realized how much thinking goes into seeing—into ordering and reordering the endless sequence of details which our eyes deliver to our mind," he explains. "Each of these squares assumes a different perspective, a different focal point around which the surroundings recede to background. The general perspective is built up from hundreds of micro-perspectives. Which is to say, memory plays a crucial role in perception."

Looking, for Hockney, is interesting: it is the continual projection of

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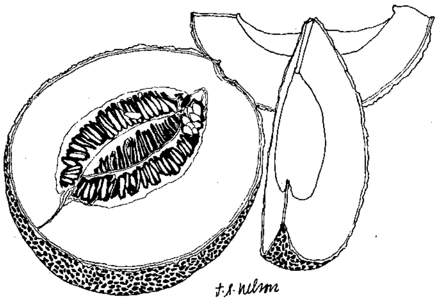
interest. "These collages work only because there is something interesting in every single square, something to catch your eye," he told me. "Helmut Newton, the photographer, visited me up here the other day, and I said, 'Everywhere I look is interesting.' 'Not me,' he replied. 'I bore easily.' Imagine! I've always loved that phrase of Constable's 'I never saw an ugly thing.' Doing these collages, I think I've come to better understand what he means: it's the very process of looking at something that makes it beautiful."

Hockney paused, suddenly very tired. "Of course," he said, "thinking intensively about looking forced me to think more carefully about Cubism, because looking—perception—was the great theme of Cubism. But let's talk about that some other time. I'm afraid I'm getting sleepy. My friends have been amused at my pace these past several months—they say I've become like a child, playing for hours on end and then just suddenly conking out. The truth is, I'm not sleeping very well: I keep waking myself up with ideas!"

WHEN I came over again a few days later, the front door was open, and I walked into the living room, where I found Hockney hunched over a proof sheet, peering intently. For a long while, he didn't even notice my presence. "Ah," he said finally, looking up. "Hallo." He set the proof sheet aside. "Have you ever noticed," he asked, as if there hadn't been the slightest interval since our last conversation, "how when you look at things close up, you sometimes shut one eye—that is, you make yourself like a camera? Otherwise, things start to swim. It becomes difficult to hold them in visual space. The Cubists, you know, didn't shut their eyes. People complained about Picasso, for instance—how he distorted the human face. I don't think there are any distortions at all. For instance, those marvellous portraits of his lover Marie-Thérèse Walter which he made during the thirties—he must have spent hours with her in bed, very close, looking at her face. A face looked at like that *does* look different from one seen at five or six feet. Strange things begin to happen to the eyes, the cheeks, the nose—wonderful inversions and repetitions. Certain 'distortions' appear, but they can't be distortions, because they're reality. Those paintings are about that kind of intimate seeing."

Among Hockney's Polaroid collages, there's an especially luscious portrait of his friend and frequent model Celia Birtwell, which seems intended as an homage to those Picasso portraits of Marie-Thérèse. Celia is wearing a white, lacy blouse, and one arm is thrown languorously behind her head. Her cheek rests calmly against the other hand. Her eyes seem to float—there are three of them. Two mouths. Two noses. A frond of curls drifts away from her forehead into the dark surround—a smoky wisp, a whisper of desire.

"Analytic Cubism in particular was about perception—about the difficulty of perception," Hockney continued, referring to the work Picasso and Braque undertook between 1909 and 1912: paintings characterized by especially dense visual composition, usually in monochrome grays or browns. "I've recently been reading a lot of books about Cubism, and I keep coming upon discussions of intersecting planes, and so forth, as if Cubism were about the structure of the object. But really it's rather about the structure of *seeing* the object. If there are three noses, that is not because the face has three noses or the nose has three aspects but because it has been seen three times and that is what seeing is like. And, yes, it's hard, but it's also tremendously rewarding. I mean, no Cubist painting jumps off the wall at you—you have to go to it. There was recently a remarkable 'Essential Cubism' show at the Tate, and I spent hours and hours there during my last trip to London. That show *forced* you to slow down. If you just glanced quickly, you didn't see anything. But, when you did slow down, the paintings just grew and grew. Your eyes darted in and out, forward and back, just like in the real world. At times, you almost forgot you were looking at pictures on a wall! Coming out of those galleries, it just happened that I was confronted with my own painting of Ossie and Celia and, right near it, a Francis Bacon triptych. The Cubist paintings had been mainly still-lifes, and here these ones of Bacon's and mine were fairly dramatic paintings of people. You'd have thought they would have stood up. But, on the contrary, following the intensity of the experience of the Cubist studies, those two paintings—based as they were on a pretty standard one-point perspective—seemed strangely distant, flat, and one-dimensional."



Hockney's love of Picasso is longstanding, although it only recently has taken on this sort of urgency. On several occasions in the last year, he has delivered a lecture he calls "Major Painting of the Sixties." Audiences are invariably surprised when he starts out by proclaiming that the most important art of the sixties did not occur in New York or California or London, nor was it a part of any Abstract Expressionist, Minimalist, or Pop movement; rather, it came into existence over a period of just over a week in March, 1965, in the South of France, in an eruption of creativity during which Pablo Picasso created thirty-three variations on the theme of the artist and his model. (Hockney himself owns one of these pieces; he discovered the others while researching his own in an exhaustive Picasso catalogue raisonné.)The claim is doubly heretical: not only are other artists usually considered to have been doing much more interesting work during the sixties but Picasso himself is thought to have been doing much more important work earlier in his career. "The sophisticated art world tends to act as if Picasso died about 1955, whereas he lived for almost twenty years after that," Hockney argues. "Common sense tells you that an artist of that calibre (the only people you can compare him to are Rembrandt, Titian, Goya, Velázquez)—that an artist of that calibre does not spend the last twenty years of his life repeating himself. It's harder to see what he's doing, perhaps. But he remains to the end far and away the greatest draftsman of the twentieth century—the artist with the most sensitive and inquiring eye and the most supple and inventive hand. Those thirty-three paintings are simply richer and more engrossing than anything else that was being done at the time. Still, at that age—at eighty-four—Picasso was finding new ways to see, new ways to express his vision!"

Hockney's Polaroid collages came into being very much in the thrall of Picasso. The portrait of Celia is but one example. Another portrait—this one of Henry Geldzahler seated on a rickety stool, his legs outspread, as he cleans his glasses—echoes Picasso's 1910 portrait of the art dealer Ambroise Vollard. There are allusions to "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" in other collages, and there are even two still-lifes—witty riffs on the old Cubist themes of guitar, tobacco can, wine bottle, and daily journal (in this case, the Los Angeles *Times*).

By mid-May of 1982, however, Hockney had stopped producing his Polaroid collages. This was partly, perhaps, because the passion had simply spent itself. It was partly, no doubt, because he now needed to redirect his energies from making collages to preparing them for exhibition—the three "Drawing with a Camera" shows were on the verge of opening. But there was an additional factor: Hockney was beginning to sense an interior flaw in the Polaroid medium. Just as cubes were not the point of Cubism, squares were not the point of Hockney's activity. But the square matrix-grid seemed an insurmountable requirement in making these collages: one cannot cut the white border from a Polaroid picture the way one might cut the crust from a slice of bread. (With Polaroids, if you cut into the tile the picture literally comes apart in your hands: the various layers of chemical pigment come unfixed.) While the vision evoked in these grids seemed more true to life than ordinary photography, the white grid itself was constrictive of that burgeoning life. It wasn't just that people began focussing on the grid (seeing Hockney's as yet another in a series of modernist variations on the grid theme—Eva Hesse, Sol LeWitt, Agnes Martin, and so forth). Rather, it was that the rectangular grid remained trapped in the window aesthetic that had been one of the principal targets of the Cubist movement.

"It can't just be a coincidence that Cubism arose within a few years of the popularization of photography," Hockney surmises. "Picasso and Braque saw the flaw in photography—all the sorts of things about time and perception which I've only recently begun to appreciate: the flaw in the camera. But in doing so they also recognized the flaw in photography's precursor, the camera obscura. Now, the camera obscura essentially *was* a dark room. It had a hole in it, and the hole was a window. You're looking out a window—that was the idea. In fact, that's why you get easel painting, which arose around the same time: the canvas was meant to be a kind of window you could slot into your own wall. This idea of looking out a window dominated the European aesthetic for four hundred years. Interestingly, by the way, Oriental art never knew the camera obscura, and their art instead looks out of *doors*. Many important works of Oriental art take the form of a screen, which, like a door, stands on the floor. The difference between a window and a door is that you can walk through a door toward what you are seeing. You cannot do that with a window: a window implies a wall—something between you and what you're looking at. A lot's been written about the influence of Oriental art during the last half of the nineteenth century—Manet's appropriation of Japanese motifs, van Gogh's use of the bold solid colors, Monet's gleanings of atmospheric perspective, and so forth—but I suspect the Oriental alternative was especially important for the Cubists. Because what they were up to, in a word, was shattering that window. Cézanne was getting there: in his still-lifes he observed that the closer things are to us the harder it is for us to place them—they seem to shift. But he still looked through a window at those cardplayers grouped around that café table. Whereas, as has often been said, Picasso and Braque wanted to break down that window and shove the café table right up to our waist, to make us part of the game."

For all that the Polaroids had taught Hockney about time and vision, they weren't going to be able to help him break down that window: on the contrary, the quaint white grid made the collages look even more window-like than most paintings.

FOR a time, it seemed Hockney had sworn off photography altogether—or, at any rate, had reverted to a decidedly off-again mode. In mid-May, he drove up to San Francisco. On the way, he veered briefly into Yosemite Valley, where, using a 35-millimetre camera, he took one sequence of nine shots of Yosemite Falls—not nine separate shots of the entire waterfall but nine segmented sections in vertical sequence, starting with the sky, trailing down the falls through the far valley, across a river, up the near shore, all the way down to his own foot (clad in a tennis shoe). Coming back to the car, he threw the camera into his pack, and he didn't

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even bother to have the film developed until the fall. During the summer, he visited England, and then, returning to the United States in early September, he travelled by car through the Southwest, to Zion and Bryce Canyons and the Grand Canyon, where he resumed taking pictures. They weren't Polaroids (Polaroids are notoriously inadequate for capturing distant vistas), although, as in the Polaroid collages, he was compiling dozens of details rather than any single wide-angle swaths. He wasn't sure what, if anything, he was up to, and he wouldn't have an inkling, really, until he returned to Los Angeles and had the film developed. Once he'd got the prints back, however, he quickly assembled a few collages and realized, with a great new surge of excitement, that he was on the verge of another breakthrough.

These new pieces were different from the Polaroids in many ways: with the Polaroids, Hockney had established a general perspective but in fact had had to move all over the room to compile the details. With the new collages, he could stay in one spot, using the camera's lens to zoom in for details at various distances. (He now alternated between a Nikon 35-millimetre camera and a much simpler Pentax 110 camera. He preferred the Pentax —a machine not much larger than a cigarette pack, which nevertheless has remarkable optical sophistication, and which he could slip into his pocket and carry around all the time, pulling it out whenever the fancy took him.) The Polaroids took hours to make, but when he'd finished shooting he'd also finished the collage. With the new pictures, the actual shooting could be completed in a few minutes (as fast as he could reload the camera), but the assembly of the collage didn't occur until he got the prints back, days or weeks later, and began building the piece on the worktable in his living room. This second stage of the process could take hours. With the Polaroids, he had had to deal with those white borders, whereas the new photographs were printed flush, with no borders, and hence no white window grid.

"I took dozens of pictures at any given site," Hockney explained, the afternoon we got around to reviewing this more recent series. "And then I just took the exposed rolls to one of the local places here, down in the *flatlands, to have them developed*—usually I'd go to this Speed Cleaning & One-Hour Processing place. It took me a long time to convince them that I truly wanted them to 'Print Regardless,' and I still get these wonderful standardized notices back with my batches of prints, patiently explaining what I am doing wrong—how I should try to center the camera on the subject, focus on the foreground, and so forth. Once I got the prints, I'd start building the collages, keeping to one strict rule: I'd never crop the prints. Somehow that seemed important to the integrity of the enterprise: things would get all messed up whenever I trimmed them. The evenness of time seemed to be tied up with a regularity in the print size. This, in turn, forced me to be aware of how I was framing the shots as I took them. In effect, I ended up 'drawing' the collages twice."

Given the dissimilarity of the two processes, it is striking how similar the earliest of these new photocollages were to their Polaroid antecedents. (For the sake of convenience, I will refer to all the collages in this later series as "photocollages," as opposed to the "Polaroid collages," of the earlier phase.) Indeed, they seemed to come as close as one could imagine to the original rectangular grid of the Polaroids: only the white borders were missing. There was very little overlap of prints. (Later, it would be rare not to find overlaps.) It seemed that, given a vista—say, the Grand Canyon, looking north—Hockney had simply framed a detail, taken a shot, moved the viewfinder over to the side of the previous detail, refocussed, taken a new one, and again, and again, and then down, zigzagging in rows, back and forth. The collage formed a perfect rectangle and, still, a sort of window.

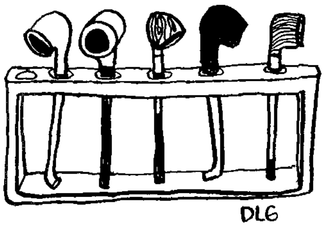
"It's incredible how deeply imprinted we are with these damn rectangles," Hockney commented as we looked at one of the early Grand Canyon collages on its cardboard panel. "Everything in our culture seems to reinforce the instinct to see rectangularly—books, streets, buildings, rooms, windows. Sam Francis once told me how odd American Indians initially found the white settlers—'these people who insist on living in rectangular-shaped buildings.' The Indians, you see, lived in a circular world.

"But these early collages were really more like studies. You did them, just as you do a drawing sometimes, to teach yourself something. It doesn't matter what it looks like when you're finished—that's not why it was made. In this case, in retrospect, I realize I was training my visual memory, and this took a lot of time." Since these prints weren't developing right before his eyes, like the Polaroids, Hockney had to be aware of which areas he'd already covered and which ones he hadn't. Even in a rectangular format, this exercise required intense concentration. Tilting the camera and anticipating intricate overlaps would require still greater skill.

Within a few days of putting together the first of the new collages and realizing he was on to something, Hockney was on the road again, back to Utah and the Grand Canyon. He took thousands of pictures during the next three or four days—enough to compose twenty-five collages. (It would take over a month to do the actual assembling once he got home.) Most of the collages from this trip concerned wider vistas, portrayed with astonishing clarity. Ordinarily, the photographer of such an expanse has to choose one point of focus, with the result that things closer or farther or to the sides are progressively more out of focus. This, according to Hockney, is another way in which photography falsifies the experience of looking. "Everything we look at is in focus as we look at it," he explains. "Now, the actual size of the zone the eye can hold in focus at any given moment is relatively small in relation to the wider visual field, but the eye is always moving through that field, and the focal point of view, though moving, is always clear." The experience of this kind of looking is preserved in collages where each frame of distant butte or nearby outcropping is in focus and comprises just about as much of the field as the eye itself could hold in focus at any one moment in the real world.

The pictorial rigor and clarity of these panels are reminiscent of the treatment of space in paintings by van Eyck, say, or Piero della Francesca—

two of Hockney's favorites. Those artists, too, went to great lengths to record each "object" at its moment of clearest focus—every object on the canvas, "near" or "far," can bear the weight of focussed attention, just like the real world, and precisely unlike the world as it is portrayed in conventional photography. "I've always loved the depiction of space in early Renaissance pictures," Hockney told me. "It's so *clear*. I think that clarity is something that has to exist in all good pictures. The definition of a bad picture for me is that it's woolly—those paintings aren't ever woolly, no matter what's portrayed. If it's a mist, it's a clear mist, and not a woolly mist. There has to be this clarity, which is the clarity of the artist who did it—the clarity of his vision, his sense of being."

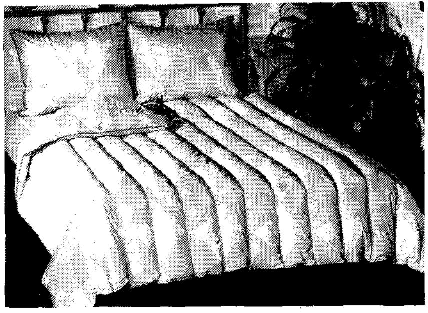


The major innovation in the new photocollages had to do less with the early Renaissance, however, than with high Cubism. For the first time, on this return to the Southwest, Hockney was beginning to break down the window. Looking at the set of collages from his earlier trip, he had quickly realized what was wrong: there was an arbitrariness to the edge—particularly the bottom edge. To a great extent, conventional photography is about edges—about how to frame the object of vision. Indeed, that is the ordinary photographer's principal contribution to the moment of seeing: his sense of composition, how he chooses to frame the world within four perpendicular edges. "But I wasn't interested in that," Hockney told me. "Already, with the Polaroids, that sort of composition wasn't an issue. I could have added a strip of squares to the left or the right, or removed one, without really affecting the experience of seeing those collages. The Cubists had a lot of problems with their edges—sometimes they tried to solve them by creating circular paintings—and it's easy to see why: there are no edges to vision, and certainly no rectangular edges." For Hockney to stop at some arbitrary middle distance was alien to the kind of vision he was now attempting. Looking at those first collages of the Grand Canyon, he immediately realized that he had to bring the picture right up to the viewer, that he had to bring the distance right up to his own feet and include the ground right in front of him as well as the canyon beyond.

"Cubism, I realized during those few days, is about our own bodily presence in the world," Hockney continued. "It's about the world, yes. But ultimately it's about where we are in it, how we are in it. It's about the kind of perception a human being can have in the midst of living." (A few months before this conversation, *Vanity Fair* had highlighted some of these collages, suggesting that they somehow blended "NASA spaceship photography with cubism." And there was a certain similarity: just as Jackson Pollock's lush optical fields of the forties and fifties might be seen as having been influenced by the telescopic photographs of distant nebulae which were just then becoming popularly reproduced, so Hockney's work can be seen as having come into existence under the sign of NASA—the sequential shutter-streams of overlapping photographs recording lunar or Martian landscapes or Saturnian rings. But it's precisely the connection with Cubism which upends this false analogy. Hockney's collages, like Cubism, are a record of *human* looking. It's exactly the point that an automatic machine could not have generated them.) From this time on, Hockney usually included photographs of his own feet in the collages. In effect, his feet stood in for him; they planted him as they plant the presence of any subsequent viewer. Indeed, standing there, facing forward into the world before them, the world of vision, the feet seem transposed figures for the eyes themselves.

Several of the Grand Canyon collages are huge and spectacular, long banners of looking, made up of hundreds of prints. But one of the most noteworthy collages of this period was taken along the Merced River, in Yosemite Valley, which Hockney visited on his return drive. In this one, Hockney has managed to convey how the sound of a rushing stream *looks*. The rectangular grid of the earliest photocollages seems to shake apart before our eyes amid the onrush of cold, tumbling mountain water. The effect is bracing. For Hockney, it was liberating. Thereafter, his collage patterning was free to dash and dart, to arch and overlap, in a celebration of fresh vision.

Over the next several months,



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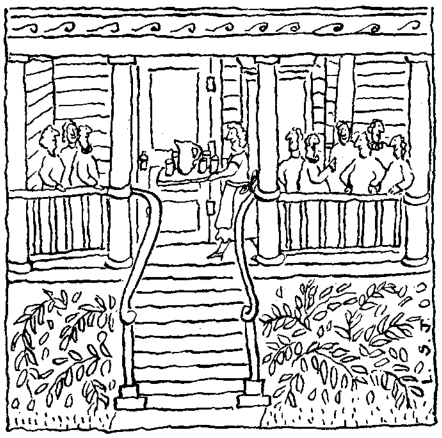
Hockney continued to record occasional landscapes. But increasingly, here again, his attention was turning back to people, and one of his preferred subjects proved to be his mother. In a particularly moving portrait, taken during a November trip to England, he portrays her in a blue-green raincoat on a slate-gray afternoon in the cemetery outside Bolton Abbey, in Yorkshire. The grass in the foreground is wet and marvellously described—a rich pelt of individual green blades. In the background rise ancient gravestones; his mother sits leaning against one of them. There is a blank rectangle, a lacuna in the middle of the collage, immediately above her head—an empty plot. Her consciousness, perhaps, of her own mortality? This is at any rate a portrait brimming with remembrance. Bolton Abbey, Hockney explains, is one of the places that she and his late father used to come to sixty years ago when they were first courting.

There were countless other portraits during the fall, the middle period of Hockney's photocollage passion—all *the subjects from the Polaroid days,* it seemed, were now being recast in Pentax. Throughout, his approach remained consistent: these middle photocollages constitute an exploration of how people are couched in space and how space is couched in time, the time of looking. The viewer, looking, experiences a living relationship in time, but it's strangely unreciprocated: the people in the picture, suspended—sitting, standing, staring, "posing"—don't quite live back at us. It was this fixity which Hockney, by mid-December, was seeking to shatter.

A poster commission for the 1984 Winter Olympics proved the occasion for one of his first efforts in the new direction. "I decided to do a study of an ice skater, and I invited a skater friend to join me at a rink out in New York City," he recalled. "I watched him for some time, and I noticed something very odd: you never see the blur. The convention of the blur comes from photography. It's what happens when motion is compressed onto a chemical plate. We've seen so many photos of blurs that we now think we actually see them in the world. But look sometime: you don't. At every instant, the rapidly spinning skater is distinct. And I wanted somehow to convey this combination of speed and clarity." The resultant collage has a lot of spin—legs flying, skates scraping, shirt billowing, head turning, arms rising, everything converging on and moving out from the focussed center, the waist—but no blur. A series of studies Hockney undertook a few days later, back home in Los Angeles during a particularly *gemütlich* dinner with the film director Billy Wilder and his wife, Audrey, proved both simpler and more successful. At one point, following dessert, Hockney noticed that Billy Wilder was fixing to light his cigar, and he immediately reached for his Pentax. In a collage—a flourish consisting of a mere six overlapping prints (and the bottom one doesn't really count, since it simply describes two elegant wineglasses on the table in the foreground)—he shows Wilder striking his match; bringing it up to his face; inhaling, momentarily distracted from the conversation, which he already seems bent on rejoining; and, in the last print, looking up, puffing contentedly, obviously framing some repartee. The prints fan out, one on top of another: the entire piece reads as one carefree, casual gesture—a toss-off.

On *the first day of the new year,* Hockney, his mother, and his friend Ann Upton sat down at the wooden table in his living room to play a game of Scrabble, with their friend David Graves keeping score. The occasion constituted both a culmination and a new breakthrough. "The game lasted two hours, I was clicking away the whole time, and I still came in second," Hockney boasted as he showed me the result. "Naturally, my mother won." And, looking at the picture, you can see she's going to: her face appears a half-dozen times, in different degrees of closeup, and every shot captures the visage of a shrewd, veteran contender. "BOSS HEN," reads the bottom file of words as the board faces Hockney. (The words "SCOWLS," "SOBS," and "POOL" are also floating in there.) The plastic board is mounted on a spindle, so that it can be rotated from one player to the next. Hockney has taken details of the board at various moments and cleverly interwoven them in the center of the collage so that it's possible, with a little study, for the viewer to reconstruct the game, or at least its key moments. We watch as Mrs. Hockney concentrates and then scores a handsome windfall by centering "VEX" over a double-word square—a neat twenty-six points. The board comes round to Ann, affording her access to a triple-word corner slot—she ponders, and ponders (five separate faces), and finally ventures the truly pathetic "NET." (Three lower-scoring letters could not have been found.) David Graves, keeping score, looks over her shoulder, considers her predicament, and then breaks into a grin at her solution: three times one times three—nine points. A cat on the side of the table looks up, rummages around, and falls back to sleep. Hockney's own tiles are arrayed on their stand before him: LQUIREU.



"He *was trying for* 'LIQUOR,' " *one* cognoscente hypothesized the day in May, 1983, when this and the other collages in this series were first exhibited in New York. "Only he kept his 'Q' way too long into the game. You can't just hold on to those big letters endlessly waiting for the right vowels to come along."

"I don't know about that," replied a friend. "What about 'LIQUEUR'? That would have given him a fifty-point bonus for using all his letters if he could have attached it to an 'S.' "

And the extraordinary thing about this collage is that it lends itself to that kind of second-guessing—it opens out onto that kind of storytelling. Indeed, it simultaneously tells a story and presents a group portrait. Dozens of hands, eyes, faces, a spinning board at countless angles: and yet at all times a recognizable picture of a group of three—implicitly four—individuals (five if you count the cat) engaged in an immediately recognizable activity.

In "The Scrabble Game," Hockney had achieved a level that he was able to sustain for several weeks—notably through a series of supple and elegant pieces that he composed on a February trip to Japan. But toward the end of that visit he began to press the terms of the challenge even further. With these late collages, he was becoming increasingly interested in the depiction of movement through space—not just the movement of people's heads and limbs as they sat talking but their movement as they walked, the movement of cars and trains, and his own movement, walking or driving through the field of vision. In a collage taken from a bridge over a narrow canal in Kyoto, for example, he preserves the linear integrity of the various vertical posts and trees that recede into the distance between the canal and a parallel street to its right. The result is that the traffic on the street is minced into dozens of narrow, clipped details—car windows, fenders, hoods, headlights. This noisy jumble of traffic plays off against the imperturbable verticals, and details from the same cars seem to move forward in a sort of stutter-progression from one frame to the next. Similarly, in another collage, as his travelling companion Gregory Evans looks out the window of a train moving through suburban Kyoto he seems to be surveying a sprawling city: it takes a moment to realize that most of this "city" is made up of the same house seen over and over again, at different distances, as the train rolls by, and that this sleight-of-collage is one of the things that give the piece its internal sense of movement.

The increasingly complex depiction of movement through space becomes important in some of the most recent collages, in which Hockney has been endeavoring to compress a three-dimensional narrative into a two-dimensional plane. "At the time I did 'The Scrabble Game,' " Hockney recalls, "Ann said, 'It's better than a movie.' And in a way it was. You see, I think we overrate the cinema in much the same way we do photography. The increasing popularization of movies may have been one of the reasons for the lapse in the progress of Cubism after the First World War. The movie must have appeared to be the most vivid and accurate depiction of reality possible—it seemed to address many of the same concerns as Cubism (the need to include time, for instance), so that many artists just gave up the terrain of depiction and took off on this journey toward abstraction. The problem is that the movie, too, is flawed. For one thing, we're back with the camera obscura—now all of us literally sit inside the dark room, staring through the rectangular hole in the wall. Furthermore, a movie must traffic in literal time and can only go forward. Even when it pretends to go back, the spool is moving forward, forcing us to keep to an established, dictated pace. There's no time for looking, as there always is in the world. I'm not saying that it's not a good medium—only that it's not what we think or thought it was. So I've recently been trying to figure out ways of telling stories in which the viewer can set his own pace, moving forward and back, in and out, at his own discretion."

As the occasion for one of these "line narratives" Hockney decided to photograph the noted photographer Annie Leibovitz, who had come out to California, on assignment from *Vanity Fair*, to photograph him. "She's a lovely, bright woman," he told me. "And we had some wonderful conversations about the issues I was grappling with. When it came time for her to take my portrait, she told me, 'I just want it to be natural. I don't want to lay anything on it.' Whereupon she packed me and her assistant into a station wagon and drove for two hours into the high desert: she wanted a plain, flat horizon. It turned out there was snow on the desert when we got there, but that didn't seem to matter. So we parked, and she and her assistant unloaded all these lamps and cables, opened the car's hood to attach the wires to the battery, dragged the equipment a few dozen yards into the desert, where they established this elaborate setup, and then finally took their supposedly spontaneous, natural pictures. Well, all the while I was snapping my snaps, and a few days later I put together this collage." He produced a board depicting the entire production—the parked station wagon, Leibovitz and her assistant deploying their paraphernalia, the open hood, the cables, the dirty footprints in the slushy snow, the huge arc lamps. And then, off to the right of the collage, Hockney included Leibovitz's portrait of him in his red pants, green smock, blue striped shirt, red polka-dot tie, and purple-and-black cap, his right hand extended, wielding the tiny Pentax. Click: counterclick! "I asked Annie if I could insert her photo of me in my collage, and she agreed. She came over a few days later to look at the result and said, 'Yeah, I had a feeling *you* got the picture that day.' "

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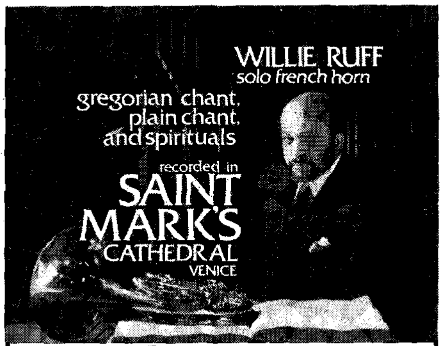

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these recent narrative pieces, the collages seem to draw even more directly on a much earlier source—the tradition of medieval painting in which one character moves through several incidents in his life across a single continuous landscape. Christ thus appears, for example, overturning the tables in the Temple, sharing the Last Supper with his disciples, being tried before Pontius Pilate, scourged in the streets, and then crucified outside the walls of Jerusalem—all on a single panel. In effect, Hockney is blending a narrative mode in common use before the invention of the camera obscura with a visual grammar developed some five hundred years later, one of whose principal ambitions was to break the hegemony of the camera obscura which had risen up in the meantime.

SOME weeks later, Hockney and I met once again, this time in New York, where he was calling on his dealer, André Emmerich. The two of them continued speaking for a few minutes, but presently Hockney walked over to me and asked if I'd like to join him for a brief visit to the Museum of Modern Art—he was going to be taking a midnight flight back to Los Angeles, and there were a few paintings he wanted to look at again before leaving town.

On our way to the museum, walking the few blocks, Hockney spoke about some of the larger issues raised by his photocollages. "What's at stake for me in this sort of work is the revitalization of depiction," he insisted. "The great misinterpretation of twentieth-century art is the claim advanced by many people, especially critics, that Cubism of necessity led to abstraction—that Cubism's only true heritage was this increasing tendency toward a more and more insular abstraction. But, on the contrary, Cubism was about the real world. It was an attempt to reclaim a territory for figuration, for depiction. Faced with the claim that photography had made figurative painting obsolete, the Cubists performed an exquisite critique of photography. They showed that there were certain aspects of looking—basically the *human* reality of perception—that photography couldn't convey, and that you still needed the painter's hand and eye to convey them. I mean, several paths led out from those initial discoveries of Picasso and Braque, and abstraction was no doubt one of them. In that sense, it's a legitimate heir. I've always felt that what was wrong with Tom Wolfe's polemic against the American Abstract Expressionist movement in 'The Painted Word' was that he never did understand that those people were *sincere*. But still you have to ask yourself, 'Why didn't Picasso and Braque, who invented Cubism, ever follow that path?' And I suspect that it's because, sitting there in Paris back in the early nineteen-hundreds, playing out the various possibilities in their minds, they could already see that abstraction led into a cul-de-sac, and they didn't need to do it to find out.

"I mean, the urge to depict and to see depictions is very strong and very deep within us. It's a ten-thousand-year-old longing—you see it all the way back to the cave paintings, this need to render the real world. We don't create the world. It's God's world. He made it. We depict it, we try to understand it. And a longing like that doesn't just disappear in one generation. Art is about correspondences—making connections with the world and to each other. It's about love in that sense—that is the basis of the truly erotic quality of art. We love to study images of the world, and especially images of people, our fellow-creatures. And the problem with abstraction, finally, is that it goes too far inward, the links become tenuous, or dissolve, and it becomes too hard to make those connections. You end up getting these claims by some of the formalist critics of the last few decades that art just isn't for everybody—but that's ridiculous.

"The revival of the figure with many of the young painters today testifies to the enduring longing for depiction, although the crude character of much of this so-called neo-expressionist drawing testifies to the deterioration in basic training which we've seen during the last couple of generations. I mean, training people to draw is basically training them to look. I'm convinced you can teach people to draw as well as Augustus John, although admittedly you can't teach them to draw as well as Picasso or Matisse. If you don't know how to draw, you end up drawing anxious-looking expressionist faces. The original Expressionists knew how to draw, and what they chose to draw was anxiety and anguish. Hence the drawing had an authority, a lasting power that is often missing in the work you see currently. The other trouble with not knowing how to draw is that you can draw yourself into certain highly mannered corners that you can't then draw yourself out of. I think a lot of work you see currently has drawn itself into those kinds of corners.

"The strange thing about the legacy of Cubism is that it did exert an influence on abstract artists during the thirties and forties and fifties but was virtually ignored by the realists. Its lessons are very hard: few people besides its originators—Picasso, Braque, Gris, Léger—have been able to deal with them successfully. Most mid-century realists went on as if Cubism had never happened. I mean, I don't mind things looking as though something never happened. In fact, there's a certain perversity in that which I sort of like. I just think that now—as the cul-de-sac of abstraction has become increasingly self-evident—for painting to go forward we have to go back to Cubism. It still has very important lessons left to teach us."

Hockney's passionate monologue had spirited us from the elevator at the gallery, across several bustling city blocks, all the way into an elevator at the Museum of Modern Art, whose doors now opened, delivering us into the temporary exhibition space in the museum's basement. Immediately before us were some Cézanne landscapes, and to the side a Picasso and a Braque. Hockney was suddenly struck speechless.

"Oh dear," he said finally, taking a deep breath. "I truly *must* get back to painting." —LAWRENCE WESCHLER

●

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[From Advance, the magazine of the University of Michigan Medical School, Hospitals, and School of Nursing]

LASER NIGHTSKY *formerly David Rosensweet* ('68M) of Mill Valley, California, is in private general practice and an attending physician at Marin General Hospital. He was recently hired by the New Mexico Health and Social Services Department to head health promotion and to write a paper on nutrition. "I give workshops around the country in holistic medicine and health," he writes. "I have been, for the last five years, involved with the Total Integration Institute's multidimensional research and expansion, a program committed as medical school, from which I have had enormous personal and professional gains in knowledge, healing, love, joy and ecstasy. I am a powerful healer, my most recent success being with multiple sclerosis. I am pioneering on a frontier of medicine and healing that goes beyond what is commonly known, believed, or accomplished. I am healthy, alive, and in love, and I have changed my name to Laser NightSky."

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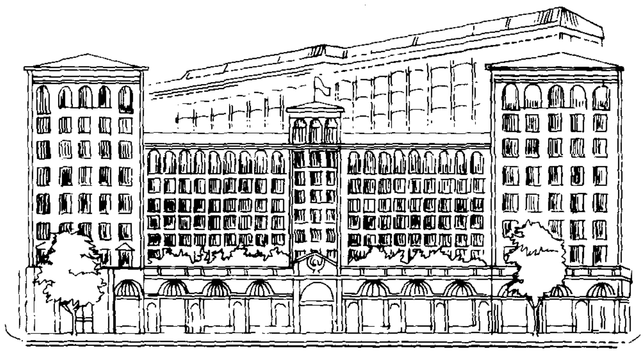

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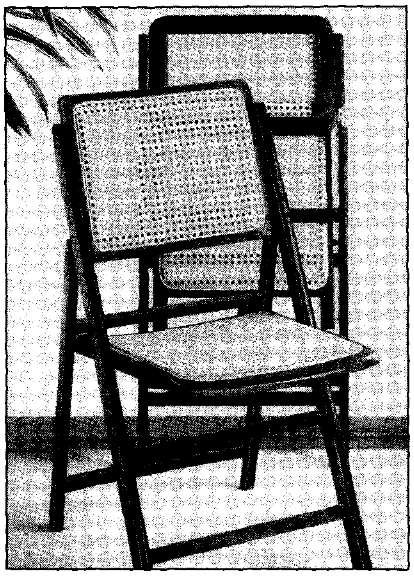

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THE ORIGINAL OLYMPIADS

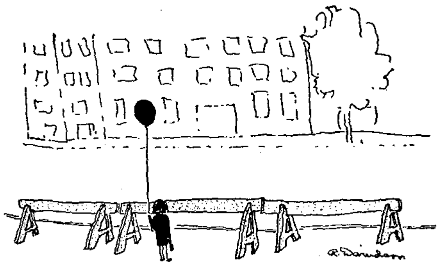
EARLIER this year, the Reagan Administration proposed that, in order to avoid politically inspired boycotts, a permanent home should be created for the Olympic Games in Greece, where they originated almost three thousand years ago, and where they continued to be held for almost twelve centuries, as part of a religious festival—a circumstance that ultimately caused their end. Few institutions contrived by man have endured so long. A while ago, my wife and I journeyed to the site, in Olympia, of the original contests, the general area now being largely visible, thanks to archeological excavation. As we stood on the edge of the huge, grassy-sided bowl that had served as a stadium for the ancient Games, we felt we could almost see the shouting, chiton-clad spectators, forty-five thousand of whom could have been seated on the sloping turf, and almost hear, from the arena below, the labored exhalations of the athletes. We were alone in a spot that had never been a town—only a religious sanctuary. Around us spread a quiet vista. I could see a mellow quality and a botanical luxuriance highly uncharacteristic of Greece. Here—in this northwest corner of the Peloponnesus, anciently known as Elis—instead of rough mountains and remote valleys watered by trickles of rock-born springs, there was a flat and fertile plain crossed by two goodly rivers, the larger of which, anciently named the Alpheus, allowed ships of those days to ascend to the site. The land stretching back from its banks, and from those of its tributary, the Kladeus, bore lush groves of oaks, pines, planes, and wild olives, the presence of which has been noted in the earliest records.

The tract below us, where the athletes performed, was a long, narrow rectangle of hard-packed earth, some thirty-five yards by two hundred and thirty, out of which sprouted here and there a stray stalk or two of weed, like vagrant hairs on a bald man's head. This was where the eight athletic events took place—the four footraces, the pentathlon, the wrestling and boxing contests, and the pancratium. A third of the way down one of the long sides we could see the stone-paved area of the box where the judges had sat. Across from this had stood the altar of Demeter, the goddess of agriculture, which was presided over by her priestess. This priestess was the only married woman permitted at the Games; the penalty for violators was to be hurled from a crag on Mt. Typaeon, a nearby peak. To the front of the altar, the excavators had found erect stone slabs. Boards laid across these would have provided seats for a handful of notables—the only seats in the place apart from those of the judges and the priestess.

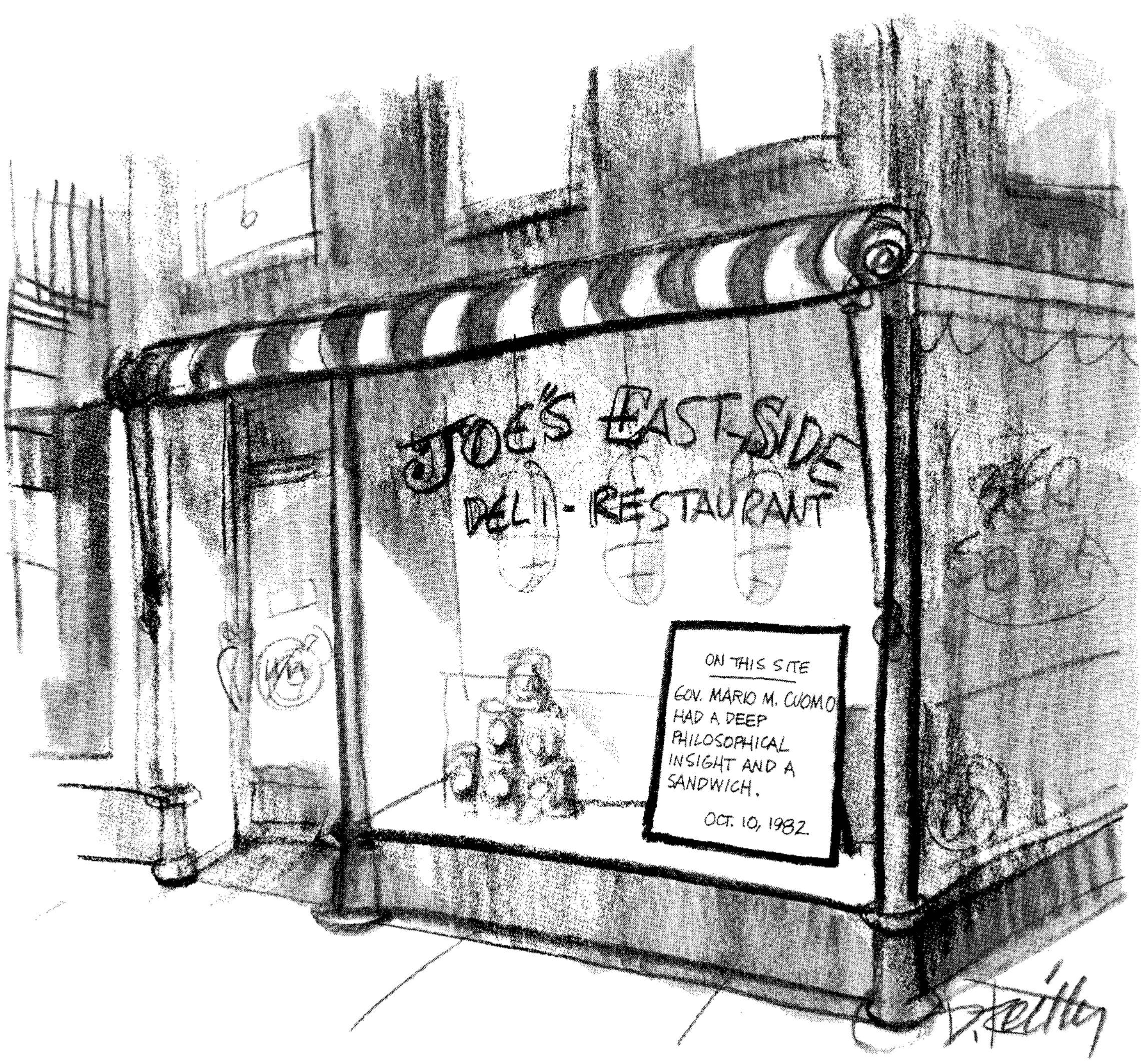
We descended the grassy slopes, noting that the long sides curved slightly inward to allow spectators at the ends a better view down the arena. Still in place were the original starting and finishing lines for the footraces. The embedded lines were of yellowish stone about eighteen inches wide and eighty feet long, and two grooves, about seven inches apart, ran the entire length of each. Every four feet along the length of the stone strip there were square holes into which posts had been placed to form the runners' lanes—the same lane width that is used in the Olympics today. The length of the sweeping stone strip allowed twenty runners to compete.

The course for the footraces was not curved, as ours is; it was a straightaway of a little over two hundred yards. The Greeks believed that the distance had been laid out by Hercules, who had paced off the route, making it six hundred lengths of his feet. Hercules' feet therefore measured one and five one-hundredths English feet apiece—substantial appendages for a substantial person. About ten yards at either end of the course provided the required space for starting and finishing.

We know how the athletes performed in the ancient sports, because their actions have been depicted in art that has survived. Much of the procedure was different from today's. First place was everything; no second or third prizes were given. The competing city-states rang up no point totals. Nor were there team events, such as relay races. In very early games, the contenders competed in short leather loincloths. But after a few Olympiads they discarded these and competed nude; the historian Thucydides tells us this was a mode introduced by the Spartans. One of the odder details, perhaps, was the placement of the judges' stand—not at the end of the course but yards away from it. I have never been able to learn the reason for this. Another oddity was the surface on which the races were run. It was a thick layer of sand on a subsurface of clay. In contrast to the low-cut, spiked shoes of today's runners, with which, at each stride, they push off from a hard track, the ancient competitors ran barefoot, the sand shifting under their feet with every step. The grooves in the embedded stone line at each end of the track served the same purpose as today's starting blocks. Although all but one of the races were short by our standards, the runners' position at the start was unlike the four-point starting crouch assumed by modern sprinters. Instead, it was a forward-leaning position like that of today's long-distance runners. The ancient competitors placed the toes of the left foot in the forward groove; those of the right, with which they pushed off, went in the rear. The Greek scholar K. Palaeologos, writing in an excellent history of the Games, "The Eternal Olympics," notes that the race began when the horizontal bars of the starting gate behind which the athletes stood dropped in unison, as an official pulled a cord to which the bars were connected.



All but one of the races were in track multiples of two, and finished at the same end of the track where they began. The shortest race, however, was a straight dash down the course. This was the one-stadium-length run, or, to use the old contraction, the one-stade run. The word "stadium" comes from the Greek *stadion*, which in its primary sense was a measure of length; namely, the length of the track on which we were standing. The single-stade and the double-stade races corresponded roughly to our 220- and 440-yard dashes. The runners in the double stade, of course, lined up at the finish line of the single stade, using the starting blocks there in order to end at the customary finishing line. This explains the starting grooves at both ends. Instead of running with the arms bent tightly at the elbows and swinging briskly, as do our short-distance men, the Greeks plowed down the course with arms outstretched and swinging wildly—a practice consistently pictured in the art of the time. Another short race was the double stade run in armor. At first, greaves, helmet, and shield were worn; later, the greaves were omitted. It has been estimated that when shield, greaves, and helmet were worn the load amounted to between fifteen and twenty pounds. The long-distance race, the *dolichos*, was twenty-four stades, or almost three miles—which could be gruelling in the Greek heat. In this contest, the runners held their arms close to their sides, as distance runners do today.


JOE'S EAST SIDE
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ON THIS SITE
GOV. MARIO M. CUOMO HAD A DEEP PHILOSOPHICAL INSIGHT AND A SANDWICH.
OCT. 10, 1982
D. Reilly

Although the short sprint was considered the main event, in that each Olympiad was named after the winner of it, in the early, vigorous centuries of the Games the winner of the pentathlon was the most profoundly admired victor of all—the superb, rounded athlete, the epitome of coördination and skill, as strong as he was swift. Four of the pentathlon events were basically the same as four of the ten contests included in today's decathlon: the stade sprint, the javelin and discus throws, and the broad jump.

In one sequence in the original pentathlon (the arrangement did not remain sacrosanct over the centuries), the standing broad jump was first. It was an eccentric event, by our standards. Competitors gripped in each hand a weight of metal or stone, called a *halter*—usually weighing three to four pounds but sometimes running to ten. Speeding to the takeoff, the jumper swung the weights backward and then forward, at which point he leaped, arms outstretched, as the impetus of the weights carried him ahead. Experiments in this century have shown that as much as eight inches can be added to a jump by this method. Because the jump was considered an exceptionally difficult sport, flutists played to inspire the athletes.

The second event was the javelin toss. The javelin was a little longer than a man was tall, and had a blunt metal tip. The modern javelin has a wrapping of cord near the middle of the shaft to afford a good grip. Not the ancient one. Contestants in this event used a leather thong, about sixteen inches long, which they wrapped tightly around the wood where they wished to grip it. The thong ended in a loop, through which the thrower placed his middle and index finger. Holding the javelin point upward and running forward, the ancient Greek threw it just about as an athlete would today. However, he kept his fingers in the loop. The thong thus unravelled, imparting a spin to the javelin. Again, tests have shown that extra distance is achieved by this method.

The discus used in the original Games would be readily recognizable as a discus today. It was of metal or stone, and surviving examples show some to have been much heavier than ours, which weigh four and a half pounds. The ancient ones ranged up to fourteen and a half pounds. They had a diameter of more than a foot, and were better than half an inch in thickness; ours are eight and a half inches across but almost two inches thick. The motion with which they were thrown very much resembled that used today, except that there was no twirling turn, turn and a half, or double turn just before the release.

A bronze discus found at Olympia had hung in the temple of Hera, not far from the stadium, and on it was inscribed a summary of the Sacred Truce and the traditional rules governing the festival: "Olympia is a sacred place. Anyone who dares enter it by armed force will be branded as sacrilegious. Equally godless is he who has it within his power to avenge a misdeed and does not do so." It is recorded by Plutarch that Aristotle saw this discus.

The stade sprint and the wrestling

match came last. A fall was achieved when one of the wrestlers forced the other to touch the ground with both knees. As in all the Greeks' body sports, there were no weight classes. Lighter men competed against heavier, relying on their anticipation and quickness to equalize matters. An early fictional description of the successful handling of weight disparity is given in the Iliad, when normal-sized Odysseus topples the huge Ajax.

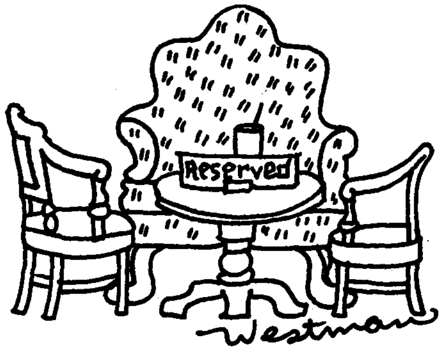
Probably the most famous athlete of the ancient Games was the wrestler Milo of Croton, a sixth-century-B.C. resident of that Greek city-state in southern Italy. He is the only Olympic champion ever to have won six victories. The Greeks talked and sang of him for generations. His strength and balance were proverbial. It was said that he could hold a pomegranate in his fist so tightly that no one could open his fingers but that when he unclasped them the fragile fruit would be undamaged. His Olympic achievements are all the more impressive when one realizes that they covered nearly a quarter of a century. He built his strength in his youth, the story goes, by daily lifting over his head a calf, continuing till it was full grown.

BOXING was probably the most brutal and dangerous of the contact sports. No penalty existed for causing a fatality unless it was the result of a foul. To train, the athletes shadowboxed or punched a hide full of sand which hung in the athletes' training quarters next to the sanctuary. There were no padded gloves, no ring. The runners' sand was cleared to make a space, and the spectators came down from the embankments to stand at a respectful distance from the fighters. As in all the sports, the judge carried a whip. Illegalities, notably kicks, brought a sharp lash, but few types of blows were prohibited. The boxers' hands and forearms were bound with strips of leather, but the fingers were left free. Thus, a blow could be a punch or a slap. Once the contest started, the pugilists went at it without interruption. There were no rounds. No record was kept of points scored. Opponents simply exchanged blows until one surrendered or was knocked senseless. It was considered a great feat if a winner emerged relatively unmarked.

As the years wore on, fist coverings became more terrifying—eventually graduating from hard and sharp leather facings to the cestus, which was often loaded with lead or iron and sometimes studded with spiked pieces of metal. The ideal boxer had a thick bull neck, the iron shoulders of Atlas, the hair and beard of Hercules, and the eyes of a lion, according to M. I. Finley and H. W. Pleket, in their authoritative book "The Olympic Games: The First Thousand Years." Not only strength, size, courage, and aggressiveness were required, however; good footwork, with quickness and skill in dodging blows, was often crucial. Thus, even in boxing, good defensive work by a lighter combatant might bring victory.

Over the years, the pancratium, the ultimate contact sport, was the greatest favorite with the spectators. The name comes from the Greek adjective *pankrates*, meaning "all-powerful." The competitors, who contended on soft ground or damp clay, not only boxed and wrestled—much of the time on the ground—but slapped, gouged, kicked, bit, choked, and twisted each other until one tapped the other on the shoulder as a sign of submission. Although generally considered less perilous and disfiguring than boxing, the pancratium was nevertheless all-out mayhem. In one bout, legend has it, a reigning champion from Arcadia was in trouble with his challenger. The latter had him in a leg-scissors hold and was also slowly strangling him. In these dire straits, the Arcadian managed to break one of his opponent's toes. The pain was such that the challenger, unaware that breaking the toe had been the Arcadian's final earthly achievement, tapped his dead body on the back and gave up. The corpse was awarded the winner's wreath, with full ceremonies, and his home city erected a statue to him.

Another ruling pancratist, Polydamas of Thessaly, was the subject of much mythology. Among other things, he was said to have been so strong that, using only one hand, he could halt a chariot in full flight. Darius, the Persian King, hearing such tales, invited the Greek to his capital. There Polydamas fought three soldiers of the imperial guard at the same time and killed them all—a feat that he may have regarded as routine.



After the tension of the contact sports, the race in armor—the last of the athletic events—may have provided some agreeable levity. There are certainly some possible comic elements in the spectacle of men in heavy armor stumbling through sand in attempts to outrun one another.

We have no reliable evidence of how far the discus or the javelin was thrown, the length of the jump, or the speed of the runners. Official records of this kind were not kept. The only glimpses of the ancient Greeks' physical attainments with which we can compare our own athletic records come from examples of long-distance running, none of which took place at the Games. In one case of military emergency, an Athenian ran a hundred and forty miles to Sparta in two days; perhaps even more remarkable, two thousand fully armed Spartans traversed the same route, in the opposite direction, in three days. The only records that *were* kept noted the names of individual winners and the number of their triumphs. Winners of more than one event in a single Olympiad were rare, even in the footraces. The athlete Xenophon of Corinth was one such rarity. Aphrodite was his town's patron goddess, and in her temple atop the Acrocorinth, the community citadel, ritual prostitution was practiced. Xenophon pledged Aphrodite twenty-five maidens to add to her votive courtesans if she would permit him to win two victories in the Games. He triumphed in the stade sprint and the pentathlon, and paid his debt.

SLIGHTLY to the south of the stadium and in the direction of the river Alpheus was the site of the hippodrome, a sizable installation about half a mile in length, in which the horse and chariot races were run—a part of the festival known as the hippic events, which began in 680 B.C., at the twenty-fifth Olympiad, with the four-horse chariot race. Horse races were added later. No trace of the hippodrome has ever been found, however. It is believed to have been completely destroyed when the Alpheus flooded early in the Middle Ages. The contests with horses and chariots were dangerous. The reins in each were handled by jockeys and charioteers hired for the job. But the winners of

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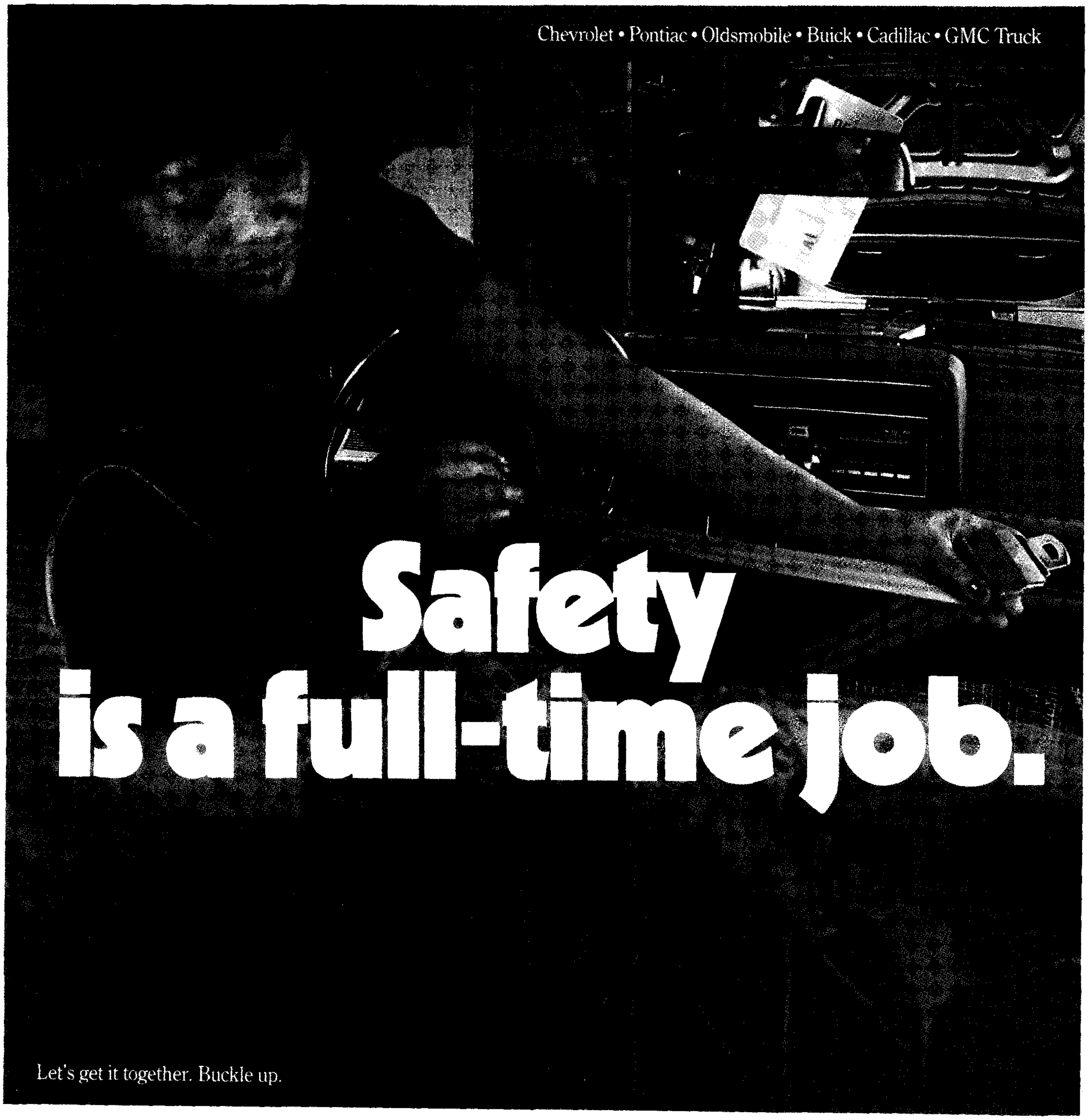
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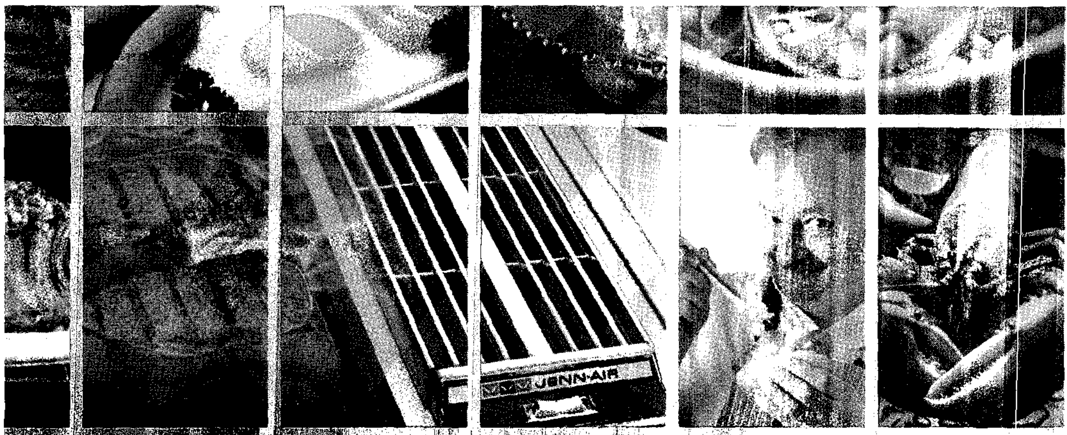

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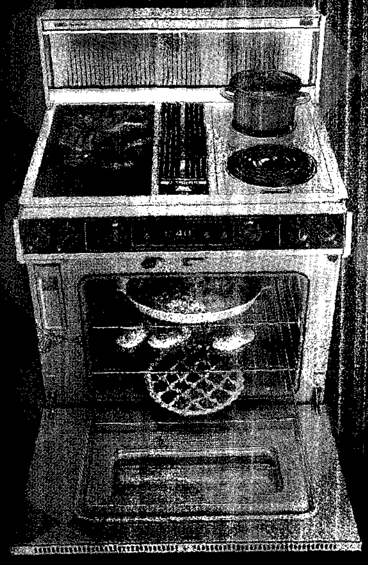

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record were the owners—rulers, nobles, and wealthy men. The charioteers stood upright in the carts, holding the lines, as has often been cinematically portrayed to us moderns. But the jockeys, in those days before the saddle, rode bareback. Typically, they were small, skilled boys, lighter than mature horsemen, their use anticipating the undersized adult riders at our meetings today. At one side of the hippodrome was an altar to Taraxippos (the Horse-Scarer), an obscure deity to whom sacrifices were made to prevent, or diminish, accidents. Most of these occurred around the course's two turning posts (set almost four hundred metres apart) during the chariot races, which could be ten miles long. Eight hippic events are known, though one of them, the mule-cart race, was quickly dropped. The hippic events were popular and, when their fields were large, could clog the schedule of the Games. Callias, an Athenian pancratist, during one of the frequent alterations in the schedule of events, complained bitterly that numerous heats in the hippodrome had forced him to fight by moonlight—a poor setting, he contended, for a display of his talents.

The festival's many traditional contests were also varied from time to time by cultural events. There was a competition among heralds and another among trumpeters. Herodotus read some of his history aloud. Pindar recited his odes. Other poets and orators and philosophers frequently took part. Plutarch tells us of another special episode, at the seventy-sixth Olympiad (476 B.C.). As Themistocles entered the stadium, the massed spectators, momentarily forgetting the athletes, in unison cheered the man who, against the Persians at Salamis, had won perhaps the most important victory in the annals of ancient Greece.

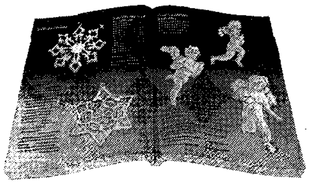
In addition to the hippic events and the men's athletic contests, competitions for boys were eventually introduced: the stade sprint, wrestling, the pentathlon, boxing, and the pancratium. Competitors were required to be between twelve and eighteen years of age—a stipulation that in an era when public records of birth were lacking could well have caused some discord. An imbroglio of a quite different order occurred once during one of the boxing contests for boys. Though matrons were barred from the Games under pain of death, a Rhodian widow, Kallipateira, connected with a family of famous athletes, was so eager to see her son box in the Games that she entered the precincts disguised as his trainer. Filled with excitement when he triumphed, she rushed to embrace him—an act that revealed her sex. Out of respect for her father, her brothers, and her son, all of whom had gained Olympic victories, she was spared death, but a law was passed that thereafter all trainers had to be nude.

The thousands upon thousands of people who attended the festival, especially in its later stages, attracted hordes of itinerant food-and-drink venders, mountebanks, acrobats, and prostitutes—all the hangers-on that normally follow any great convocation. Admission was free. Housing accommodations in the area were overloaded. Rich men set up tents around the sanctuary, as did many of the city-states for their principal dignitaries. More humble spectators slept by the stadium on blankets or skins thrown on the ground.

MY wife and I ascended the stadium embankment from the flat arena on our way to the sanctuary proper, the Altis, or sacred grove of Zeus, which was just beyond—a plot of eight and a half acres in and around which had stood the temples, the outdoor altars, the training buildings, the hostels, and the baths, substantial remains of which still lie within the sylvan grounds. The most important building, overshadowing all the others by far, had been the temple of Zeus, to whom the festival and the Games were dedicated.

My wife and I reached the Altis through the entrance that the competitors had used. It had been a vaulted stone passageway over thirty yards long, equipped with benches. Now it was open to the sky except at the outlet, where the passageway joined the Altis: there one remaining section of arch curved splendidly overhead. The interior may have provided a cool shelter from the summer sun for athletes awaiting their turn to perform. At midday in Greece during the heat of summer, when the Games were held—a period of virtually no rain and cloudless skies—temperatures could (and can) reach 115 degrees.

As we came into the Altis, we passed a group of more than a dozen metal plinths that once held bronze statues of Zeus. These were purchased with the money from fines assessed against athletes who had broken the rules. The plinths were marked with



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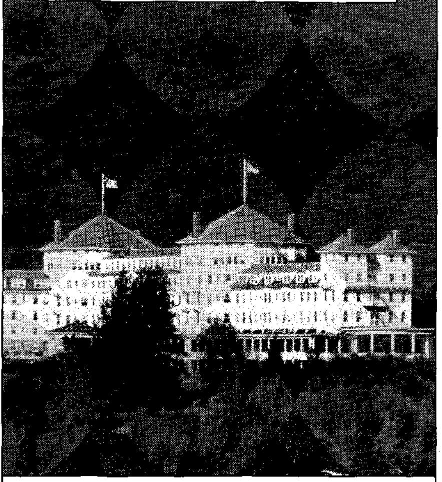

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the names of the wrongdoers—along with those of their fathers and their native towns. Most violations had to do with accepting or giving bribes. The boxer Eupolus, for example, had bribed three opponents to go in the tank. Another delinquent was Sarapion, a pancratist from Alexandria. He arrived at Olympia and, after taking stock of his potential adversaries, fled. He was the only athlete ever known to have been fined for cowardice.

The year 776 B.C. marks the beginning of Greek recorded history. That year, in the midsummer month of Apollonios, the first Olympic festival was held. Near where my wife and I were standing, by the fallen columns and huge foundation of Zeus' temple, the first event in the history of the Games took place. It was a stade sprint, and in that first festival it was the sole athletic event. It was won by a citizen of Elis—Coroebus, a cook. Before long, other events were added, to the greater glory of Olympia and of Zeus.

In fact, the glory of the god and the festival became so great that the temple was built for him in the fifth century B.C., and shortly thereafter his likeness—an enormous statue executed by the sculptor Phidias—was enshrined there. Forty feet high, and depicting the god seated on his throne, it was considered to be the artist's masterpiece, surpassing even his representation of the goddess Athena, which is in the Parthenon; it became one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Phidias seems to have imparted to the figure a quality of transcendent power and serenity. One historian wrote, "The other Wonders of the World we only admire; this one we reverence as well." Another wrote, "Anyone who has seen it can never again be completely unhappy."

ACCORDING to K. Palaeologos, writing in "The Eternal Olympics," the Games were held at the time of the first full moon following the summer solstice—that is, in mid-July. In the spring of the year, three heralds went out from Olympia to every corner of the Greek world to announce the days of the Games and the period of the Sacred Truce—an interval, originally one month, later growing to three, that was designed to allow the competitors and spectators time to travel to the Games from the remotest parts of the regions involved and home again without danger from the virtually constant wars of the squabbling city-states. Throughout the centuries, the truce was almost universally observed. Ten judges of the Games were chosen by lot in Elis. Athletes intending to compete trained for ten months before travelling to the Games.

One month before the Games began, the contestants arrived for more training in the several buildings erected for that purpose in the nearby town of Elis. As the Games progressed, trainers grew in importance. They were knowledgeable about such matters as exercise regimens, physiotherapy, and muscle physiology, and some had firm ideas about diet. That of the ordinary Greek in the early days was largely vegetarian—vegetables, fresh cheese, oatmeal, and meal cakes, with meat as a rarity. Some trainers later favored a heavy meat diet for their athletes, but one runner won the sprint on a diet of dried figs.

The contests were part of the overall festival, which lasted five days. In the middle of the fourth century B.C., when the Games were at the height of their purity and influence, the first day saw the oath-taking and some religious exercises. Contests began on the second, when the boys' events were held. The morning of the third day was set aside for the hippic events. In the afternoon, the pentathlon was held. The most important day for athletic contests, as well as religious ceremonies, was the fourth, the date of the full moon. First, the big burnt offering to Zeus by the sanctuary officials was made—a hundred oxen were slaughtered, and their thighs were burned on a pyre. Then the cities and individuals made their own offerings. Following this, the sports began. All the footraces except the armored one came in the morning; in the afternoon, there were the body sports—wrestling, boxing, and the pancratium—followed by the armored race. The fifth day was devoted to celebrations for the victors, including a banquet for them. Immediately after his victory, a winner was presented with a palm; his garland of wild olive was reserved for the last-day celebration. The importance in the ancient Greek world of a win in the Games is hard to comprehend today. In many cities, the wall was breached to allow the returning victor to enter. The concept was that with such a son a city required no other defenses.

The Games continued at the same site throughout their long career.

Nor, for centuries, was an Olympiad skipped, even when great danger threatened the homeland. For example, when the Persian hordes of Xerxes were on the move, hundreds of thousands strong, descending into Greece from the north, and the three hundred Spartans were drawn up at Thermopylae, the Games in Olympia went calmly forward. Following the Macedonian conquest, and, especially, following the absorption of Greece into the Roman Empire, the Games became more cosmopolitan. Also, as time rolled on they became increasingly degraded by professionalism and relaxation of the rules. The Roman Emperor Nero, for example, was allowed to enter and win some contests in the two-hundred-and-eleventh Olympiad. The records were later expunged.

After 261 A.D., just how many Olympiads were held, and on what schedule, is uncertain. However, some winners were recorded between that date and 394 A.D., when the Roman Emperor Theodosius I, a Christian, forbade within his dominions all forms of heathen worship; with that edict the Games came to a halt. The image of Zeus remained in its temple a few years longer. But in the reign of Theodosius II, some thirty years after the end of the Games, all the edifices at Olympia were ordered destroyed, and Zeus' statue was transported by water, in what must have been an exacting operation, to a palace in Constantinople. It was destroyed when fire consumed the building in 476 A.D. Before long, earthquakes and floods and landslides finished the destruction begun by Theodosius II at Olympia, and the ruins, some beneath twenty feet of silt, remained underground for more than a millennium, until excavators, principally Germans, brought them back to light.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

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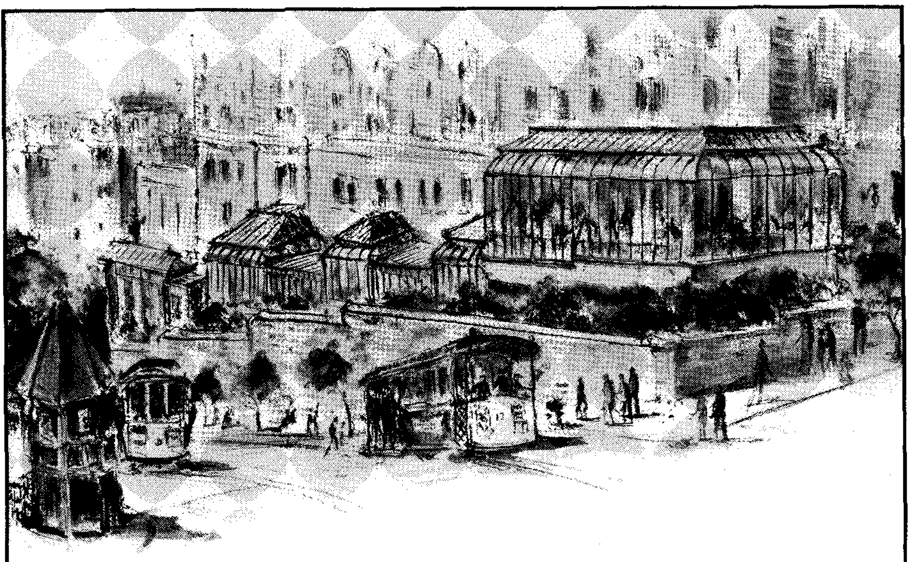

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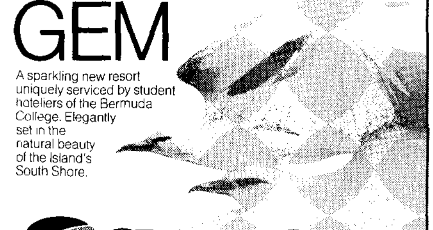

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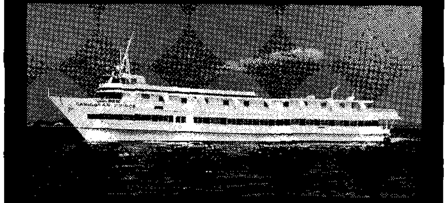

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Sound-Houses

IN 1624, Francis Bacon, in "The New Atlantis," predicted with some accuracy what would be happening at IRCAM and in the computer-music studios of San Diego, Stanford, Murray Hill, and elsewhere three and a half centuries later:

> We have also sound-houses, where we practise and demonstrate all sounds, and their generation. We have harmonies which you have not, of quarter-sounds, and lesser slides of sounds. Divers instruments of music likewise to you unknown, some sweeter than any you have; together with bells and rings that are dainty and sweet. We represent small sounds as great and deep; likewise great sounds extenuate and sharp; we make divers tremblings and warblings of sounds, which in their original are entire. We represent and imitate all articulate sounds and letters, and the voices and notes of beasts and birds. We have certain helps which set to the ear do further the hearing greatly. We have also divers strange and artificial echoes, reflecting the voice many times, and as it were tossing it: and some that give back the voice louder than it came; some shriller, and some deeper; yea, some rendering the voice differing in the letters or articulate sound from that they receive. We have also means to convey sounds in trunks and pipes, in strange lines and distances.

In 1906, Thaddeus Cahill demonstrated his two-hundred-ton Telharmonium, which generated sound by electricity, and which led Busoni, in his "Sketch for a New Aesthetic of Music," to ask "In what direction does the next step lead?" and answer "To abstract sound, to unhampered technique, to unlimited tonal material." The development of the valve oscillator, a decade later, and the inventions of the Theremin, the Ondes Martenot, and the Trautonium made new sounds less cumbrously achievable. But only the advent of the tape recorder (which composers began to compose with in the fifties—Cage's "Imaginary Landscape No. 5," Varèse's "Déserts"), then the electronic sound synthesizer (which Stockhausen used, together with tape-manipulated natural song, to create "Gesang der Jünglinge"), and now the computer has made possible that complete control of sound which Bacon described: analysis, dissection, whole or partial metamorphosis, and reassembly, as required, of all existing sounds; the invention of sounds unheard before, precisely formulated, in precisely determined structures; the ability to make sounds walk or dart or whirl through space along plotted paths.

"I think you'll find me listed under plumbing contractors."

The medieval theorists related music to mathematics: 4:5:6 represents a perfect major triad. Today, any sound or combination of sounds, however intricate, can be represented by numbers—digital recording depends on this. Time, expense, and the composers' technological skills are the only impediments to composition. When IRCAM was conceived, in 1970—readers of the June *Ambassador*, T.W.A.'s flight magazine, discover—"even the most powerful musical computers, or 'signal processors,' could take a week to produce a sound after receiving a direction, months for an entire short composition." And in the program book of Horizons '84—the Philharmonic's contemporary-music festival, at which three concerts were devoted to music in whose making computers played a part—Richard Moore, the director of the San Diego Center for Music Experiment and of its Computer Audio Research Laboratory, writes:

> A ten-minute musical composition done in stereophonic sound . . . might require about one hundred twenty million eight-bit bytes of computer memory just to hold the sound itself, exclusive of the computer program. Simple musical sounds might require about a hundred computer operations to calculate each number. Assuming that a good-sized modern computer can execute a million operations per second, it would take about seventeen hours to compute that ten-minute piece of music. More complex sounds might require ten or a hundred times more computation.

It's a far cry from a composer who, pen or pencil in hand, sets down on staff paper notes that indicate pitch and relative durations but cannot with precision define timbre, changes of timbre, changes of speed. And a farther cry from the composers who would turn out a long opera in weeks, in days, and count upon its executants to add the necessary "finishing touches" —different at every performance—to the music.

The Horizons concerts were prefaced by a two-session symposium on computers and art in which famous figures in the field, their names familiar from the textbooks—Richard Moore, Max Mathews, Benoit Man-

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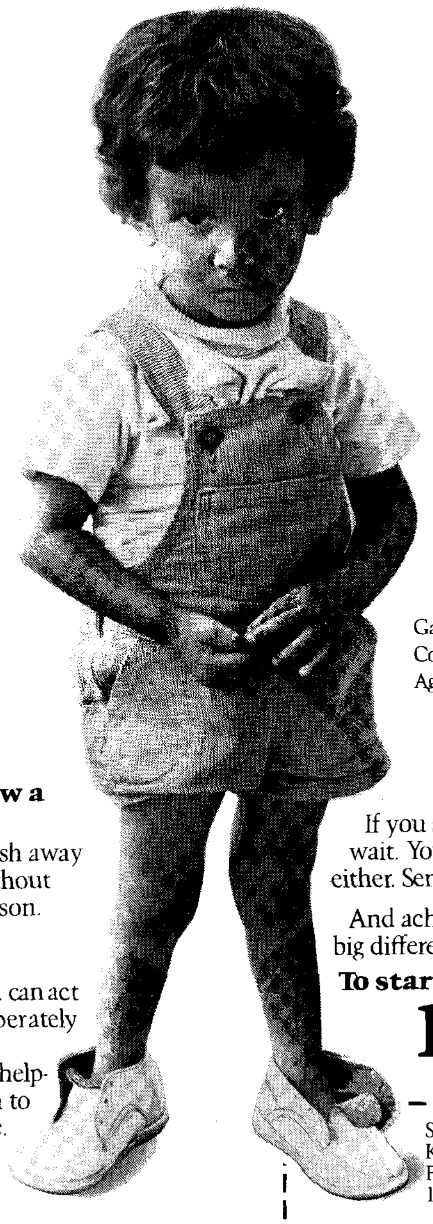

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delbrot, Harold Cohen—took part, along with the two composers, Charles Wuorinen and Roger Reynolds, who had planned the concerts. The participants stressed that full-scale computer composing was an expensive business and that only the well-equipped and generously supported studios can provide an ambitious composer with complete control of all sound. (IRCAM is subsidized to the tune of about four million dollars a year; I don't know what the San Diego, Stanford, Bell Labs budgets are.) They also stressed that the instruments of electronic music are still developing very fast, and that computers are one of the few things in the world that become cheaper. (Xenakis, in a program note for his "Khal Perr," given its American première at a Horizons concert, looked forward to a time when all would be able to compose freely on their home computers, linked into immense sonic and system resources held at "university centers, conservatories, and all cultural centers.") Many musicians have had mixed feelings about electronic music. Boulez, after composing his electronic Études, in 1952, wrote, "Everything that was limited becomes unlimited; everything that was 'imponderable' can now be subjected to precise measurement." But in 1969 he told the *Times:*

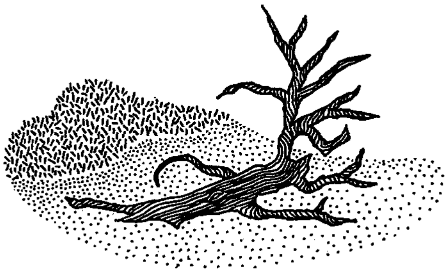
> This same frenzy for technology began in Europe about 1953. By 1958 it had all died down. The idea of electronics as the big future of music is just an American trick of fashion. Next year they'll discover the viola da gamba.

Boulez now heads IRCAM, and his "Répons" (1981)—unheard so far in America but being considered for a Philharmonic performance—is, to judge from what a tape recording can capture of it, a dazzling sonic adventure that makes full use of IRCAM's technological wizardry.

"Répons" is a "realtime" composition: it uses live players, and none of the sound is prerecorded. A CRI album, SD 268, celebrating ten years of composition at the Columbia-Princeton Electronic Music Center, 1960-1970, presents a rich survey of the different ways natural or traditional sounds, those sounds transformed, synthesized sounds, and living performers have been used, separately or in combinations. It includes Varèse's "Déserts," for orchestra and tape (in its 1961 recension); Milton Babbitt's "Vision and Prayer" (1961), for soprano and synthesized accompaniment; Mario Davidovsky's "Synchronisms No. 5" (1969), for percussionists and tape; and two purely electronic pieces by Vladimir Ussachevsky (1968 and 1971) in which, the composer says, "it is likely that all known methods of generating sounds with the digital computer are illustrated." Paul Griffiths' "A Guide to Electronic Music" (a Thames & Hudson paperback) is a handy and readable survey of the subject, with a useful discography. But, written five years ago, it stops short of the latest computer developments. The Beatles', Frank Zappa's, the Grateful Dead's recourse to electronics is considered. Since then, Michael Jackson's "Thriller," product in part of a Baconian sound-house, has become the best-selling record of all time.

THE Horizons concerts illustrated many of the different ways in which computers can be used. The first piece heard was Michael McNabb's very attractive "Dreamsong" (1978), which has become something like a classic of the genre. McNabb used digital processing to achieve transitions from unaltered natural sounds to synthesized sounds—"more poetically, from the real world to the realm of the imagination," as he put it in a program note. A movement of Laurie Spiegel's "Music for Dance" (1975), composed on Mathews and Moore's GROOVE system, seemed musically unimaginative. Charles Dodge's "The Waves" (1984) is an eloquent, shapely composition—a setting, for the soprano Joan La Barbara, of the opening sentences of the Woolf novel, accompanied by a tape in which Miss La Barbara's reading of the passage and examples of her remarkable vocal techniques served, the composer said in his note, "as a sound-source for computer extension and enhancement, and also as a model for the frequency and amplitude of computer-synthesized sounds."

The second concert was played by the Group for Contemporary Music, conducted by Harvey Sollberger. It opened with Xenakis's "Khal Perr" (1983), for brass quintet and percussion—live players of a score in part freely composed, in part computer-calculated. It's a bright, exciting stretch of music. Jean-Claude Risset's "Profils" (1982), for seven players and computer-synthesized tape, proved fascinating in its sound effects—in the interplay, especially, of bell timbres and gong timbres both natural and synthesized (Bacon's bells and rings that are dainty and sweet)—but it seemed more a demonstration of possibilities than a satisfying piece of music. So did York Hoeller's "Arcus" (1978), for seventeen players and tape—a pioneering work in IRCAM history. On the other hand, Paul Lansky's "As If" (1982), for string trio and computer-synthesized tape, was an elegant and arresting composition.



The third concert, played by the American Composers Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Wuorinen, began with Babbitt's "Correspondences" (1967), for string orchestra and synthesized tape (not a computer piece). The tape sets standards of accuracy in pitch, rhythms, and dynamics which players find hard to keep up with. Like most of Babbitt's music, the piece is fiendishly difficult to perform, and this seemed to be a skin-of-the-teeth performance, with little dynamic nuance. Babbitt's music, so cogent and convincing in masterly, confident, high-spirited, colorful performances, easily disintegrates if the players seem to be still wrestling with the notes instead of enjoying them; then the lines don't hold. Earlier this season, there were at least four very enjoyable Babbitt performances: "My Ends Are My Beginnings" (1978), a long clarinet monologue, poetically played by Charles Neidich at a Parnassus concert in Merkin Hall; "Images" (1979), for saxophone and tape, played with brio by John Sampen at a New Music Consort program in Carnegie Recital Hall devoted to music with tape; "Sextets" (1966), for piano and violin, in a spirited, dazzling performance by Alan Feinberg and Rolf Schulte at a League-ISCM concert in Carnegie Recital Hall; and "Groupwise," given its première at a Group concert at the Y honoring Harvey Sollberger—flutist, composer, and, with Wuorinen, co-founder of the Group. In "Groupwise," a flute is the protagonist, and violin, viola, cello, and piano are his companions in adventures sometimes lyrical, more often tense.

At the Horizons computer symposium, Mandelbrot showed pictures of beautiful landscapes, seascapes, and cloudscapes which his computer, instructed by him in the characteristics and the characteristic irregularities of the natural world, had invented, composed, and set down. Idealized, almost Platonic scenes they seemed to be. Wuorinen, whose "Bamboula Squared," for orchestra and quadraphonic tape, had its première at the third concert, was influenced by Mandelbrot's work to use computers, he said in a program note, in a way that "creates situations in which—most emphatically according to *my* rules, taste, and judgment—a 'music of nature' emerges from the mingling of traditional compositional values and approaches with numerical models of certain processes in the natural world." I grope to understand the procedure, which seems to be a subtle extension of the basic mathematical harmonic relationships mentioned earlier, but I had no difficulty at all in responding to the composition that resulted: sixteen minutes of energetic, exhilarating music, starting and ending on a fundamental C, ranging through timbres and rhythms and harmonies—from the orchestra and from the loudspeakers—of uncommon eventfulness. There's something sunlike about Wuorinen's best works: he cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.

There followed the première of Reynolds' "Transfigured Wind II," for solo flute (Mr. Sollberger), computer-processed sound, and orchestra. If Wuorinen had used the computer as a form of artificial intelligence, Reynolds had used it first as an instrument of analysis and dissection—rather as one uses field glasses to scan and marvel at details of drawing and paint in the Sistine ceiling—and then as a projector. Computers, he wrote in his program note, "allow us to recast musical materials, to transform them in ways that are intriguing and let one retain that delicious and mysterious *sense* with which a fine performer imbues a musical line." "Transfigured Wind II" began with flute solos played by a live performer and recorded; that way, composer and performer together provided material that "once inside the computer . . . could undergo a host of transformations before reëmerging on the tape." With computers, one can view musical gestures as if in slow motion. One can dissect and examine them both "horizontally," in time, separating attack—of breath upon mouthpiece, string upon bow—from the note that follows, and "vertically," in their timbre structures. One can then prolong, emphasize, transform, or remove any of the elements. The sounds that music is made of, we have learned, are far more complicated than once was thought. There were sounds in Reynolds' piece—the soft sizzle of the player's breath seemed to be one—that have long been a part of music although not before prominently heard. New sounds can in themselves be eloquent, and the discovery of new instruments and of new sounds is important. But what matters more is the use that composers then make of them. The eighteenth-century clarinet with downward extension would be forgotten today had Mozart not composed a quintet for it. Reynolds is at once an explorer and a visionary composer, whose works can lead listeners to follow him into new regions of emotion and imagination.

I've not had much experience of computers under my own fingers. (I'm writing this piece with a fountain pen, not on a word processor.) As Boulez prophesied, I've discovered the viola da gamba—as being the only instrument on which music written for the viola da gamba can be executed with the kind of accuracy that Boulez himself (if he has any use for such music) would admire. It seems to me oddly arrogant to view the present as all-important or as more than a speck on the long stream of time. Yet even someone who lives his imaginative life in a continuum where Bach and Babbitt, Monteverdi, Mozart, and Messiaen are living musical presences can appreciate the artistic importance of the computer and of what it renders possible. These Horizons concerts made it clear that—like the viola da gamba, the fortepiano, the pianoforte, the tape recorder, Wagnerian harmony, Schoenberg's twelve-note method, Elliott Carter's metric modulations, and so much else—it has enormously increased the range of musical adventures on which a composer, and then his listeners, can embark.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

Of the three photographs submitted, one was an early morning foggy scene of a local Coast Guard vessel. The second was a scene of a young boy silhouetted in the riggings of a tall ship. The last was a photo of a white herring in the Everglades, taking off as a boat approached.—*Key West (Fla.) Citizen.*

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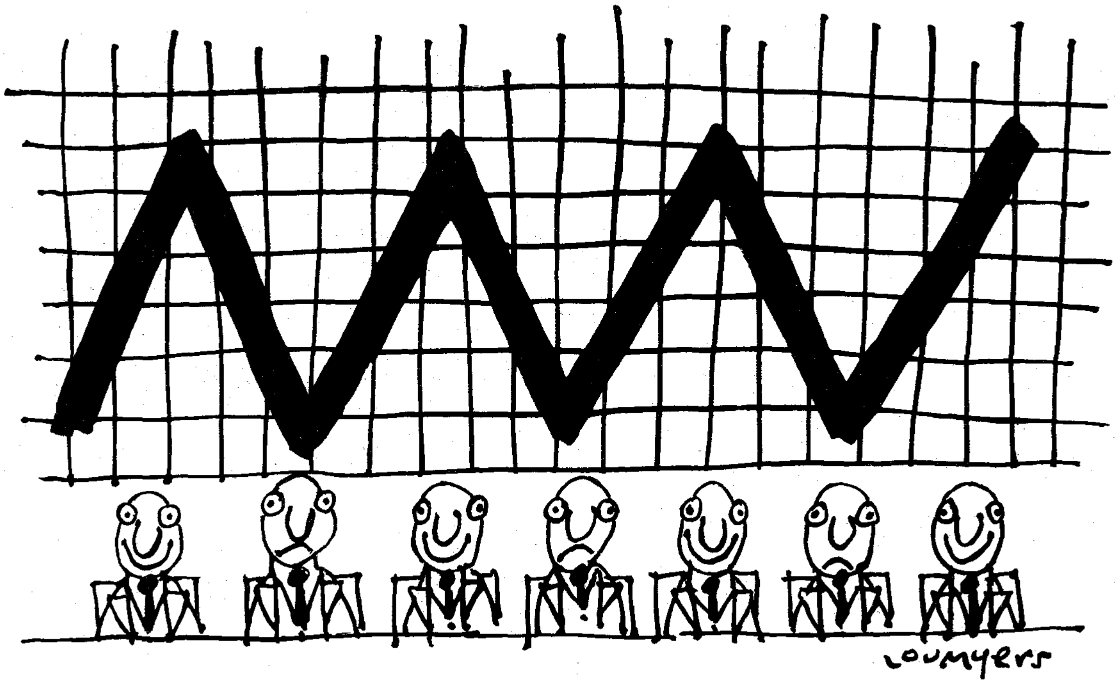
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Sneaks, Ogres, and the D.T.s

IN the Dutch thriller "The 4th Man," the arrogant boozehound Gerard Reve, author of scandalous gothic tales, who has come to loathe the younger man he lives with, and is broke, as usual, prepares to go to the seacoast town of Flushing, where he is to pick up a fee for speaking at the local literary society. At the Amsterdam train station, he sees a muscular, boyish fellow, and every other thought is driven from his mind. He chases after the fellow but isn't fast enough, and, irritated, he boards his train. In Flushing, where the scene of his being introduced to the gathering recalls Joseph Cotten's literary lecture in "The Third Man," Reve goes home with Christine, the blond widow who's the treasurer of the group. Reve has no particular interest in her—he just doesn't want to spend the night at the hotel. Without much enthusiasm, he allows her to mount him; the only thing he likes about her is the boyishness of her body. The next day, she tells him how rich and lonely she is, and propositions him to stay on and let her take care of him. He isn't interested until, nosing around her things, he spots a picture of a young man in swimming trunks: it's her longtime lover, Herman—the man he chased in the Amsterdam station.

The fun of "The 4th Man," which was directed by Paul Verhoeven, is in Reve's caddishness and in the nasty comic skill that Jeroen Krabbé brings to the role. Krabbé played the second lead in Verhoeven's "Soldier of Orange," but this part is much trickier—the film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by Reve's mean-spiritedness. The novel that the movie is based on is by the Dutch writer Gerard Reve, who endows the hero with his name and also with his reputation as a homosexual and his conversion to Roman Catholicism. Krabbé's Reve practically jumps for joy when he maneuvers Christine into inviting Herman for a visit; when Krabbé is sneaky he's reminiscent of James Mason in Kubrick's "Lolita," courting Mrs. Haze while he can't wait to get his hands on her daughter. And, being a Catholic, Reve can be blasphemous: when he goes to church and stands in front of a sculptured figure of Christ on the Cross, he imagines that it's Herman hanging there, in his trunks, and, in ecstasy, he pulls them down. The author of the novel has also endowed the hero with his own methods as a writer. At the literary gathering, Reve explains that he takes incidents from life and lets his imagination embroider them—"I lie the truth," he says, clearly self-infatuated. All through the movie, we see glimpses, like the Herman-on-the-Cross scene, of Reve's embroideries; they're not conscious, they're involuntary imaginings—omens, forebodings, warnings. They prepare him for situations he finds himself in just a little while later. Some of these dream glimpses relate to Ingmar Bergman movies, some of them to Catholic symbolism, and some to the hero's phobia about women. In his visions, Christine is a deadly spider and castrater—a witch.

The dialogue in this movie is sharp and pungent. Verhoeven and his (usual) scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shocking good time, and the picture doesn't waste words. Reve is brusque and slangy, and you can see him congratulating himself on his incredible rudeness. He enjoys his affectations, too: after he has told Christine that he'll stay on, he goes to a stationery store with her and takes a sensual delight in loading up with such items as a huge supply of penholders and nibs. He's the kind of articulate monster you can enjoy in a play or a movie but would detest in a room. What keeps "The 4th Man" from being anywhere near the class of "The Third Man" or of "Lolita" is that Christine isn't as entertaining as Reve is. She needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure, who would have us puzzled about whether Reve is deluding himself that she's a killer witch who has already dispatched three husbands or whether his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth. As the part is played by Renée Soutendijk (she was in Verhoeven's "Spetters" and was Eva Braun in the TV "Inside the Third Reich"), Christine is smooth and completely opaque. Her yellow hair is in a sleek pompadour, and she does indeed suggest a lithe, boyish strength, and no doubt her softly draped red dresses are meant to signify danger. But she's disappointingly placid. Verhoeven and the scenarist failed to work out a psychology for her; we never for a minute feel we understand Christine, and we don't get much kick out of watching her (apparently) luring men to their doom, because there doesn't seem to be any kick in it for her.



In a sense, the picture is locked inside Reve's phobia; there's no distance between his view of Christine and the movie's. When Christine stands naked before Reve and he blots out her breasts with his hands and tells her that she “looks like a beautiful boy,” the scene has a campy frisson. The women in the audience can enjoy his pleasure in the naughtiness of his remark as much as the men can. It's funny to hear Reve express his homosexual preferences so languidly and, in his insolent way, so openly. But Christine has no reaction to what he says, so the movie comes across as no more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy. This is a tale of a woman Bluebeard, yet the moviemakers show no more curiosity about her than Reve does. The picture is locked inside Reve's I'm-a-bad-boy-but-I-love-the-Blessed-Madonna Catholicism, too. Verhoeven uses religious symbolism for sinister effects that have the tone of a put-on—they have no more emotional weight than such bitchy, semi-porno touches as Reve's imagining himself picking up a black bra, twisting it, and strangling his apartment-mate lover with it. But the structure of the story requires, finally, that we accept these effects as genuine religious experiences, and this gives the viewer a slightly soggy letdown at the finish.

Though the picture is amusing, there's nothing underneath its calm, pseudo-modernist surface—the musique concrète during the opening credits (while a spider devours its prey and crawls over the face of the crucified Christ), the frontal nudity, the creamy, intense color. “The Third Man” and “Lolita” have a dirty, glittering obsession underneath. But when “The 4th Man” is over it's really over. And if you think back on it at all the only life in it is in Jeroen Krabbé's performance. He really loves playing a worm, and he loves the scenes in which Reve exhibits his sleazy savoir faire. Herman turns out to be a plumbing contractor who's eager to hear about the sex lives of celebrities; he's a self-righteous bore, but he isn't boring to Reve, who sits back and skillfully dishes up the dirt.

WITH Leonard Nimoy as the director and a script by the producer, Harve Bennett, the Starship Enterprise keeps plugging away through space in “Star Trek III: The Search for Spock.” This one is really only for Trekkies; others are likely to find it tolerable but yawny, and to be worn down by the long mourning period for Spock. The crew can't get over his death: he gave his life to save theirs in “Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan,” which ended with his casket's being sent to the newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. But this new film seems to take a churlish attitude toward its lighthearted, delicately self-mocking predecessor; almost vindictively, the new film requires that Genesis disintegrate. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise and fly to the cracking-apart Genesis to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. Along the way, they have to fight off a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads; these barbarians, who suggest Viking aeronauts, are called Klingons, and their Lord is the funky Christopher Lloyd (of the TV series “Taxi”), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. “Star Trek III” does have its share of eccentricities: the Klingons, who go in for droopy Mongol mustaches, lean their yucky foreheads close to each other and talk in hoarse, conspiratorial whispers even though they're out in space. (They hiss, like old cattle-rustling villains.) And every once in a while the music makes a pathetic stab at working up our emotions.

Directed by a Vulcan, the picture is achingly prosaic and so clumsily staged that when Kirk's young scientist son is killed it looks as if we're being fooled and he'll turn out to be fine. The stoic Kirk, preoccupied with regenerating Spock, shrugs off the loss, and the team moves on to Vulcan to try to unite Spock's body with his logical mind, which has somehow got “melded” with the sentimental thought processes of Bones McCoy (the likably silly DeForest Kelley). The mind-unmelding ceremony is conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson, now in her eighty-seventh year, and she gives the picture a sudden lift. For a minute or two, we listen to a voice that's so commandingly intense it's scary. (This is not the voice of someone you'd want for an enemy.) Anderson wears robes that might have been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright in his Incan Art Deco period, and she stands very still—an imperious, predatory bird of a woman. She brings a spot of high style to this movie; her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. When the ceremony is over and Spock, his mind restored, is once more the glum Nimoy, it's not an occasion for dancing in the streets.

Nicholas Meyer, who directed “Star Trek II,” gave the longtime members of the crew of the Starship Enterprise a chance to loosen up and have some fun with their roles, and their performances had a little wit. They didn't come across as such bad actors. But Nimoy gets them back to a liturgical reading of their lines, and you can't help feeling that there's a special vacuity about this crew. At least part of the cause must be the collection of hairpieces they wear—each neatly and individually styled but with no organic relationship to the lined, thickening faces underneath. It can't be true, but it certainly looks to be true: empty is the head that wears a hairpiece. These actors have become puppet versions of themselves.

I HAVE friends who swear by the greatness of Malcolm Lowry's “Under the Volcano”—by the density and expressiveness of its language. I don't know whether the lack is in me or in the novel—I've never been able to get through it. But in the case of the new film version, directed by John Huston from a script by Guy Gallo, I'm reasonably sure that the fault isn't mine. What we see on the screen is Albert Finney wrestling with a big role: the self-destructive Geoffrey Firmin, who was formerly the British Consul in Cuernavaca and is still a resident, as he lurches about the city for twenty-four hours, during the Day of the Dead festivities—it's November 2, 1938, which is also the last day of his life. There are two other main characters—Yvonne (Jacqueline Bisset), the actress wife, who left the drunken, impotent Firmin a year ago and divorced him but now returns, and his callow Marxist half brother Hugh (Anthony Andrews), a journalist whose affair with Yvonne precipitated the breakup of the marriage. But Finney is essentially alone on the screen—the other characters are just there for Firmin to talk to or to react to.

The novel, written by a drunk, is widely regarded as the best novel ever written about a drunk. That may be why it has attracted so many adapters and directors in the years since it was published, in 1947—more, it is generally agreed, than any other book. In 1957, Lowry, sotted and depressed, swallowed an overdose of Amytal and drowned in his own vomit. That is, essentially, what Firmin is doing throughout the movie. But Lowry had a mystique about alcohol: he somehow got himself to believe that this self-destruction (and only this self-destruction) would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. To put it bluntly, his hero Firmin has come to Mexico to see into the heart of darkness and write an unwritable book. (Actually, Lowry proved that it wasn't unwritable—only, for some of us, unreadable.) Artists who take drugs have often claimed that they need the brilliance or the rush that drugs give them, but this sort of claim is less common among alcoholics, probably for the simple reason that an alcoholic pays a physical price almost immediately—he becomes hung over, smelly, and disgusting even to himself. But Lowry, with his mysticism, saw Firmin as a staggering drunk who was also a high priest. Lowry gave Firmin the status of a visionary. He's meant to be a dying giant—not just a man destroying himself but a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. The young literary critic Charles Baxter has speculated that arson was Lowry's metaphor for creativity—he wanted to capture the way things radiated just before they turned to ash. (The volcano in the title isn't only a reference to Popocatépetl, the Cuernavaca tourist attraction.)

It's not surprising that the adapters and directors who were attracted by the novel were defeated by it—and I include Huston and Guy Gallo. If there is a good way for a movie to suggest Lowry's conviction that art requires the alcoholic self-destruction of the artist, the team that worked on this production hasn't found it. For the story to mean anything resembling Malcolm Lowry's "Under the Volcano," we would have to see something of what Firmin—with his psyched-up consciousness—perceives. Possibly, it would have had to be done by visual metaphors, or by techniques comparable to the hallucinatory intensifications of the landscapes in Werner Herzog's "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." Mexico itself might have had to be visualized as a phantom country of the heightened senses—a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't country. The Mexico provided by Huston and the cinematographer, Gabriel Figueroa, and the production designer, Gunther Gerzso, has an unvarying visual texture—the images are statically composed, with a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity. You could give these images high marks for neatness (and hollowness). They suggest the kind of perfectly detailed stage sets that make you not want to see the play, and when Firmin strays into a low dive—a cantina that's a hangout of thieves and Nazis—it has its quota of carefully positioned dwarfs and transvestites.

All that the film does is take a literal approach to the novel, as if it were no more than an account of the final binge of a drunken former consul who becomes suicidally careless and gets himself killed. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's passages of incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney. The drama has to come from his performance, in a big yet virtually unwritten role.

It isn't what Firmin says in the novel that expresses his consciousness; the whole inchoate novel does it. Trying to suggest what isn't in the script, Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard (frequently in closeup)—right after his big, pushing performance in "The Dresser." (This is two movies in a row in which everything is geared toward his death.) In some scenes here, he still has the actorishness that he built up for "The Dresser": he overuses his facial muscles, the way he did in his parody of Donald Wolfit; even when he's not talking, his mouth is busier than anything else in the picture. And in a scene at a benefit for the Red Cross, where he takes the microphone and makes a crazed, incoherent speech, he still looks like Wolfit. (Sometimes, he can't help recalling Dudley Moore's drunks.) In "The Dresser," Finney could at least use his humor and his flair for satire, but here, with the exception of a few bits and one scene involving a conversation between Firmin, who has passed out in the middle of the street, and a pip-pip Britisher (James Villiers) who stops to help, the movie is bereft of comedy. And the role doesn't take over Finney the way his role in "Shoot the Moon" did. There was no forcing in that; he was caught up in it—he and Diane Keaton were acting together. Here it's a long monologue of a performance, with too many stops pulled out. He looks right for the part: he has a massive head, and he's barrel-chested and thick-necked, like Lowry; bulky and bull-like, he's believable as a man with the constitution to drink night and day and to hold himself straight even when he's walking around in a stupor. Finney isn't bad—he keeps giving us emotional shifts and inflections. And when he's with Jacqueline Bisset he seems to be built on a different scale from her; on the bed with her, humiliated by his impotence, he suggests the bloated carcass of a beached whale. But there's nothing he can do to suggest what Lowry meant when he said, in the posthumously published "Dark As the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid," that "not an hour, not a moment of my drunkenness, my continual death, was not worth it: there is no dross of even the worst of those hours, not a drop of mescal that I have not turned into pure gold, not a drink I have not made sing."

If we try to accept the movie not as an adaptation of "Under the Volcano" but simply as the story of a drunk, that doesn't work, either, because the movie is inept in a peculiarly literary way—the dialogue doesn't sound like living people talking. And the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a terrible kind of pompous emotionalism. I retained some small hope that the picture might get going until Andrews (familiar to audiences from his starring role as Sebastian Flyte in the TV "Brideshead Revisited") appeared; then everything sank. He gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance; each flicker of expression signals an obvious meaning. Firmin couldn't be upset by his wife's adultery with this twit—it would have to be laughed off as a joke.

Thinking about this movie and about Lowry (who was the first to try to adapt the material to the screen) has made me feel ashamed of not finishing the book. The pages in my copy have yellowed; I mean to get back to it before it disintegrates.

—Pauline Kael

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THE NEW ARMY

[*From the Richmond* (*Va.*) *Times-Dispatch*]

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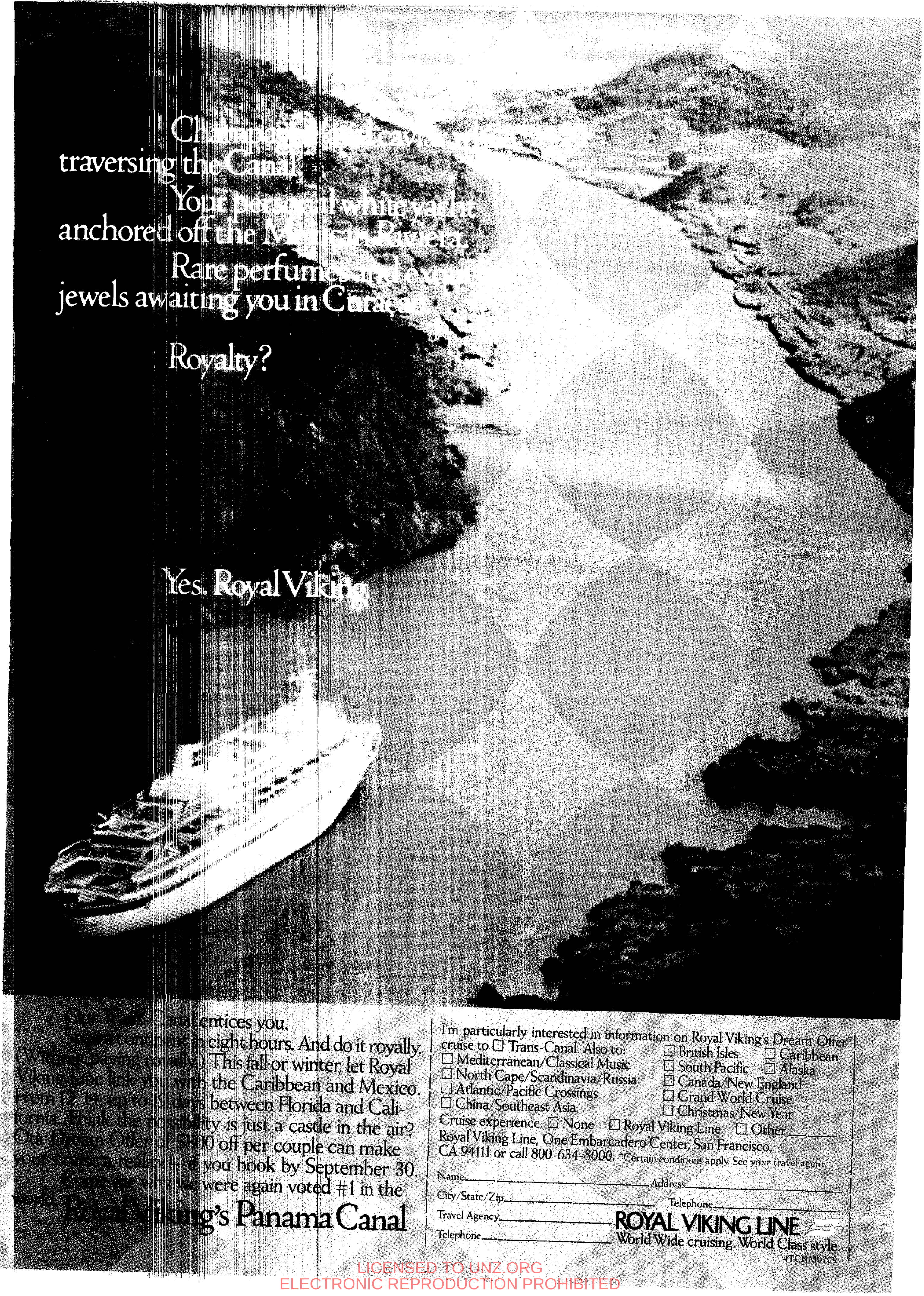
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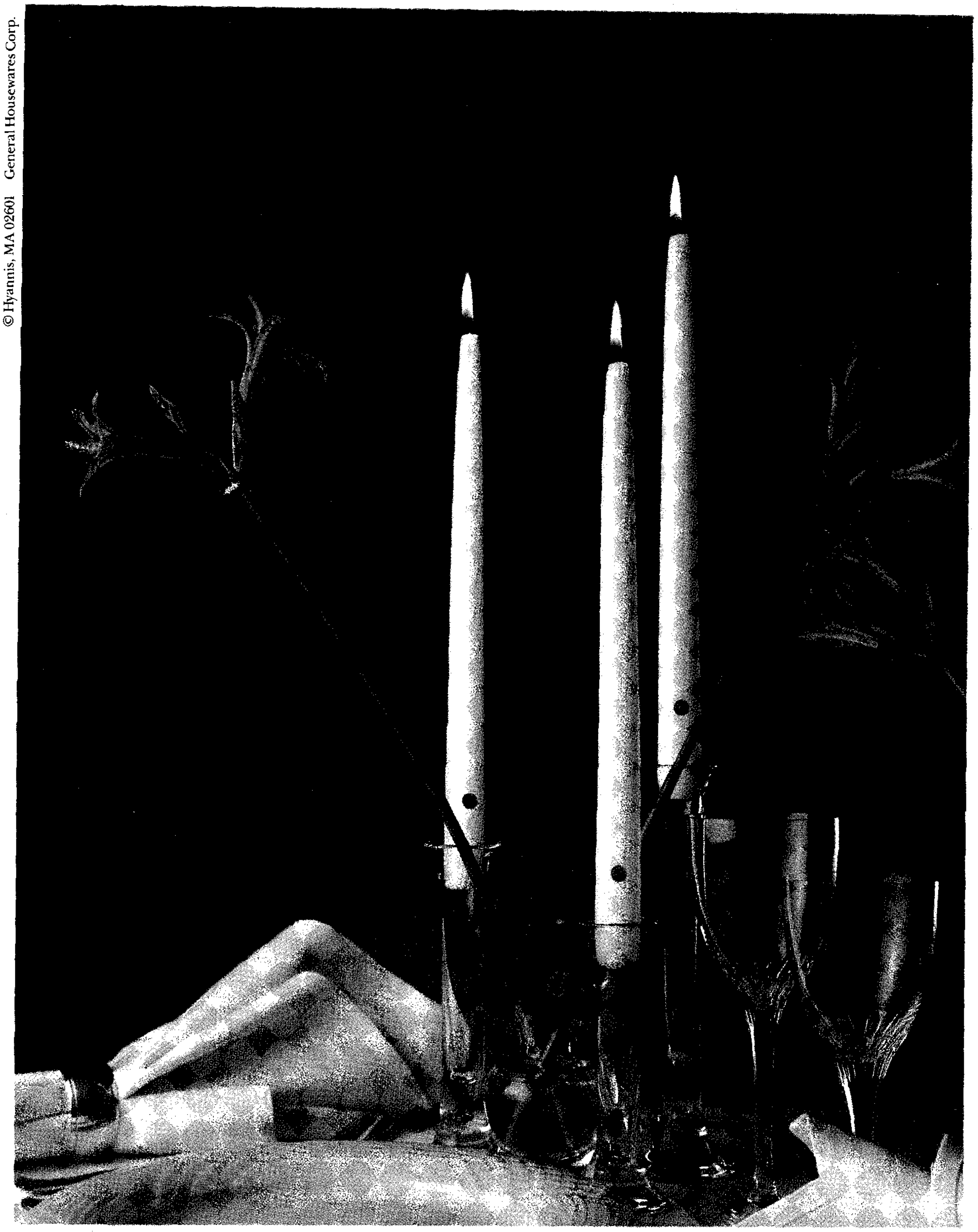

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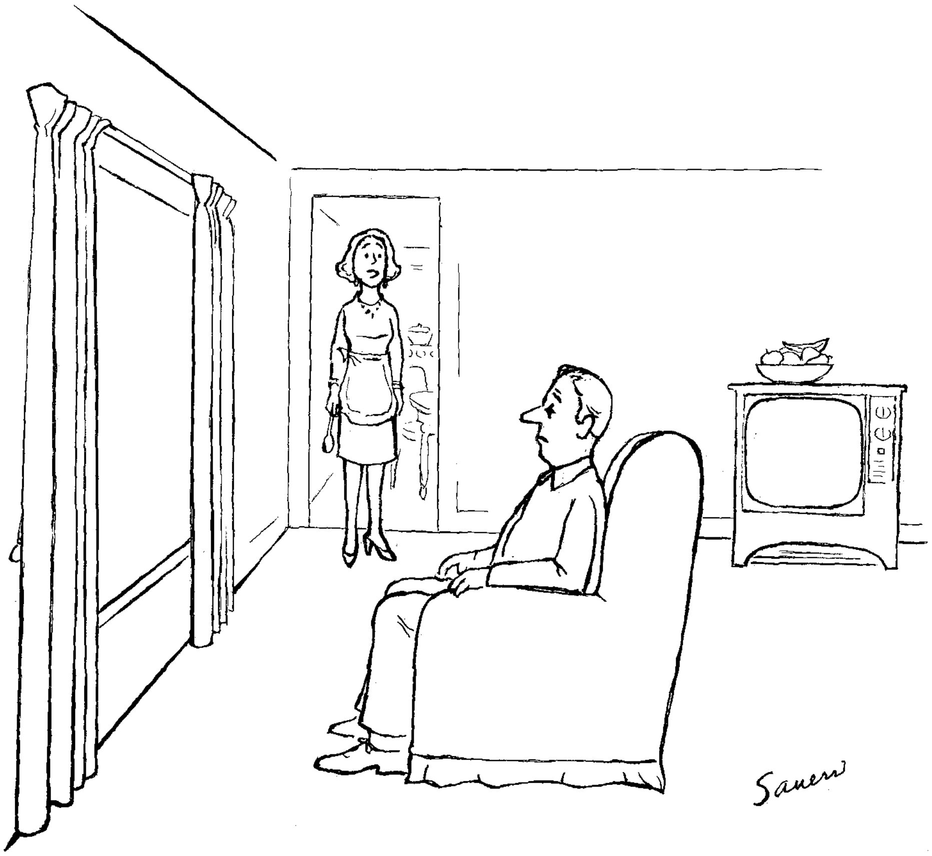
BOOKS

Art and Artillery

Guillaume Apollinaire is the poet who, in "Calligrammes" (1918), re-created the emblematic or pictographic poem and, in going over the proofs of his first collection, "Alcools" (1913), airily banished all punctuation, thus giving modern verse its distinctive look and syntactical freedom. He wrote prose as well—art criticism, pornographic novels, gossipy journalism, and short stories. In 1968, Holt, Rinehart & Winston published, in the format of a small coffee-table book, a translation by the poet Ron Padgett, with sinister photographic illustrations by Jim Dine, of Apollinaire's long, surreal story "The Poet Assassinated." Now, sixteen years later, Mr. Padgett and North Point Press, of Berkeley, have come out with a mercifully unillustrated translation of the full text of the collection "Le Poète Assassiné," which Apollinaire published in 1916 and which contained fifteen shorter pieces in addition to the title story ($12.50 paper). Mr. Padgett, however scrupulous in his translation—it reads well, and captures Apollinaire's lazy lightness—and in thanking the many who have helped him in his prolonged labor, has not sullied this volume with any bibliographical or biographical information, whether in the form of introduction, afterword, or footnotes. Apollinaire's eccentric and by now rather ancient fictions, the implication is, speak clearly for themselves; I am not sure this is the case. The poet's prose inventions were spontaneous and personal yet also fantastic and cunning. "The Poet Assassinated," for instance, was much revised and added to, as real life altered the veiled autobiographical content, and a more thorough edition than Mr. Padgett's might have favored us with, in footnotes or an appendix, some of the excised paragraphs and altered phrases, which are a matter of French scholarly record and have been cited in such English-language biographies as those by Margaret Davies and Francis Steegmuller. The volume entitled "The Poet Assassinated" was assembled by Apollinaire while recuperating in a Paris hospital from a head wound suffered in battle on March 17, 1916; it included stories and sketches composed since the publication of his previous collection of short fiction, "L'Hérésiarque et Cie." (1910; English version by Rémy Inglis Hall, "The Heresiarch and Co.," 1965). A number of the pieces had previously appeared in such magazines as *Le Matin* and his own *Soirées de Paris;* the dates of their magazine publication—and of their composition, where this can be gathered from Apollinaire's surviving papers—would have been welcome information in this English edition. If Apollinaire's fiction deserves translation at this late date, it deserves what frame of scholarly clarification can be provided, rather than the chic starkness of this North Point edition, which gives us two pages' worth of Mr. Padgett's "friends and colleagues" and nothing of Apollinaire's circumstances, motives, or models.

The story "The Poet Assassinated" runs to sixty-nine pages here; in eighteen titled episodes, or chapters, it presents a highly distorted autobiography in the guise of the frenzied rise and fall of Croniamantal, "the greatest living poet." Apollinaire was born in 1880, the illegitimate son of Angelica Alexandrine de Kostrowitzky, a twenty-two-year-old renegade daughter of a minor Polish nobleman; Apollinaire's father, it is probable if not certain, was her lover of many years, the aristocratic Italian officer Francesco Flugi d'Aspermont, who disappeared not only from Angelica's life but from the world at large after 1885. These muddled beginnings are outrageously parodied in the casual roadside mating of Viersélin Tigoboth, an itinerant Walloon musician, and the voluptuous and impulsive Macarée, "a dark young woman, shaped with pretty globes," who bares her breasts at the musician, copulates "under love's power, behind the blackthorns," and gets back on her bicycle and pedals away. She finds herself pregnant, debates abortion with herself, and ends, after rapturously apostrophizing her own "stretchy, bearded, smooth, bombed, dolorous, round, silky, ennobling belly," by having the child. Unlike Angelica de Kostrowitzky, Macarée gets rich at gambling, marries a baron, and dies in childbirth. The child is christened Gaëtan-François-Étienne-Jack-Amélie-Alonso Desygrées, scarcely more fantastic than the string of names with which Apollinaire's mother, at the Roman Municipal Records Office, saddled her fatherless infant—



"Nothing on?"

Guillaume Albert Wladimir Alexandre Apollinaire de Kostrowitzky. She always called him Wilhelm. He spent his early years in Rome with a foster family; when Guillaume was six, his mother, he, and a younger, also illegitimate brother, Alberto, moved to Monaco. There, in several schools along the Côte d'Azur, he became a good and enthusiastic student; his language became French, and his poetic vocation was well developed by the time, in 1899, that the Kostrowitzkys left Monaco and made their way, with many a detour, to Paris.

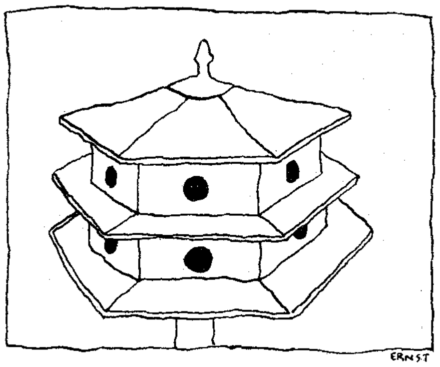
Croniamantal, when his foster father the Baron des Ygrées commits suicide as a consequence of gambling debts, is adopted by an erudite Dutchman, Janssen, and is educated by him. When Janssen dies, Croniamantal takes his inheritance and goes to Paris "so he could peacefully indulge his taste for literature, because for some time now, and secretly, he was writing poems which he kept in an old cigar box." The young poet is described running up the Rue Houdon: "His eyes devoured everything they saw and when his eyelids came together rapidly like jaws, they engulfed the universe which was endlessly renovated by him as he ran along imagining the smallest details of the enormous worlds he was feasting his eyes on." He visits the atelier of a painter called the Bird of Benin, and experiences the bliss of paint: "In the atelier there were joys of all colors. A big window took up the northern side and all you could see was sky-blue, like a woman singing." The Bird of Benin announces that he has laid eyes on the perfect girl for Croniamantal: "She has the somber, childlike face of those who are destined to cause suffering. I'm telling you, I saw your woman. She is ugliness and beauty; she is like everything we love today. And she must have the taste of bay leaf." This closely parallels a real incident: in 1907, Picasso, having just met Marie Laurencin in an art gallery, told Apollinaire, "I have a fiancée for you." He introduced them, and shortly thereafter the poet moved out of his mother's apartment to pursue the affair, which lasted until 1912. Revising "The Poet Assassinated" after the breakup with his mistress, Apollinaire substituted the phrase "destined to cause suffering" for the original "made for eternal loves," and inserted a passage including the sentences

> Six months passed. For the last five of them Tristouse Ballerinette had been Croniamantal's mistress, and she loved him passionately for a week. In exchange for this love, the lyrical boy had made her immortal and glorious forever by celebrating her in marvellous poems.
>
> "I was unknown," she thought, "and now he's made me illustrious among all living women.
>
> "They used to think I was generally ugly with my thinness, my oversized mouth, my horrible teeth, my asymmetrical face, my crooked nose. But now I'm beautiful and all the men tell me so."

Though Picasso and Marie Laurencin have been firmly related to these fanciful incidents, no one has unambiguously identified Paponat, the rich "fonipoit" (in the French, "*fopoîte;*" that is, "*faux poète*") who becomes Tristouse's new lover, or Horace Tograth, the German who, from the unlikely launching pad of a French-language newspaper in Adelaide, Australia, inaugurates a worldwide anti-poet crusade to which Croniamantal falls victim. The poet's assassination is a savage, though farcical, business:

> And raising his cane, [a man whom the charismatic Tograth has cured of baldness] thrust it so adroitly that it burst Croniamantal's right eye. He fell backwards. Some women fell upon him and beat him. Tristouse was prancing around with joy, as Paponat tried to calm her down. But with the point of her umbrella she went up and poked out Croniamantal's other eye, which saw her doing it. He cried out:
>
> "I confess my love for Tristouse Ballerinette, the divine poetry that consoles my soul." . . .
>
> The ladies stepped quickly aside and a man wielding a butcherknife laid in his palm threw it so that it stuck right in Croniamantal's open mouth. Other men did the same. The knives stuck in his belly and chest, and pretty soon there was nothing left on the ground but a corpse spiked like a big sea urchin.

The literary analogy is with the death of Orpheus, torn to pieces by the Thracian women in a Dionysian orgy. The Bird of Benin, announcing that he is a sculptor as well as a painter, executes a memorial for the poet (a hole in the ground), and in fact forty years after Apollinaire's death a memorial statue by Picasso (the head of a woman) was placed in the garden beside Saint-Germain-des-Prés.



The primary interest of "The Poet Assassinated" lies in its masked revelations of Apollinaire's life. As a narrative, in its cold violence and clattering burlesque, it functions under the malign influence of Alfred Jarry, a self-destructive visionary whose extravagances fascinated bohemian Paris and who, toward the end of his short life, generously partook of absinthe and talk with the young Italian, seven years his junior. Certain rhapsodies and stretches of cultural satire show Apollinaire's softer, irrepressibly fluent touch. A fantasy on female fashion, for instance, is put into the mouth of Tristouse:

> "This year," said Tristouse, "fashions are bizarre and common, simple and full of fantasy. Any material from nature's domain can now be introduced into the composition of women's clothes. I saw a charming dress made of corks. . . . A big designer is thinking about launching tailor-made outfits made of old bookbindings done in calf. It's charming. All the ladies of letters would want to wear them, and one could approach them and whisper in their ear under the pretext of reading the titles. Fish bones are being worn a lot on hats. . . . Dresses embellished with coffee beans, cloves, cloves of garlic, onions, and bunches of raisins, these will be perfect for social calls. Fashion is becoming practical and no longer looks down on anything. It ennobles everything. It does for materials what the Romantics did for words."

A reader at all acquainted with Apollinaire's biography will be struck by what is suppressed, in this fantasy version, of his formative years. Angelica (or Olga, as she called herself in Monaco) de Kostrowitzky was a mother more outrageous and tenacious than the obligingly doomed Macarée; aristocratic in bearing, with nothing of the demimondaine about her appearance, and with no sympathy for her elder son's career in the arts, she had been a rebel against conventions since the age of sixteen, when she was expelled from an exclusive convent academy run by French nuns for the children of the Roman nobility. She took up with the dashing Francesco, then in his forties, and after his defection became a virtual courtesan, who paraded a succession of "uncles" before her two boys and who—as revealed by documents published for the first time in Steegmuller's biography in 1963—was ordered expelled from the principality of Monaco shortly after she arrived in 1887. She was named in this official order (which she somehow evaded, staying in Monaco for twelve years) as a "*femme galante*" and mentioned in a memoir of the time as an "*entraîneuse*"—one who "leads men on" at the gambling tables and is financed partly by the proprietors thereof. One of her admirers, a Lyonnais silk manufacturer with bookish tastes, perhaps contributed to the shadowy persona of Janssen, Croniamantal's protector. Her most sustained liaison, contracted in Monaco but continued in Paris until her death, was with an Alsatian gambler named Jules Weil. She herself was a devoted gambler. The insecurities the sons of such a mother endured, the deceits and pretenses forced upon them, must be mostly imagined, though in 1899 the young "Russians," as the Kostrowitzkys were called, made the newspapers and the court records. In a case of considerable local interest in the Ardennes town of Stavelot, the two teen-aged boys (their mother and Weil having returned to Paris) were hauled into court for sneaking out of a *pension* without paying the bill, causing the proprietors to postpone their daughter's wedding. Something evasive and too volatile remained part of Apollinaire; his handwriting, for instance, was so changeable his bank required him to file five or six specimens of his signature. His mother, in the months after his birth, recorded him under three different sets of names, and he ended by naming himself. Yet Olga never relinquished the role of mother, nor Apollinaire that of son. He lived with her off and on well into adulthood, and they stayed in close touch. His shabby and unsettled upbringing left scarcely a shadow on his sunny, energetic personality, and almost the only complaint he committed to print is the line (from a poem, "Le Larron," written when he was about nineteen) "*Ton père fut un sphinx et ta mère une nuit*" ("Your father was a sphinx and your mother a night"). "A night," the poem goes on to say, "which charmed with its glow Zacinth and the Cyclades." The fictive Macarée's sexy glow is the most vivid thing about her, and she dies in a mixture of laughter and tears convenient moments after "giving the world a healthy, masculine child."

Apollinaire emerged from childhood with the imaginative writer's basic tool—a need to lie. His fancy served to transmute and dismiss his past. Of the fifteen shorter stories in "The Poet Assassinated," a few give refracted glimpses of this past. "Giovanni Moroni" presents, as the memories of an Italian-born Parisian bank employee "of no great culture," a sumptuous child's Italy: "I had all kinds of toys: horses, Punches, swords, bowling pins, puppets, soldiers, wagons. . . . These feast days for the Three Kings, when I ate so many candied orange peels, so many anise drops, have left me with a delicious aftertaste!" Nothing is known of the Roman foster family with which the two little "Russians" were left in the pre-Monaco days, but Giovanni Moroni's recalled household of Beppo the toymaker and his superstitious wife, Attilia, with its delicious foods, its cockroaches exterminated with boiling water ("the unfortunate bugs, whose final agitation, running, and chaotic jumping enchanted me"), its murky encounters with a young monk who is naked beneath his dirty habit and with a gang of masked carnival celebrants who leave behind a corpse, has a resonance, an unliterary richness of feeling rather rare in Apollinaire's inventions. His first set of stories, "The Heresiarch and Co.," had more of his earthiness, more anecdotal force and Mediterranean color, including an obsessive interest in Catholicism and blasphemy; it was published before "Alcools" and "Les Peintres Cubistes," and it may be that, with his roles as poet and as chief propagandist for modern painting relatively undefined, the young Apollinaire tried harder as a short-story writer.

Not that some of these later pieces, tossed off though they feel, are not accomplished; the poet—who wrote many of his letters in perfect verse, it came to him so easily—was also a prolific journalist and an editor. He could do a literary job. "The Favorite," though it ends on the note of slightly crazed misogyny that lurks like a sinister clown in Apollinaire's imagination, begins with the sunstruck bluntness of Hemingway or Unamuno, with a symbolist touch:

> It was in Beausoleil, near the Monacan border, in that part of Carnier called Tonkin and inhabited almost exclusively by Piedmontese.
>
> An invisible executioner bloodied the afternoon. Two men were bearing a stretcher, sweating and breathing hard. From time to time they turned toward the sun's slit throat and cursed it, their eyes almost closed.

The stories, generally no longer than three or four pages, are smoothly built about a single idea, and slide quickly toward their shrug of catastrophe. Some—"The Departure of the Shadow," "The Deified Invalid"—are so Borgesian in tone and form that one wonders if Borges, in his Continental sojourn of 1914-21, ran across them. The Borgesian theme of mental simultaneity—of all phenomena concentrating to a single point—occurs several times, and the word "atrocious" in this sentence has the Argentine's ring: "We were walking along without talking, and, after a while, when I felt the desire to see our shadows again, I saw with a singularly atrocious pleasure [*un plaisir singulièrement atroce*] that Louise's had left her." Sometimes Apollinaire can think of little to do with his characters but kill them ("The Meeting at the Mixed Club," "The Eagle Hunt"). His cruel fables have a double face, of Gothic relish and Latin stoicism. Unlike some poets launched into prose, he seems in firm control of his effects. "The Talking Memories," as a story, is almost slick, with a satisfying "twist" at the end, like a Saki or a Roald Dahl, and "Little Recipes from Modern Magic" could appear in a contemporary humor magazine:

> *Incantation for beating the stock market*
> Every morning you will eat a red herring while uttering forty times before and after: "Bucks and plug, clink and drink." And after ten days your dead stock will become live stock.
>
> *Recipe for glory*
> Carry with you four fountain pens, drink clear water, have a great man's mirror, and often look at yourself in it without smiling.

One small story, originally dedicated to his mother and believed to be based upon her reminiscences of the girlhood years she spent in the Roman convent, is a gem of psychologically authentic hallucination: a group of twelve-year-old convent girls hear beyond the walls the sound of a hunter's horn, and in the following days they all encounter in the corridors a disembodied blue eye, "making a beautiful azure splash in the darkness." Gradually, they cease to be frightened of it, and coquettishly seek to be seen: "None of us would have wanted to be seen by the blue eye with our hands spotted with ink. Each did her best to look her best when going down the halls." The convent holds no mirrors, but some of the doors have panes of glass, and "a section of black apron flattened behind the pane formed an improvised mirror, where quick, quick you'd look at yourself, arrange your hair, and wonder if you were pret-

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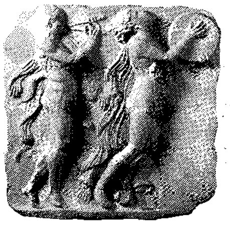

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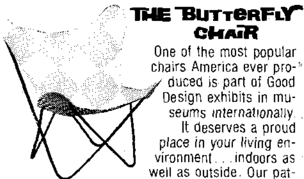

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ty." The blue eye slowly disappears from the halls, having been conjured up by a group need and having served to objectify the first intense flash of budding vanity and sexuality in cloistered females: "You have never seen the blue eye go by, O *little girls of today!*"

The last story, written in 1916, caps a halfhearted and ragged collection with a startling burst of terrible beauty; only a poet could have written it. "The Case of the Masked Corporal, That Is, the Poet Resuscitated" contains some pictographic verbal arrangements like the shaped poems in "Calligrammes" and also an attempt to round up the characters of the preceding stories, a hurried grab at unity. Like Borges's Funes the Memorious, the resuscitated Croniamantal, now a soldier, sees everything at once: "He saw the battlefields of eastern Prussia, of Poland, the quiet of a little Siberian town, fighting in Africa, Anzac, and Sedul-Bar, Salonika, the stripped and terrible oceanic elegance of the trenches in Barren Champagne, the wounded second-lieutenant carried to the ambulance, baseball players in Connecticut, and battles, battles." The battlefield is evoked with a passion beyond protest: "*And the Front lit up, the hexahedrons were rolling,* the steel flowers were blossoming out, the barbed wire was growing thinner with bloody desires, the trenches were opening like females before males." Apollinaire had eagerly enlisted; as a foreigner—one, furthermore, in his mid-thirties—he could have sat the war out in Paris, as did Picasso. His first application to the Army, in August, 1914, was ignored; he successfully enlisted in Nice, and jubilantly punned, "I so love art that I have joined the artillery . . ." Later, he was to leave the relative safety of his artillery unit to become an infantry officer in the front-line trenches. Thus he demonstrated his courage and his loyalty to France, as if these had been in question. His mother, the daughter of a Polish-Russian colonel, approved of his soldiering as of no other aspect of his career. "How beautiful are the rockets that light up the night," he was to proclaim, in faint echo of "*ta mère une nuit*." The Italian Futurists, to whom Apollinaire the critic was attracted after Cubism, had a theoretical thirst for violence; though he once wrote, "*Ah Dieu que la guerre est jolie*," the letters he poured out as a "*soldat de la douce France*" show him shedding whatever naïve illusions he held concerning "the simple horror of the trenches." Yet Apollinaire's wound, in its fictional rendering, is ennobled by a myth: "The corporal in the blind mask was smiling amorously at the future, when a fragment of a high caliber shell hit him in the head, from which sprang, like pure blood, a triumphant Minerva. Stand up, everybody, to give a courteous welcome to victory!" Croniamantal has gone from being torn Orpheus to fruitful Jupiter; Apollinaire, who was never quite himself after his head wound, and who weakly succumbed to disease a few years later, has among his laurels a claim to being the last poet to write of war as a theatre of glory.

—John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Jonah Man, by Henry Carlisle (Knopf; $13.95). A novel based, more or less, on a real and notorious event—the wreck of the Nantucket whaler Essex (stove by a whale) in the South Pacific, in 1820, and the survival of some of the crew by cannibalism. It is set down in the form of a memoir by one of the survivors—the captain, George Pollard, Jr.—writing in his middle age. Pollard tells us of his upbringing, as the son of a farmer, and thus outside the ruling merchant-whaling caste on Nantucket, of his determination nevertheless to make his mark in the fishery, of his first voyages, of his rapid rise to the command of the Essex, of the disaster and the months of misery in an open boat before rescue, of how the cannibalism came about, of the return to Nantucket, of the aftermath. This is a fine and harrowing adventure story, but it is also a fine and harrowing portrayal of a man confronted by a conflict of moralities—a stern community's misunderstanding of an accepted maritime code.

". . . And Ladies of the Club," by Helen Hooven Santmyer (Putnam; $19.95). Readers may perk up as 1895—the year the author was born—arrives, three-quarters of the way through the book: an autobiographical-looking birth would break the round of trivia and traumas that clog the preceding seven hundred and fifty-three pages. At first, this vast novel's troubles are not apparent. Fine descriptions of fashions in Waynesboro, Ohio, circa 1868, in clothing (flounces), furniture (horsehair), politics (Republican), and

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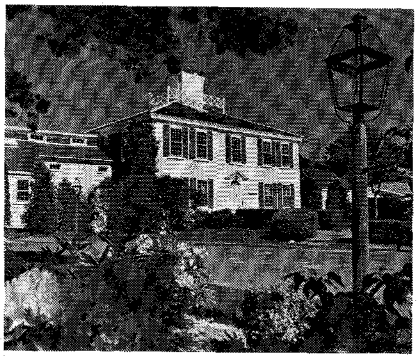

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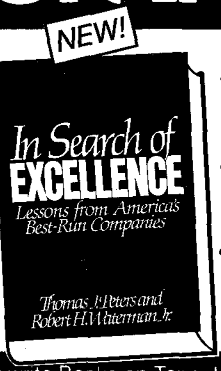
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religion (Reformed Presbyterian), suggest a canny mind at work and complement a promising cast of characters, headed by a pair of bright teen-agers who agree to be charter members of the Waynesboro Woman's Club. But it soon seems that Helen Hooven Santmyer is constructing a sort of anti-"Ulysses." Instead of crystallizing a summer day in prismatic English, she takes on sixty-four years and about as many fretful, pious Waynesboroans, and finds their fates so predictable that she has to add slabs of national politics for diversion. Locally, her evident interest in the manufacture of rope (the town's chief industry) is almost catching. When someone mentions a "sister Kate," the unreformed reader, having sat through amateur lectures and lawn fêtes as well as renditions of bowdlerized Shakespeare, may get an urge to shimmy like jelly on a plate, and give Waynesboro something to sing about. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Red Star: The First Bolshevik Utopia, by Alexander Bogdanov, edited by Loren R. Graham and Richard Stites, and translated from the Russian by Charles Rougle (Indiana; $22.50 cloth, $12.50 paper). Alexander Bogdanov (1873-1928) was a polymathic Russian scientist and philosopher. He was also an early revolutionary, but he eventually quarrelled with Lenin over the empiricism of Ernst Mach, whom Lenin could not abide. This book contains two science-fiction novellas, "Red Star" and "Engineer Menni," with useful commentaries by the editors. "Red Star," a surprisingly moving story, first appeared in 1908. "Engineer Menni," the less satisfactory of the two, was written in 1912-13, when the Revolution was at a low ebb. Both novellas are set on Mars, where a gentle form of socialism comes into being. Bogdanov understood very well the science of his time, and in "Red Star" there are intimations of antimatter, while in "Engineer Menni" he describes Martian "geology" in terms that are clearly those of plate tectonics. His utopia is not a naïve one; he foresaw many of the problems that technology has created.

GENERAL

Cassino: The Hollow Victory, by John Ellis (McGraw-Hill; $19.95). A critical history of the four battles of Cassino, from January to June, 1944, which were preludes to the battle for Rome. The criticism is directed at the Allied command in Italy, headed by General Sir Harold Alexander, of the British Fifteenth Army Group, and General Mark Clark, of the Fifth United States Army. The battles, says the author, an English military historian, "were poorly conceived and badly conducted." The commanders' insistence on taking the ancient monastery at Monte Cassino when it could have been outflanked needlessly cost the lives of thousands of soldiers, and their obsession with capturing Rome—and the decision to pause there, leaving the Germans free to escape northward—negated the prime Allied objective in the Mediterranean campaign: the destruction of German armed forces in Italy. This is a long book, heavily documented, closely argued, and measured in its judgments. The author has only admiration for the men in the ranks of the British and American Armies and in the Polish and French formations at Cassino, who saw some of the dirtiest fighting of the entire war. (A hundred and five thousand men were killed or wounded in the Cassino-Rome campaign.) If he is severe in his strictures on the officers who led them, the historical record he has amassed here seems to justify him. Maps and photographs.

The Truth That Killed, by Georgi Markov, translated from the Bulgarian by Liliana Brisby, with an introduction by Annabel Markov (Ticknor & Fields; $15.95). In September of 1978, the author, an exiled Bulgarian writer, was assassinated in London, after having read these memoirs on Radio Free Europe. It is a brilliant recounting (brilliantly translated) of his life in Bulgaria: as a student in trouble with the Communists; then as an engineer in a factory; next as a fêted and pampered writer; and last as a distrusted negativistic author of "Czech" (i.e., subversive) works. Markov explains that his short-lived favor with Bulgaria's Communist tastemakers arose from a misunderstanding. In his novel "Men" he attempted to create complex, realistic characters—human beings, with human faults. The book appeared at a time when the Party line claimed that nothing was amiss with the political system—that everything wrong in Bulgaria was due to human error. The Party leaders read "Men" as proving their propaganda point, and gave its author all the rewards at their disposal. These were, in Markov's account of what he calls Bulgaria's Soviet Feudal System, lavish indeed. Markov came to know Bulgaria's President Todor Zhivkov, and his candid—but not, to a Westerner's way of thinking, unkind—portrait of the leader won him a death sentence. Markov's feeling for individuals coping with grievous misgovernment provides an unforgettable gallery. His anatomy of the processes of temptation and corruption is classic. His affection for Bulgarian peasant irony, like his love for Bulgarian landscapes, somehow redeems or transcends sorrow; in his memories of his country we feel its beauty and life.

NOTE: "Rules of Sleep," a collection of poems by Howard Moss, has been published by Atheneum ($12.95 cloth, $6.95 paper). Many of the poems first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE GONDOLA SCAM, by Jonathan Gash (St. Martin's; $12.95). Lovejoy, Mr. Gash's manic antique dealer (and counterfeiter), gets himself involved here in a rich English lunatic's scheme to save the glories of Venice by surreptitiously replacing them with forgeries. Lovejoy has never been to Venice before, and he takes to it at first sight: "It's beautiful. No grass, no countryside. . . . Everything—*every single thing* —in sight was man-made. Boats, canals, houses, wharves, bridges, hotels, churches. Everything. It gave me a funny feeling, almost as if I'd come safe home." He shows us nearly every inch of it, including the far-flung islands to the north and east. And the women, three of whom throw themselves into his bed. And his enemies, three of whom he wastes. For those who can stand Lovejoy and his sometimes impossible jargon ("We noshed like a Biggin Hill fighter squadron waiting for tannoys to shout the scramble"), this is good fun, with more than the usual amount of antiquarian lore; e.g., "Reliable Venetian Hand," "Venus gloves," etc.

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[*Headline in the Shreveport* (*La.*) *Times*]

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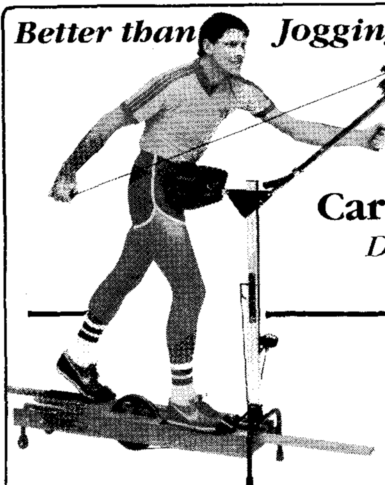

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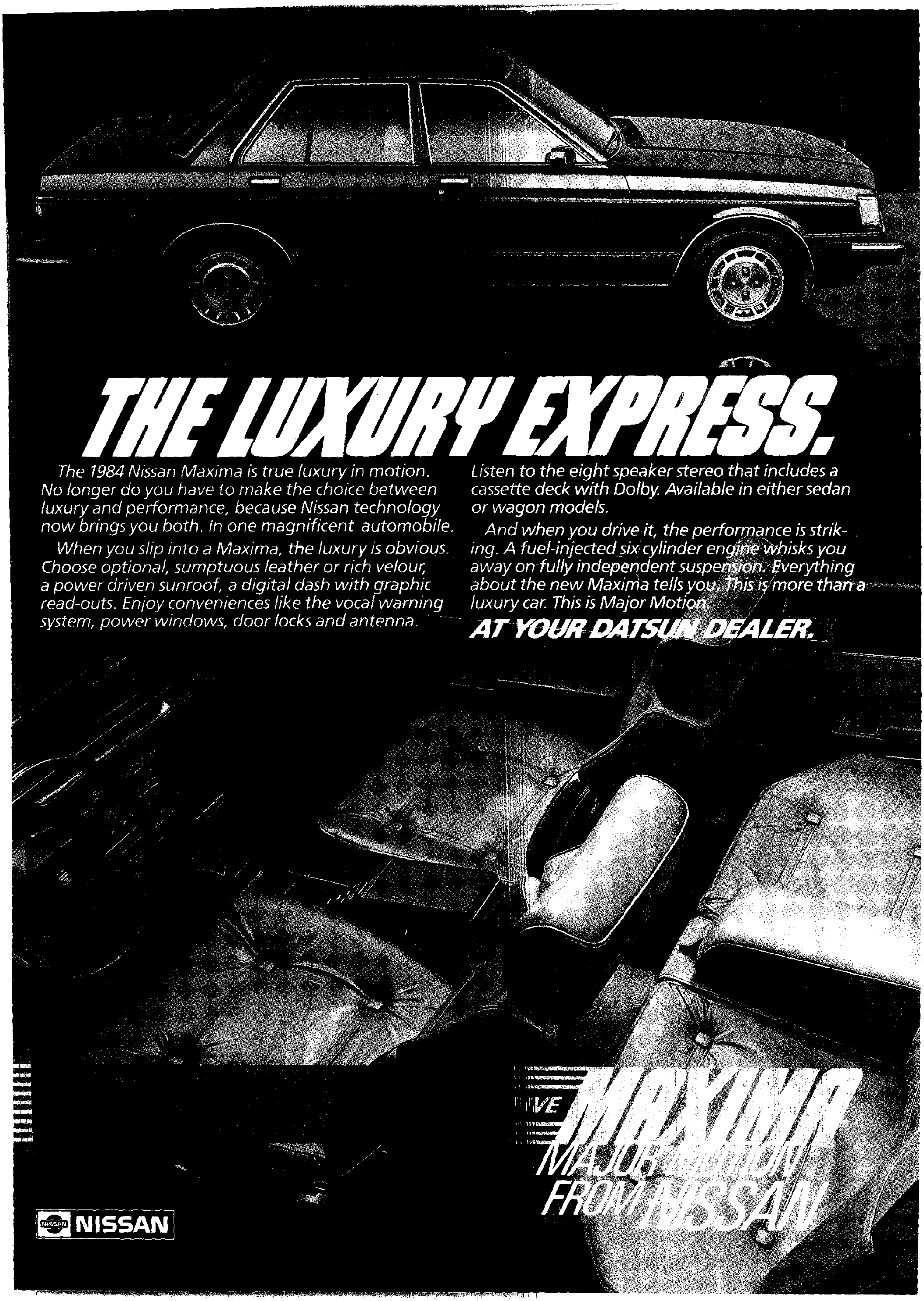

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